

PHOTOPLAY

GUST

Exclusive

**untold
stories
of filmland's
fallen stars**

**JAYNE
MANSFIELD:
IS HER BOOM
A BUST?**

**CAN NATALIE
BEAT THE
HOLLYWOOD
JINX?**

NATALIE
WOOD



That Ivory Look – so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours

What a sweet summer dream—and how That Ivory Look becomes her! A glowing look that can be yours through the magic of Ivory's mildness. Remember, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. A simple change to regular Ivory care leaves your complexion clearer, fresher. You'll have That Ivory Look.



99 44/100% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

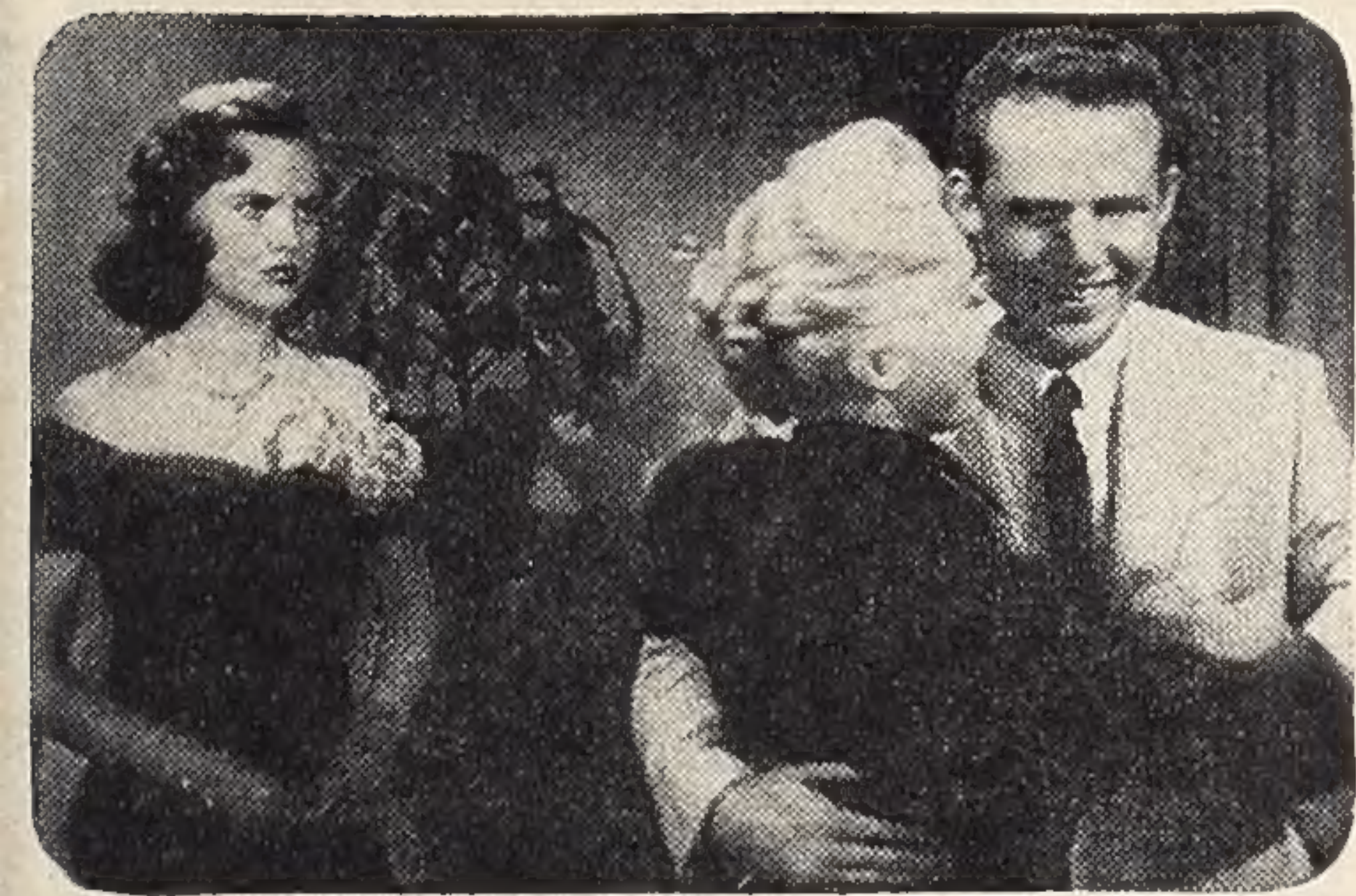


Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Gentle enough for a baby's skin—so right for your complexion, too.

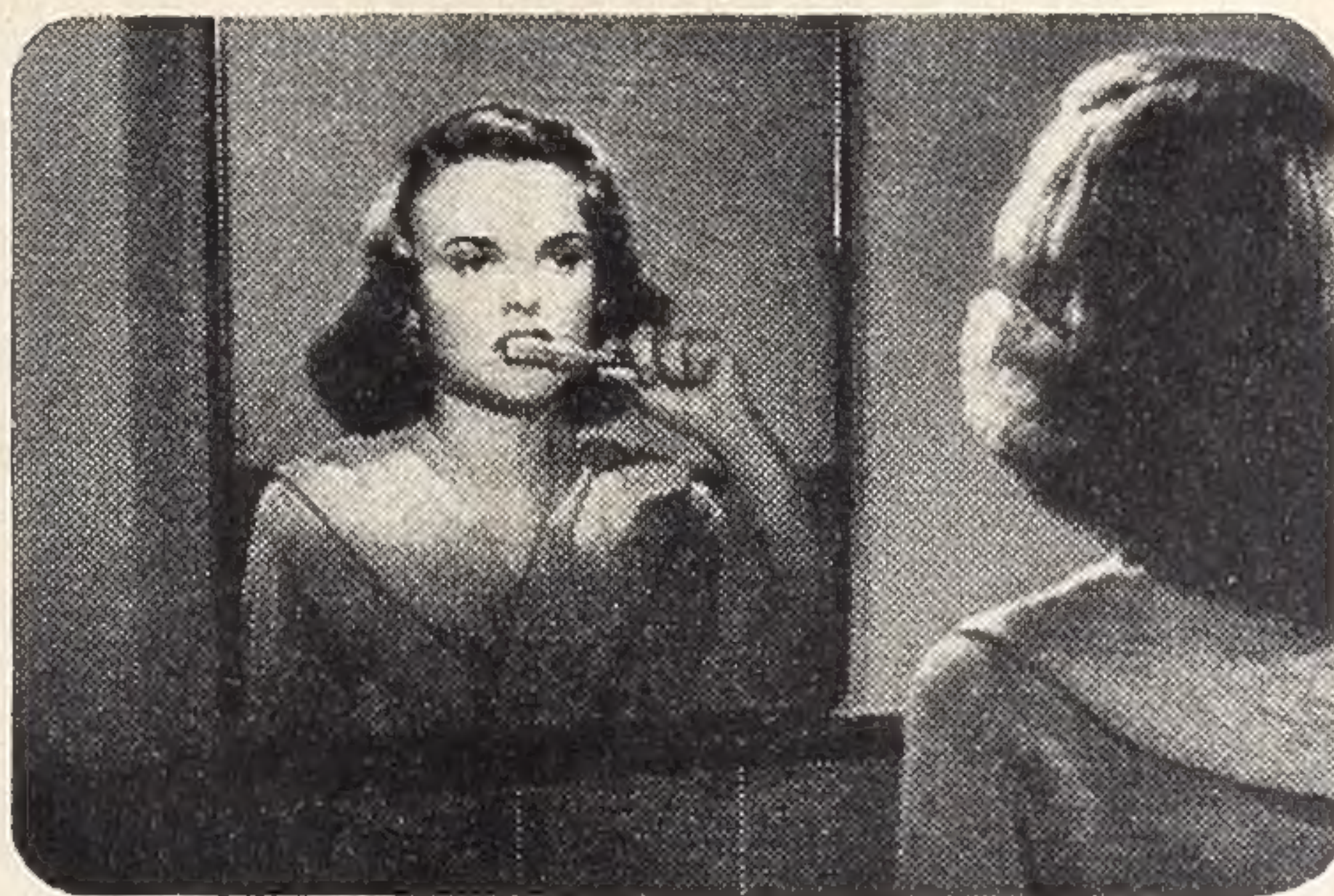
A tale of two dances

(DID YOU SEE POOR POLLY ON TV?)

Polly came home from the party, weeping. "I had the most miserable time," she told her mother.



She had counted on a wonderful evening . . . but it didn't turn out that way. What good are good looks if a girl has bad breath?



Polly had depended on tooth paste alone. But the most common cause of bad breath is germs in the mouth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so . . .



No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . instantly . . . by millions.

**STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER
THAN TOOTH PASTE**



Dances are fun for Polly now. What a difference! With Listerine, a girl gives her charm a fair break.



LISTERINE

... THE MOST WIDELY USED
ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.



Be the
one who catches
his eye!

Aren't you glad you've always been so careful with your appearance, especially your hair! Every hair is in place, and you know it's easiest to keep that way by setting and securing it with Gayla HOLD-BOB...the all-purpose bobby pin preferred by more women over all others.

At first glance, bobby pins may look alike, but women know that Gayla HOLD-BOB with FLEXI-GRIP is the leader by superior performance...holds better, has the right combination of strength and flexibility, and is easiest to use.

Do not accept ordinary bobby pins—insist on Gayla HOLD-BOB.



©1957 G.P.L.

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS
WITH **Flexi-Grip**

GAYLORD PRODUCTS INCORPORATED
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

AUGUST, 1957

VOL. 52, NO. 2

ANN HIGGINBOTHAM, *Editorial Director*

EVELYN PAIN, *Editor*

NORMAN SIEGEL, *West Coast Editor*

JEAN RAMER, *Managing Editor*

SUE KREISMAN, *Fashion Editor*

EDWIN ZITTELL, *Associate Editor*

HELEN LIMKE, *Assistant West Coast Editor*

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, *Art Director*

SHEILA LYNCH, *Assistant Art Director*

JANET GRAVES, *Contributing Editor*

JOAN GUERIN, *Assistant Editor*

BLANCHE E. SCHIFFMAN, *Contributing Editor*

BEA FRANK, *Assistant to the Editor*

HARRIET SEGMAN, *Beauty Editor*

BOB BEERMAN, *Staff Photographer*

MAXINE ARNOLD, *Contributing West Coast Editor*

SPECIAL COMPLETE LIFE STORY

Don't Sell Natalie Short (Natalie Wood) Part I.....Richard Gehman 52

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

| | |
|---|----|
| What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?.....Dick Sheppard | 33 |
| What's Happened to My Son, Sal!.....Mrs. Josephine Mineo | 36 |
| An Afternoon with Madame Aumont (Marisa Pavan).....Mary Worthington-Jones | 38 |
| My First and Last Words on George.....George Nader, Sr. | 42 |
| Million Dollar Rebel (Joanne Woodward).....Lou Larkin | 44 |
| A Long Way from Home (Rock Hudson).....Beverly Ott | 46 |
| Doris' Dancing Daze (Doris Day)..... | 48 |
| Watch This Man! (Anthony Franciosa).....Bill Bast | 50 |
| Photoplay Asks Janet Leigh: Are You Retiring?.....Dee Phillips | 54 |
| Stars Hollywood Couldn't Beat.....D. Sheppard | 56 |
| Which Is for Real? (Jayne Mansfield).....Sara Hamilton | 58 |
| Has Tony Lost His Heart? (Tony Perkins)..... | 60 |

NEWS AND REVIEWS

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----|
| Brief Reviews.....6 | Let's Go to the Movies..Janet Graves | 20 |
| Casts of Current Pictures.....8 | Hollywood for You....Sidney Skolsky | 28 |
| Cal York's Inside Stuff.....14, 32B. | Exclusively Yours.....Radie Harris | 64 |

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Over the Editor's Shoulder.....4 | Readers, Inc.....10 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Needle News.....26 | Wishing on a Star (Jean Seberg).....67 |
| Becoming Attractions.....27 | Summer Romances.....73 |
| Photoplay Patterns.....81 | |

STARS IN FULL COLOR

| | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Anna Magnani.....35 | Anna Kashfi.....35 | George Nader.....42 |
| Etchika Choureau....35 | Marisa Pavan....38, 39 | Joanne Woodward....44 |
| Dana Wynter.....35 | Jean Pierre Aumont.38, 39 | Tony Perkins.....61 |

COVER: Color portrait of Natalie Wood by Mead-Maddick. Natalie is starred in Warner Brothers' "No Sleep Till Dawn" and "Marjorie Morningstar."

Your September issue will be on sale at your newsstand on August 6th



PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President. RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1957 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of TRUE STORY WOMEN'S GROUP.

Big, Bouncy and Beautiful On the Big Screen!

Smoo-oo-th as silk—
joy-o-o-ous is the word
for it! Everything that
made the two-year
Broadway hit a smash
attraction sparkles
with ten-fold brilliance
in **M-G-M's** high, wide
and Cole Porter
entertainment!

with wonderful
Cole Porter
songs!

"THE RITZ ROLL AND ROCK"

•

"PARIS LOVES LOVERS"

•

"SATIN AND SILK"

•

"HAIL BIBINSKI"

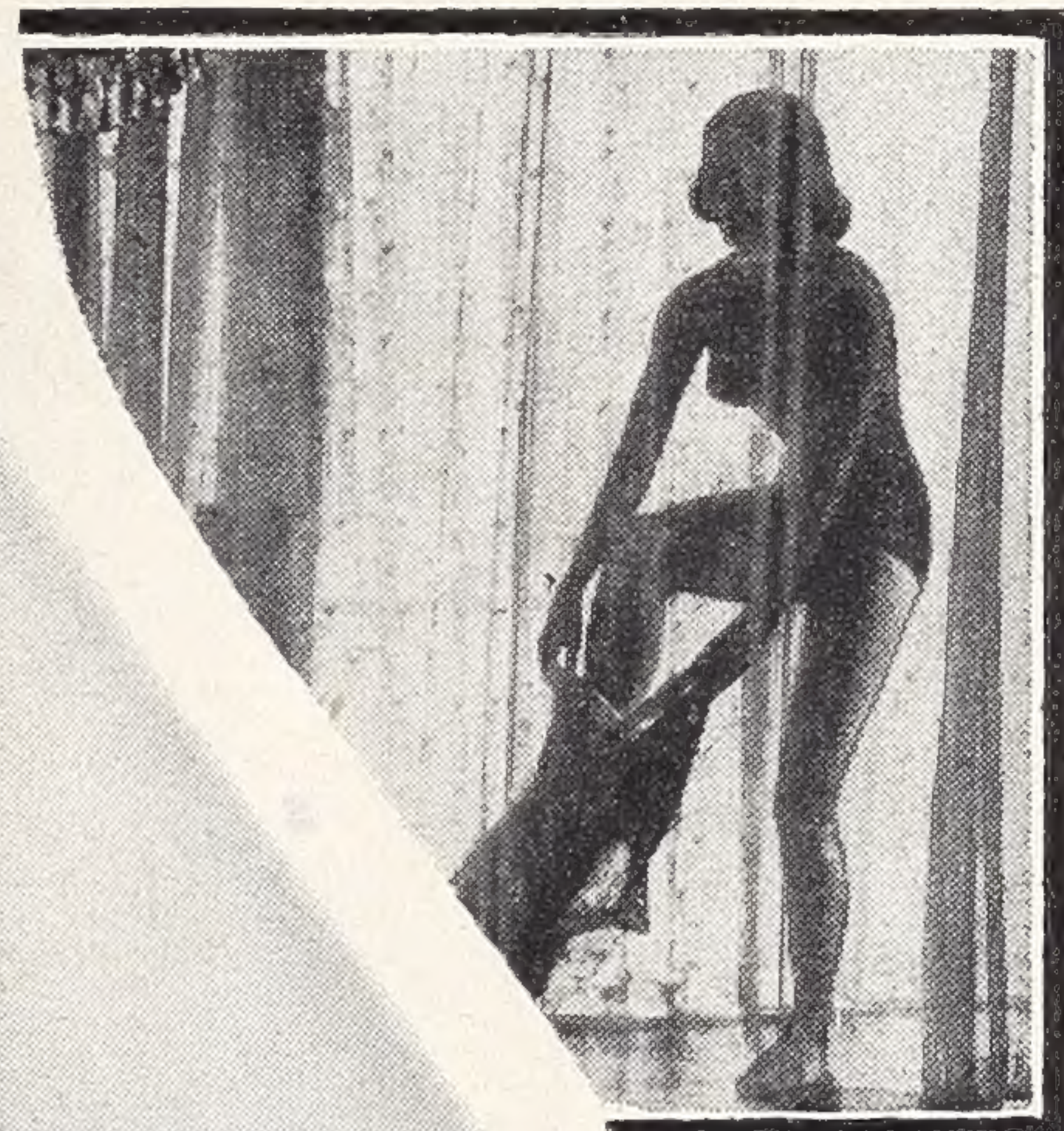
•

"STEREOPHONIC SOUND"

•

"ALL OF YOU"

and others!



M-G-M presents AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION starring

FRED ASTAIRE • CYD CHARISSE

IN

Silk Stockings

also co-starring

JANIS PAIGE • PETER LORRE

with JULES MUNSHIN • GEORGE TOBIAS • JOSEPH BULOFF

Screen Play by LEONARD GERSHE and LEONARD SPIGELGASS

Suggested by "Ninotchka" by Melchior Lengyel • Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER

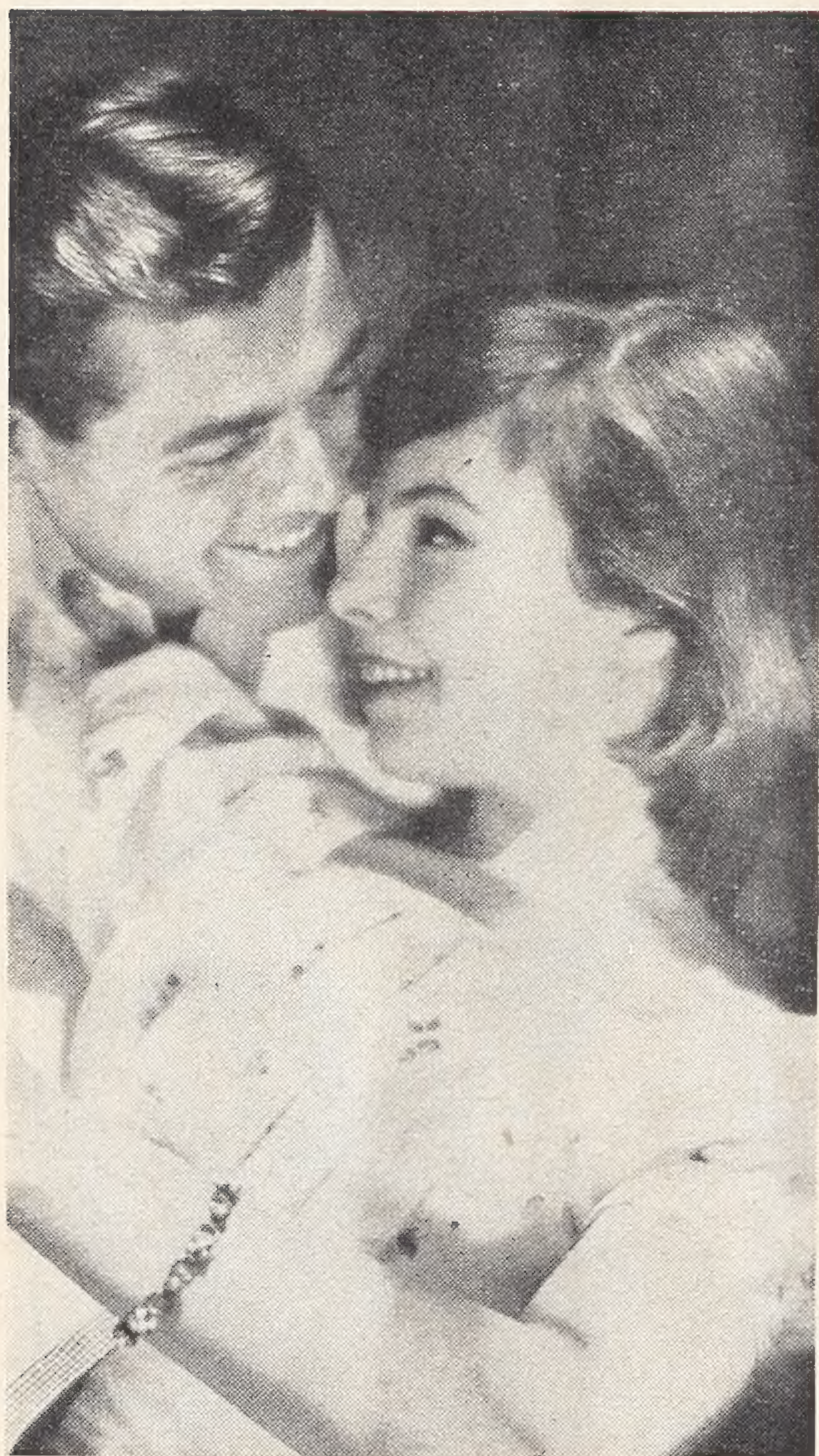
Book of Original Musical Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN,

LEUEEN McGRATH and ABE BURROWS

Produced on the stage by Cy Feuer and Ernest H. Martin

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

over the Editor's shoulder...

Seeing stars with our art director, plus
a peek at his future color picture plans

Mansfield and a Maharajah

Our new art director, Ken Cunningham, hardly had time to set up his drawing board before he was whisked out to Hollywood for a first-hand view of the stars. He arranged to have many of them photographed exclusively for Photoplay. He also arranged to have a good time in the few spare moments when he wasn't working. He was on hand, for instance, at the party pro-



Photoplay's Ken Cunningham is briefed on the latest by Hollywood's Kim Novak on "Jeanne Eagels" set

ducer Albert Zugsmith threw for Hedy Lamarr (she's making "The Female Animal" for U-I). Ken says the two most colorful guests were the Maharajah of Baroda and, naturally, Jayne Mansfield. Jayne was dazzled by the Maharajah's resplendant garb, particularly a handsome tunic with diamond buttons trailing down the front. Jayne's eyes popped and she casually dropped the hint that they would make lovely earrings. The Maharajah countered with an invitation to go on a tiger hunt

with him. Jayne said she would love to if she could ride on pink elephants. Ken said later, "Jayne's presence breaks the ice at any party. Why, even the guest of honor spent most of the evening padding about in her stocking feet!"

Thanks, George

The other day we received a note from one of our nicest actors, George Nader. His letter pleased us so much, we just couldn't keep it to ourselves:

"I want to thank you for the excellent story by John Maynard ("Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat!" April Photoplay).

"One is always sort of wary when trying to get across a 'real life' point of view as you did in the article—so the immediate response in letters has been gratifying. Photoplay seems to be among the few remaining magazines with an affirmative policy of building and helping instead of tearing down and destroying—one of the many reasons it's held in such high regard."

For what his dad thinks about him, turn to page 42 for "My First and Last Words on George" by George Nader, Sr.

A Stitch in Time

The fact that she had only an hour between planes, enroute from Hollywood to Panama, didn't stop speedy Terry Moore from modeling her new fall wardrobe for us, made from equally speedy Simplicity patterns. See it next month!

Swingin' with the Stars

Next month Photoplay will really be spinning. We are preparing a complete roundup on the music craze that's rockin' Hollywood. Besides stories on the singers and inside information on what's hot on the movieland music front we will feature six of your favorite singers (Sinatra, Boone, Presley, Belafonte, Sands and Hunter) in full color, in a spread you'll want to frame.

Until next month then, keep "cool."

*Jerry's at his
funniest
ever.....*

*...he's so tough
he scares
no one but
himself!*



Paramount presents
**JERRY
LEWIS**
as...

**THE
DELICATE
DELINQUENT**



Co-Starring
DARREN MCGAVIN · MARTHA HYER

featuring **ROBERT IVERS · HORACE McMAHON**
produced by **JERRY LEWIS** written and directed by **DON MCGUIRE**

WHERE
WERE
YOU...



WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS ON THE BEACH?

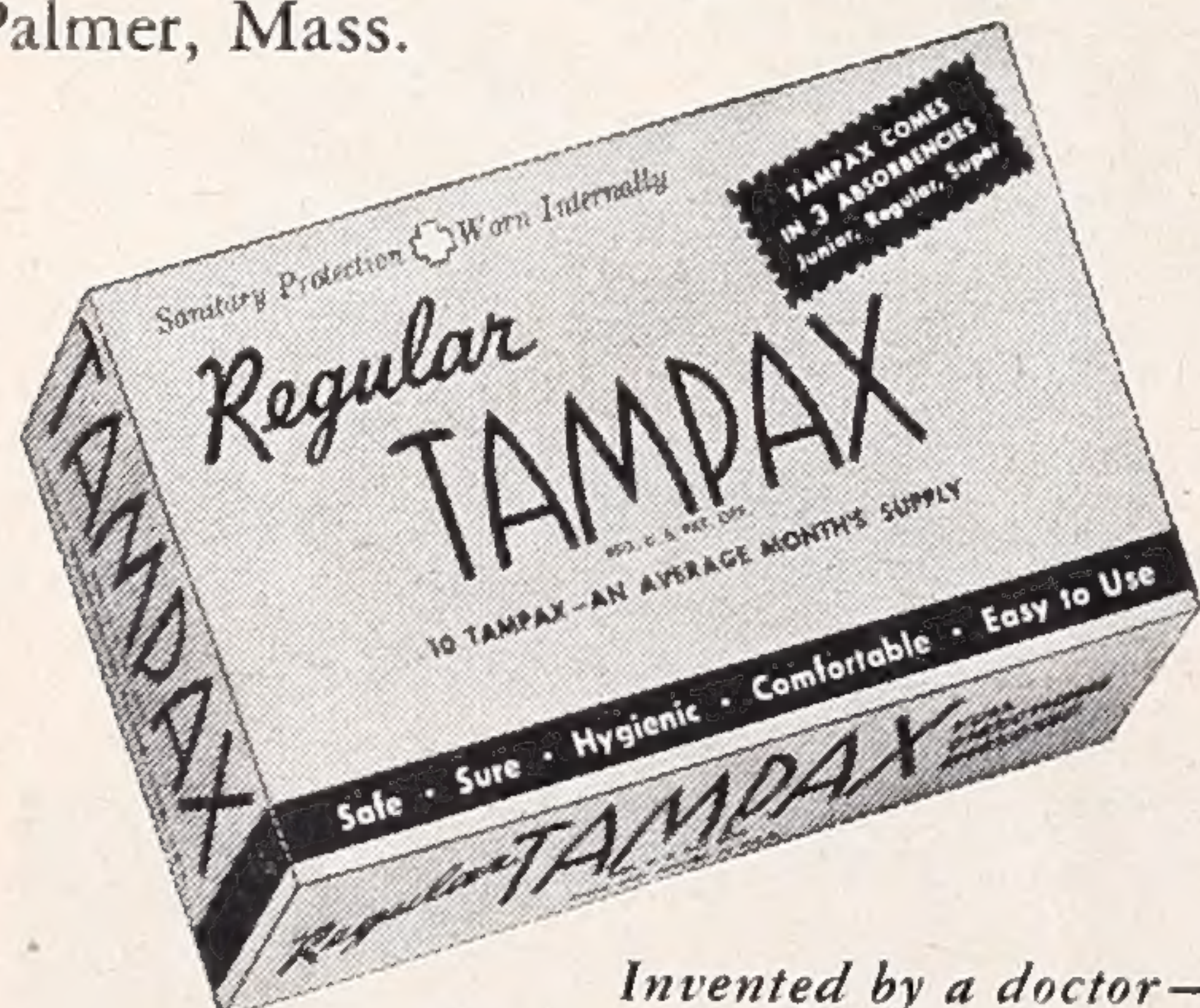
So you're missing out on all the fun, playing absentee at beach parties, letting everyone *else* have a wonderful time—while you hide away with your monthly “problems”!

Surely by now you've heard of Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Invisible and unfelt when in place, it never can show and no one can know your secret. What's more, it prevents odor from forming and telling tales!

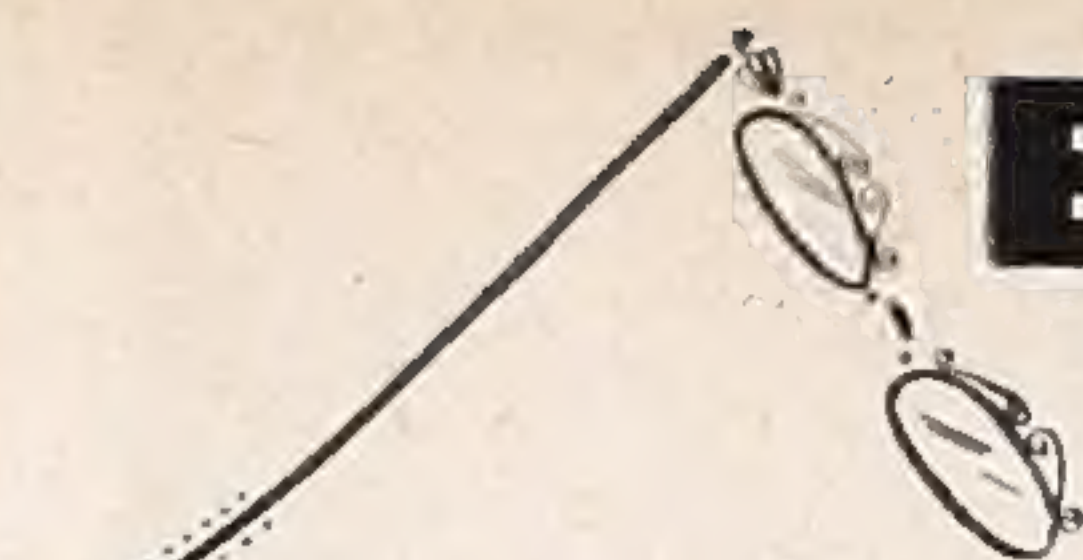
Tampax is the *daintiest* protection in the world to insert and dispose of. Your fingers never touch it. Another nice thing about it, you can carry spares just by tucking them inside your purse.

Enjoy the freedom of the beach—swim if you want to—use Tampax! Have done with bulging pads and belts! Wear the sleekest bathing suit under the sun—and play beauty on the beach or in the sea, just as you choose!

Don't let summer fun pass you by. When problem days roll 'round, be modern—use Tampax. 3 absorbencies (Regular, Junior, Super) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓ ABANDON SHIP!—Columbia: Arresting idea, not too adroitly handled. After a shipwreck, Ty Power commands an overloaded lifeboat, must decide which people may stay aboard. Mai Zetterling's a nurse in love with Ty. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U. A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓ BEAU JAMES—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's both funny and convincing as Jimmy Walker, good-time New York mayor of the 'twenties. Alexis Smith's his wife; Vera Miles, his girlfriend. (A) July

✓✓ BUSTER KEATON STORY, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Old-time Hollywood returns to life, with Donald O'Connor neatly portraying the dead-pan comic. Ann Blyth loves him, but he thinks he loves Rhonda Fleming. (F) July

✓✓ COUNTERFEIT PLAN, THE—Warners: British-made crime thriller. Killer Zach Scott forces engraver Mervyn Johns to turn counterfeiter. Peggy Castle's also held captive. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ DESIGNING WOMAN—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lively marital farce teams Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall as a sports writer and a fashion designer, battling problems that include a gangster, Another Woman. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ DESK SET—20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color: Crackling comedy of office life, with smart teamwork by Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Romance blooms while she defends her job against his efficiency-experting. (F) July

✓✓✓ DRAGON WELLS MASSACRE—A.A.: Satisfying Western. A chance-met group besieged by Indians includes officer Dennis O'Keefe, adventurer Barry Sullivan, spoiled Mona Freeman, gallant Katy Jurado. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ FEAR STRIKES OUT—Paramount: Tony Perkins does a first-rate job as baseball player Jim Piersall, driven toward breakdown by his over-ambitious father, Karl Malden. Norma Moore is sympathetic as Tony's wife. (F) May

✓✓ GARMENT JUNGLE, THE—Columbia: Over-simplified melodrama. Kerwin Mathews, with Gia Scala's help, fights racketeers preying on pop Lee Cobb's clothing firm. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Handsome frontier drama. Marshal Burt Lancaster tries to draft gambler Kirk Douglas to help smash an outlaw gang. Rhonda Fleming, Jo Van Fleet are their sweethearts. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcee Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓✓ LITTLE HUT, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Mild farce strands pompous Stewart Granger, wife Ava Gardner and her admirer, David Niven, on a tropic island. (A) June

✓✓ MAN AFRAID—U-I: Modest but effective suspense story. Minister George Nader, defending wife Phyllis Thaxter, kills a young burglar and is pursued by vengeance threats. (F) July

✓✓✓ MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Light-hearted and luxurious. Gamblers and fortune-hunters both, Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica go after a rich American family on the Riviera. (F) July

✓✓✓ REACH FOR THE SKY—Rank: Forthright saga of courage. Kenneth More ably takes the real-life role of airman Douglas Bader, who fought and flew on after losing both legs. Muriel Pavlow is his loyal love. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SAINT JOAN—U.A.: Fine version of Shaw's noble and witty tribute to Joan of Arc, played with deep sincerity by young Jean Seberg. Richard Widmark is the weakling Dauphin; Richard Todd, a gallant soldier. (F) July

✓✓✓ SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND—Warners: Agreeable Randolph Scott item. To get crooked James Craig, Randy and two fellow Civil War vets pose as peaceable Quakers. (F) June

✓✓✓ SOMETHING OF VALUE—M-G-M: Vigorous, violent close-up of conflict in Africa, shot there. Boyhood friends, Rock Hudson and Sidney Poitier become enemies when the Negro turns Mau Mau. Dana Wynter is Rock's wife. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, Warnercolor: True story of great adventure. As young Lindbergh, Jimmy Stewart dares transatlantic flight in 1927. (F) May

✓✓ STRANGE ONE, THE—Columbia: Youthful Ben Gazzara does a striking debut as a bully in an overdrawn drama of a southern military school. George Peppard's a likable cadet. (A) May

✓✓ TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI—M-G-M, Technicolor: African locales add interest as jungle-wise Gordon Scott aids plane-wreck survivors, Betta St. John among them. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fresh, sly romantic comedy casts Jean Simmons as a prim teacher hired as a secretary by night-club owner Paul Douglas. Anthony Franciosa scores; so do dancer Neile Adams, singer Julie Wilson. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ 12 ANGRY MEN—U.A.: Tense, intelligent jury-room drama. Henry Fonda maneuvers prejudiced fellow jurors into serious judgment on a boy's trial for murder. (F) June

✓✓ UNTAMED YOUTH—Warners: Odd melodrama set on a sort of prison farm, brutally run. Lori Nelson and rock 'n' rolling Mamie Van Doren are befriended by Don Burnett. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ YOUNG STRANGER, THE—U-I: Teenager James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother; James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March

There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like

Marilyn Monroe starring with
Laurence Olivier

in **The Prince and the Showgirl**



Some nations have a medal for Everything.

TECHNICOLOR®

with SYBIL THORNDIKE • Screen Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN • Produced and Directed by LAURENCE OLIVIER • Executive Producer MILTON H. GREENE
A FILM BY MARILYN MONROE PRODUCTIONS, INC. AND L. O. P. LTD.



PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.

More grown-ups and growing-ups depend on Mum
than on any other deodorant



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New



stops odor...
without irritation

So safe for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please. And Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day. It's so effective—yet so safe—*isn't Mum the deodorant for you?*



WON'T
DAMAGE
CLOTHES

MUM® stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3

(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BERNARDINE—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: *Beau*, Pat Boone; *Jean*, Terry Moore; *Mrs. Wilson*, Janet Gaynor; *J. Fullerton Weldy*, Dean Jagger; *Sanford Wilson*, Richard Sargent; *Lt. Langley Beaumont*, James Drury; *Griner*, Ronnie Burns; *Mr. Beaumont*, Walter Abel; *Mrs. Beaumont*, Natalie Schafer; *Ruby*, Isabel Jewell.

DELICATE DELINQUENT, THE—Paramount. Directed by Dan McGuire: *Sidney Pythias*, Jerry Lewis; *Mike Damon*, Darren McGavin; *Martha*, Martha Hyer; *Monk*, Robert Ivers; *Captain Riley*, Horace McMahon; *Artie*, Richard Bakalyan; *Harry*, Joseph Corey; *Patricia*, Mary Webster.

D. I., THE—Warners. Directed by Jack Webb: *T/Sgt. Jim Moore*, Jack Webb; *Pvt. Owens*, Don Dubbins; *Anne*, Jackie Loughery; *Capt. Anderson*, Lin McCarthy; *Burt*, Monica Lewis; *Mrs. Owens*, Virginia Gregg.

DINO—A. A. Directed by Thomas Carr: *Dino*, Sal Mineo; *Sheridan*, Brian Keith; *Shirley*, Susan Kohner; *Mr. Minetta*, Joe De Santis; *Mrs. Minetta*, Penny Stanton; *Mandel*, Frank Faylen; *Guard*, Don C. Harvey; *Tony*, Pat De Simone.

FACE IN THE CROWD, A—Warners. Directed by Elia Kazan: *Lonesome Rhodes*, Andy Griffith; *Marcia Jeffries*, Patricia Neal; *Joey Kiely*, Anthony Franciosa; *Mel Miller*, Walter Matthau; *Betty Lou Fleckum*, Lee Remick; *Col. Hollister*, Percy Waram.

FIRE DOWN BELOW—Columbia. Directed by Robert Parrish: *Irena*, Rita Hayworth; *Felix*, Robert Mitchum; *Tony*, Jack Lemmon; *Harbor Master*, Herbert Lom; *Nat Sellars*, Bonar Colleano; *Doctor Sam*, Bernard Lee; *Jimmy Jean*, Edric Connor.

HATFUL OF RAIN, A—20th. Directed by Fred Zinnemann: *Celia Pope*, Eva Marie Saint; *Johnny Pope*, Don Murray; *Polo*, Anthony Franciosa; *John Pope Sr.*, Lloyd Nolan; *Mother*, Henry Silva.

HIDDEN FEAR—U. A. Directed by Andre de Toth: *Mike Brent*, John Payne; *Hartman*, Alexander Knox; *Arthur Miller*, Conrad Nagel; *Susan Brent*, Natalie Norwick; *Lt. Knudsen*, Kjeld Jacobsen.

JOE BUTTERFLY—U-I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: *Pvt. John Woodley*, Audie Murphy; *S/Sgt. Ed Kennedy*, George Nader; *Harold Hathaway*, Keenan Wynn; *Chieko*, Keiko Shima; *Sgt. Mason*, John Agar; *Sgt. McNulty*, Charles McGraw; *Col. Fuller*, Fred Clark; *Joe Butterfly*, Burgess Meredith.

JOHNNY TREMAIN—Walt Disney. Directed by Robert Stevenson: *Johnny Tremain*, Hal Stalmaster; *Cilla Lapham*, Luana Patten; *James Otis*, Jeff York; *Jonathan Lyte*, Sebastian Cabot; *Rab Silsbee*, Dick Beymer; *Paul Revere*, Walter Sande.

LONELY MAN, THE—Paramount. Directed by Henry Levin: *Jacob Wade*, Jack Palance; *Riley Wade*, Anthony Perkins; *King Fisher*, Neville Brand; *Ben Ryerson*, Robert Middleton; *Ada Marshall*, Elaine Aiken; *Willie*, Elisha Cook.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—A. A. Directed by Billy Wilder: *Frank Flannagan*, Gary Cooper; *Ariane Chavasse*, Audrey Hepburn; *Claude Chavasse*, Maurice Chevalier; *Mr. X*, John McGiver.

MAN ON FIRE—M-G-M. Directed by Rinald MacDougall: *Earl Carleton*, Bing Crosby; *Nina Wylie*, Inger Stevens; *Gwen Seward*, Mary Fickett; *Sam Dunstock*, E. G. Marshall; *Ted Carleton*, Malcolm Brodrick; *Bryan Seward*, Richard Eastham; *Judge Randolph*, Anne Seymour; *Mack*, Dan Riss.

MONKEY ON MY BACK—U. A. Directed by Andre de Toth: *Barney Ross*, Cameron Mitchell; *Cathy*, Dianne Foster; *Rico*, Paul Richards; *Sam Pian*, Jack Albertson; *Noreen*, Kathy Garver.

PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL, THE—Warners. Directed by Laurence Olivier: *Elsie*, Marilyn Monroe; *The Regent*, Laurence Olivier; *The Queen Dowager*, Sybil Thorndyke; *Northbrook*, Richard Wattis; *King Nicolas*, Jeremy Spenser.

SEVENTH SIN, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Ronald Neame: *Carol Carwin*, Eleanor Parker; *Dr. Walter Carwin*, Bill Travers; *Tim Waddington*, George Sanders; *Paul Duvelle*, Jean Pierre Aumont; *Mother Superior*, Francoise Rosay.

SILK STOCKINGS—M-G-M. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian: *Steve Canfield*, Fred Astaire; *Ninotchka*, Cyd Charisse; *Peggy Dayton*, Janis Paige; *Brankov*, Peter Lorre; *Vassili Markovitch*, George Tobias; *Bibinski*, Jules Munshin; *Ivanov*, Joseph Buloff.

TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Tammy*, Debbie Reynolds; *Peter Brent*, Leslie Nielsen; *Grandpa*, Walter Brennan; *Barbara*, Mala Powers; *Professor Brent*, Sidney Blackmer; *Aunt Renie*, Mildred Natwick; *Mrs. Brent*, Fay Wray; *Alfred Bissle*, Philip Ober.

WAYWARD BUS, THE—20th. Directed by Victor Vicas: *Alice*, Joan Collins; *Camille*, Jayne Mansfield; *Ernest Horton*, Dan Dailey; *Johnny Chicoy*, Rick Jason; *Norma*, Betty Lou Keim; *Mildred Pritchard*, Dolores Michaels; *Pritchard*, Larry Keating; *Morse*, Robert Bray.

Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!



NEW!
Quick! The prettiest wave in the world
leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!

Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
\$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, \$1.25 plus tax.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

About Many Things

I have a large collection of movie star photographs, and the color photographs published in Photoplay add a great deal to my collection. Please keep them coming.

I have various pictures of Rock Hudson with his wife, Phyllis Gates, and in each picture, including her wedding picture, she is wearing a single strand pearl bracelet. Does this have any significance?

Now that Harry Belafonte is again making a movie, "Island in the Sun," I think it would be great to have a story and pictures of him in your magazine.

I loved your article on Cary Grant in your March issue because I admire him so much and really enjoyed reading about him.

JANET APPIS
Elmhurst, New York



The single strand pearl bracelet which Phyllis Hudson wears has no significance, she says. It's an inexpensive little thing she bought herself and because she likes it she wears it frequently.—Ed.

A Vote for Burton

Richard Burton is my favorite actor. I have seen all the motion pictures he made in America, and they are excellent, but one is outstanding—that is "The Robe." I think he portrayed the part of Marcellus Galeo with brilliance, and I think the story is a beautiful one of love and faith. We owe a vote of thanks to Richard Burton for his part in a picture that will live forever.

EDWARD ZLACKY
Saskatoon, Canada

Deadly Wonderful!

Could you please tell me if Moira Shearer starred in "The Red Shoes," a movie about ballet, released about 1951? If not, who was the ballet dancer who killed herself at the end? I thought the movie was wonderful and hope it will be re-released.

PRISCILLA MCKAIN
Mount Joy, Pennsylvania

Moira Shearer did.—Ed.

Honesty Is Our Policy—The Best

I would like to thank Louis Pollock for the wonderful article on Anne Baxter in the May issue of Photoplay. It was refreshing to discover that there are some people in Hollywood mature enough to know and admit their faults. Anne Baxter should be congratulated on being so honest.

Photoplay is my gospel, as far as Hollywood goes. I enjoy it from cover to cover for I think it gives a true picture of the people in Hollywood. The articles you publish make readers realize that actors are people and should be treated as such. They are not perfect, by any means, just as human beings all over the world are not, and we shouldn't condemn them for their mistakes.

Thank you for printing such a fine magazine—it is the only screen magazine I now buy because I trust all that is said inside the covers. Don't ever let all your fans down by becoming a slanderous, gossip magazine.

JUDY LITTLETON
Towson, Maryland

Happy Hours Sewing

I just had to thank your magazine for the article "Patterned for you by Pier" in the June issue of Photoplay. Since I love to sew, I rushed downtown the day after I received this issue and bought three of the patterns you showed.

Keep them up. I'll be looking forward to the July issue with the hair styles.

Thanks again to my favorite movie magazine.

CLARETTA MORRELL
Austin, Minnesota

My Thrilling Interview with a Star

I have been a reader of Photoplay Magazine for years and have enjoyed every page of it. My ambition has been to write about the stars but I never had a chance until recently, when I had the opportunity of "popping" some questions at Jack Lemmon who was most obliging about giving me his answers:

Q. What picture did you enjoy doing the most?

A. "Mr. Roberts."

Q. Who is your favorite actor?

A. Marlon Brando.

Q. Who is your favorite actress?

A. Dame Edith Evans.

Q. Do you like to travel?

A. Yes.

Q. Whom do you credit with being the most help in your success?

A. No one person.

Q. What are the advantages of being a star?

A. Better choice of roles, higher salary.

Q. What are the disadvantages of being a star?

A. Continued public limelight.

Q. What was your most exciting experience as an actor?

A. Winning the Oscar.

Q. What emotion is most difficult for you to portray on the screen?

A. None particularly more than others.

Q. What particular trait or quality do you admire most in a woman?

A. Honest femininity.

Q. Do you prefer comedy or dramatic roles?

A. Neither in preference. Depends on the role.

Q. What advice would you give a newcomer on the do's and don'ts of acting?

A. Learn it like any craft.

Q. Where do you keep your Oscar?

A. Den shelf.

Q. Can you speak any foreign languages?

A. French. Un petit peu.

Q. What was your profession before acting?

A. Acting.

Q. What book would you take to a desert island?

A. "How to Find Gold in Faraway Places."

Q. What is your real name?

A. Jack Lemmon.

Q. Do you have any hobbies?

A. Gardening, fishing, music. (Piano.)

Q. What is your favorite sport?

A. Football.

Q. Do you think television will put movie houses out of business?

A. No.

Q. Do you prefer making movies in Europe or America?

A. America.

FILOMENA MONDA
Bridgeport, Connecticut

continued on page 12



CYD CHARISSE co-starring in "SILK STOCKINGS"

AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION FOR MGM RELEASE IN CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR



Every time you walk into a room
you're on stage!

That's true for Cyd Charisse and every girl. That's why a soft, lovely complexion is a must. That's why she uses Lux and that's why *you* should, too!

Your audience is waiting—and don't you know it! So you *always* look wonderful, with a complexion that's soft and smooth . . . a Lux Complexion.

Lux, with its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mild and gentle ways, can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. And the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world, is sure to please you, too.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux Soap is perfect for you, or have your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.*



Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as white. Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper.



9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

READERS INC.

continued from page 10

Marriage, Morals and Heston

I'm getting up on the soap box for Charlton Heston, one of my favorite actors. Thank you for the wonderful story, "On Men and Matrimony," in your May issue and the fine pictures. If he's considered old-fashioned for what he believes in marriage, then I am, too. It's so good to read about a few movie stars who still believe in principles.

Also, I would like to commend Heston for his brilliant performance in "The Ten Commandments" in his portrayal of Moses. It was indeed a spectacular movie with splendid casting. You can always depend on Cecil B. DeMille to come up with the greatest in motion pictures, as well as great stars like Heston and Brynner. It certainly helped me to understand the Bible more clearly.

(MRS.) W. H. THOMAS
Bessemer, Alabama

A Gem Among Men

I frankly admit that Charlton Heston is not my favorite actor, but after reading his soul-searching statements in your May issue in "On Men and Matrimony," I find him a gem among men. He has expressed my own feelings so beautifully regarding marriage and morals that I must admit my admiration for him. If only more men and women would emulate his ideals and have the courage to live up to them, how much more true happiness they would reap! Thank you, Mr. Heston, for your personal fight for decent living.

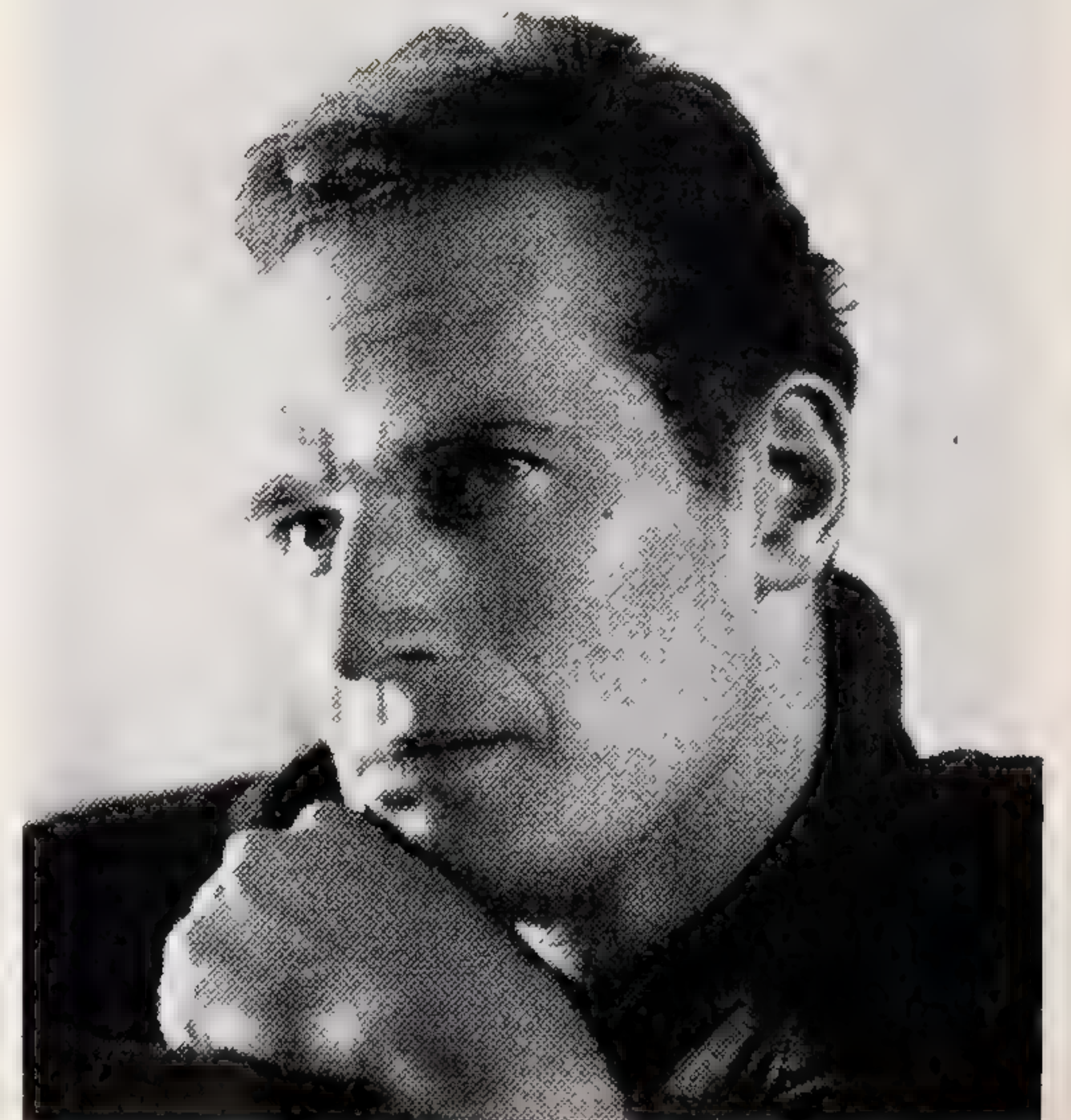
NADINE M. EDWARDS
Los Angeles, California

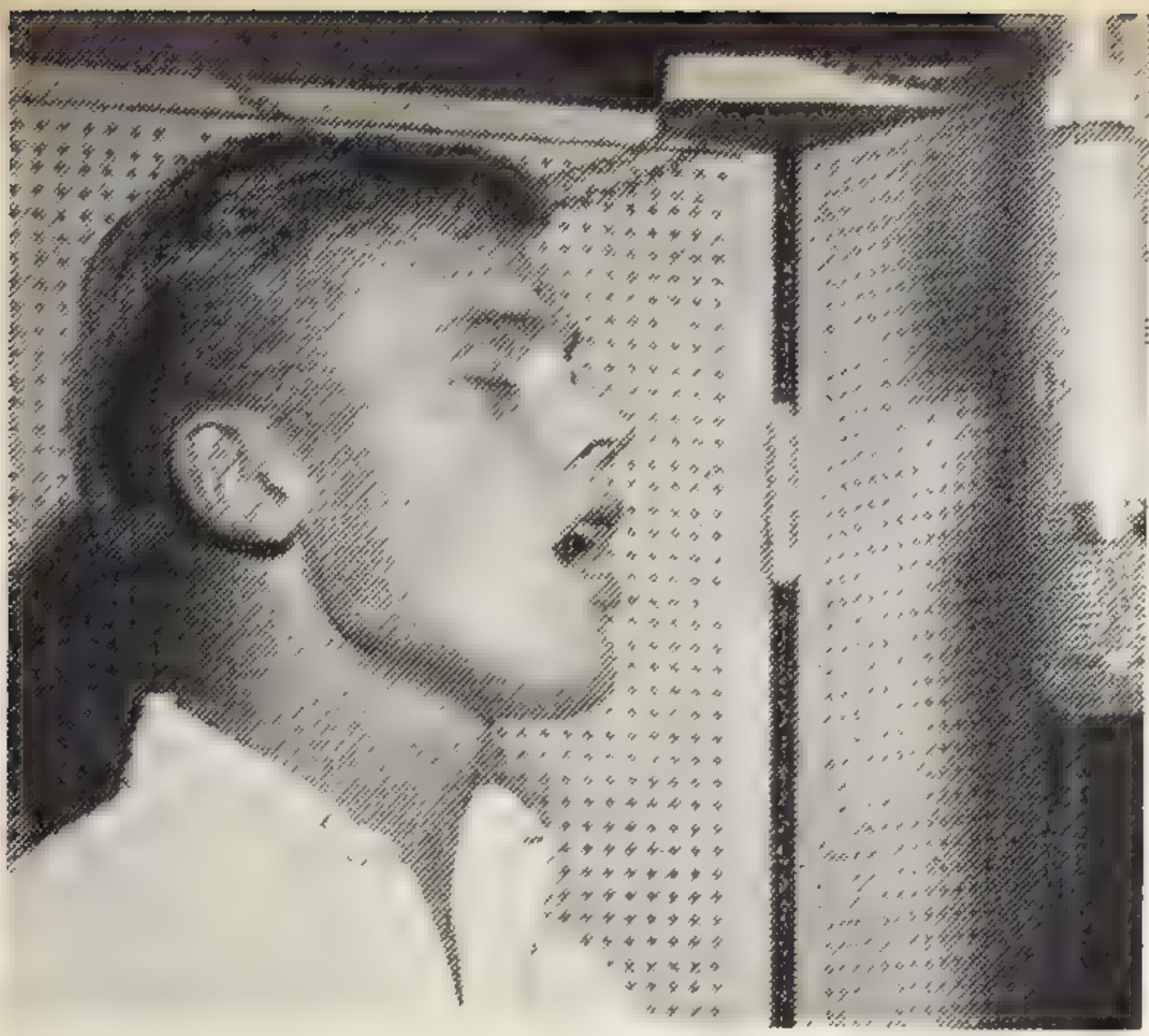
These letters are typical of many we received praising Charlton Heston's stand "On Men and Matrimony."—ED.



**Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter
Whistle Clean**

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.





Keep Singing, Tab!

I've just heard Tab Hunter's latest recording and a few other of his hits. I really think he can sing. If he keeps on making records like the ones I heard, I feel he'll really become a successful recording star. I've seen him in quite a few movies, but I'd rather hear him sing. I certainly hope he keeps on making records.

SANDRA FAUGHN
Herrin, Illinois

How We Maneuvered To Meet Elvis!

Would you like to hear about how I managed to see Elvis Presley? It happened like this:

We heard that he was going to pass through our town, and sent him a wire begging him to drive slowly through Calvert on his way to Houston. When we drove into Calvert that night, we were told that Elvis was about ten minutes ahead of us, and that we could go as fast as we wanted to—but we were cautioned to be extremely careful. After being stopped by a few red lights, my friend, Jolly, who was driving, really took off, and we came upon Elvis and his Cadillac. Jolly honked and honked until Elvis, who was sitting in the back seat, turned around and looked back.

I was the first one out of the car, ran over to Elvis' car, and stuck my head in the window. Our conversation ran something like this:

Me: "Elvis?"

Elvis: "Huh?"

Me: "Will you get out and let me take a picture of you?"

Elvis: "I'm too tired to get out, Sweetie. Can't you take it while I'm in here?"

Me: "Can you roll down the wind—"

Suddenly, Elvis flung the door open, and I jumped back. I was trembling so when I took the picture I was sure it wouldn't take.

Elvis: "Please hurry, Baby, I gotta get to Houston."

My friend, Jolly: "Can we have your autograph?"

Elvis: "Yeah, got some paper?"

Jolly: "Here, write a whole bunch, please."

Me: "Thanks for stopping; good luck in Houston, Elvis."

Elvis: "Thanks, hon. Now we've gotta go."

My friend, Jolly: "I got it, I got it, I got it—I got Elvis Presley's autograph."

PAT FULTON
Calvert, Texas

continued on page 32



THEIR FIRST KISS...

set off the
strangest
manhunt in
the history
of crime!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents

The MIDNIGHT STORY



CINEMASCOPE



STARRING

TONY
CURTIS

MARISA
PAVAN

GILBERT
ROLAND

with JAY C. FLIPPEN • TED de CORSIA • ARGENTINA BRUNETTI

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by JOHN ROBINSON and EDWIN BLUM • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

INSIDE STUFF



Tender farewell: Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner say goodbye as he leaves to make a picture in Japan

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

A Fine Romance: Bob Wagner has been rumored to have more romances than a newspaper has pages, an hour has minutes or a year has weekends. Ditto, Natalie Wood. And then in the course of time Bob and Natalie discovered each other and it turned out to be the discovery of the year! It all started at the Photoplay party last February, at which Natalie and Bob had their first date together. They

had such a good time that other dates followed: parties, premieres, long walks followed by a stop in for an ice cream soda, long talks followed by a drive out for a midnight snack. Bob, who doesn't like "romantic" publicity, explained to the press that "This is no big romance, so please don't play it that way. We're just good friends." Natalie said nothing. But when Bob left for Japan to make

"Stopover Tokyo" Natalie was at the airport to say goodbye, and was so heartbroken after the take-off that she burst into tears. Since then, Bob has been telephoning Natalie long distance. The latest was a call at five a.m. and they talked for twenty-five minutes. So maybe it's not a romance, but it certainly could be love. And Bob and Natalie make a handsome couple, yes? (Continued on page 16)



She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in"
with Bobbi—the special permanent
for casual hairstyles like these

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave *and* your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

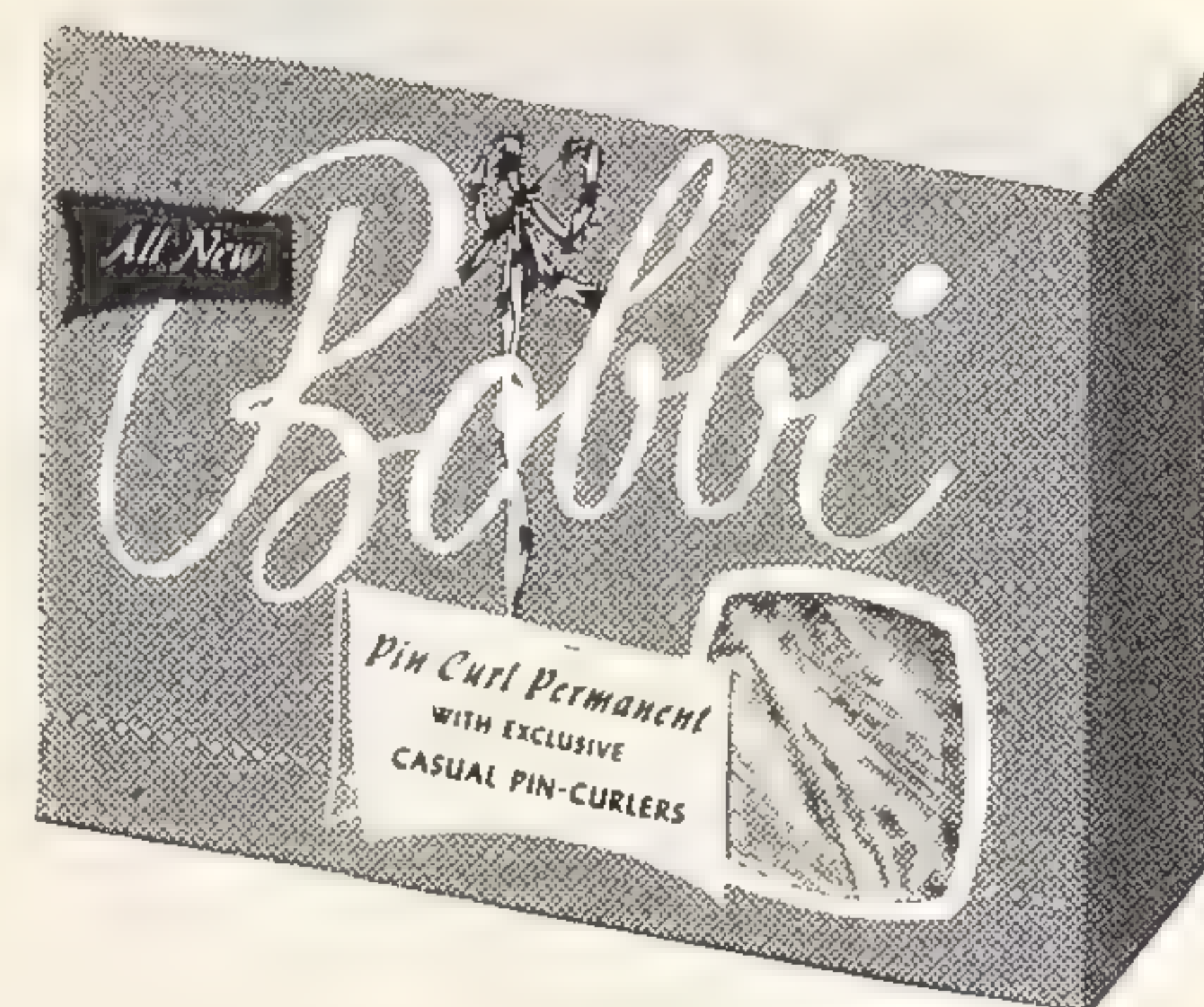
©THE GILLETTE COMPANY



Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil." Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!



Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.



Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. **\$2.00**



New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. **\$1.50**

Journey for Elizabeth: "When that girl loves she really loves," is what her best friends say about Elizabeth Taylor, and in this case, her best friends really know. Despite the fact that her injured back has been giving her pain, Liz insisted on accompanying Mike to the Cannes Film Festival, which he had to attend because it was important for Mike to meet the exhibitors of "Around The World in 80 Days." Too much in love with her husband to be separated from him for only a short while, Liz talked Mike into taking her with him and (together with a small white pillow which Mike tucked under her) off they went. At the showing of "80

Days" Liz kept biting her lips in agony, and had to go out to the ladies' lounge to rest when the picture was halfway through. Before it was over, however, she returned to accompany Mike to the lavish supper party he was giving for the exhibitors and members of the foreign press. Liz did some of her best acting at the party, hiding her pain from the world and being charming and gay and nonchalant. They stayed there till the band played "Home Sweet Home": it was after four o'clock in the morning.

Mike, who is most attentive to and concerned about Liz, has taken her to the most noted specialists in London

and Paris, and tried to take her mind off her troubles with such gifts as a pair of exquisite diamond earrings which had to be flown out to him from Paris, and a Rolls Royce with the license plates ETT (for Elizabeth Taylor Todd). For somewhere in the neighborhood of \$15,000 for three months, he has leased a villa at Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera from Lady Kenmare, a noted Riviera hostess. It has a marble-pillared staircase at the entrance, a huge ballroom inside, and the rooms are made for entertaining. Liz and Mike don't plan to have much company while they're there though. They live quietly, with Liz's sons Mike and Christopher Edward, have a white poodle puppy dog to keep them company, and a small white pillow to travel with them wherever they go. If medals for gallantry in action were given to women, Liz would certainly get one

Mike, however, is not so calm. Worried about Liz, especially because of the expected baby, he called the doctor five times in twelve hours!

Reports and Retorts: Pier Angeli reports that her 20-months-old Perry can outwit her when it comes to thinking up stalls to delay his afternoon nap. His newest gimmick is to pretend he has the hiccups. And he can make one glass of water last a long time. We like . . . the quote attributed to Jeanne Crain: "There's nothing so exhausting in life as being insecure." . . . The latest label for Vikki Dougan's open-back exposure: "Reverse cleavage." . . . Frank Sinatra's "business" about two wrestlers who met in a restaurant and one said, "I'll toss you for the check." So he did—out the window. . . . The comment made by Mack Gray, at Doris Day's garden party. When a sudden thunderstorm broke, he walked up to the man who played *Moses* in "The Ten Commandments"—Charlton Heston—and ordered, "Stop the rain!"

Information Tease: Ever think about what you'd have for dinner if it happened (*Continued on page 18*)

After waiting hours, Photoplay's photographer used a telescopic lens on his camera to get this first "at home" shot of the Todds outside their villa



*From this day on... you can set
straight hair to stay curly!*



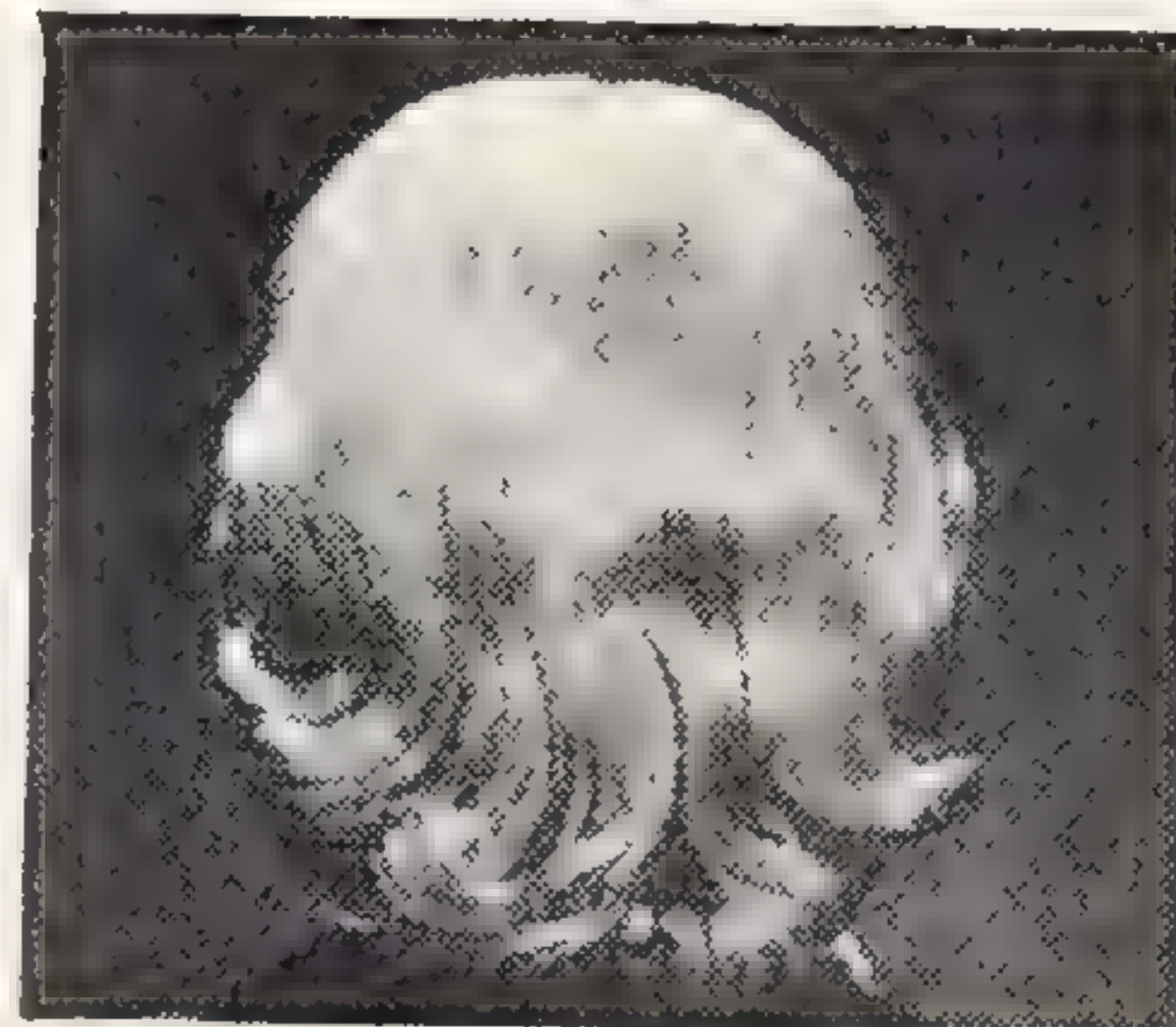
(8) 1.35 PLUS TAX

Just a quick *Revlon* 'Satin-Set' spray
sets hair to hold...even on humid days!

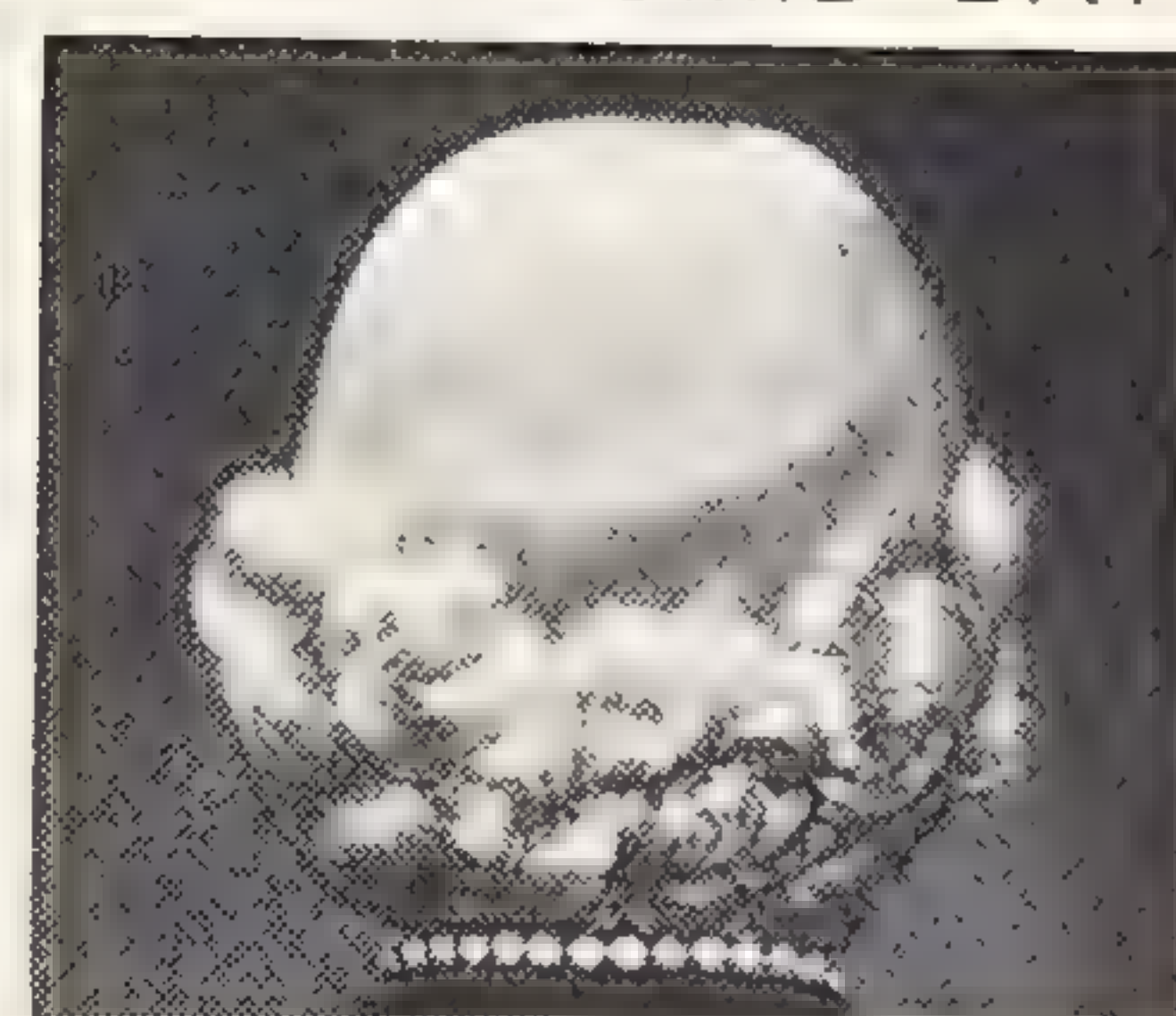
Even straight hair stays curly . . . set with 'Satin-Set'. Humid days won't wilt 'Satin-Set' curls. Now . . . 'Humidex', exclusive Revlon moisture guard, invisibly locks curls to stay.*

Pin curls in! Comb curls in! Put curls in any way your hair pleases! You can set your hair as you always do. Then spray with 'Satin-Set'. Curls hold, even when it's hot and humid!

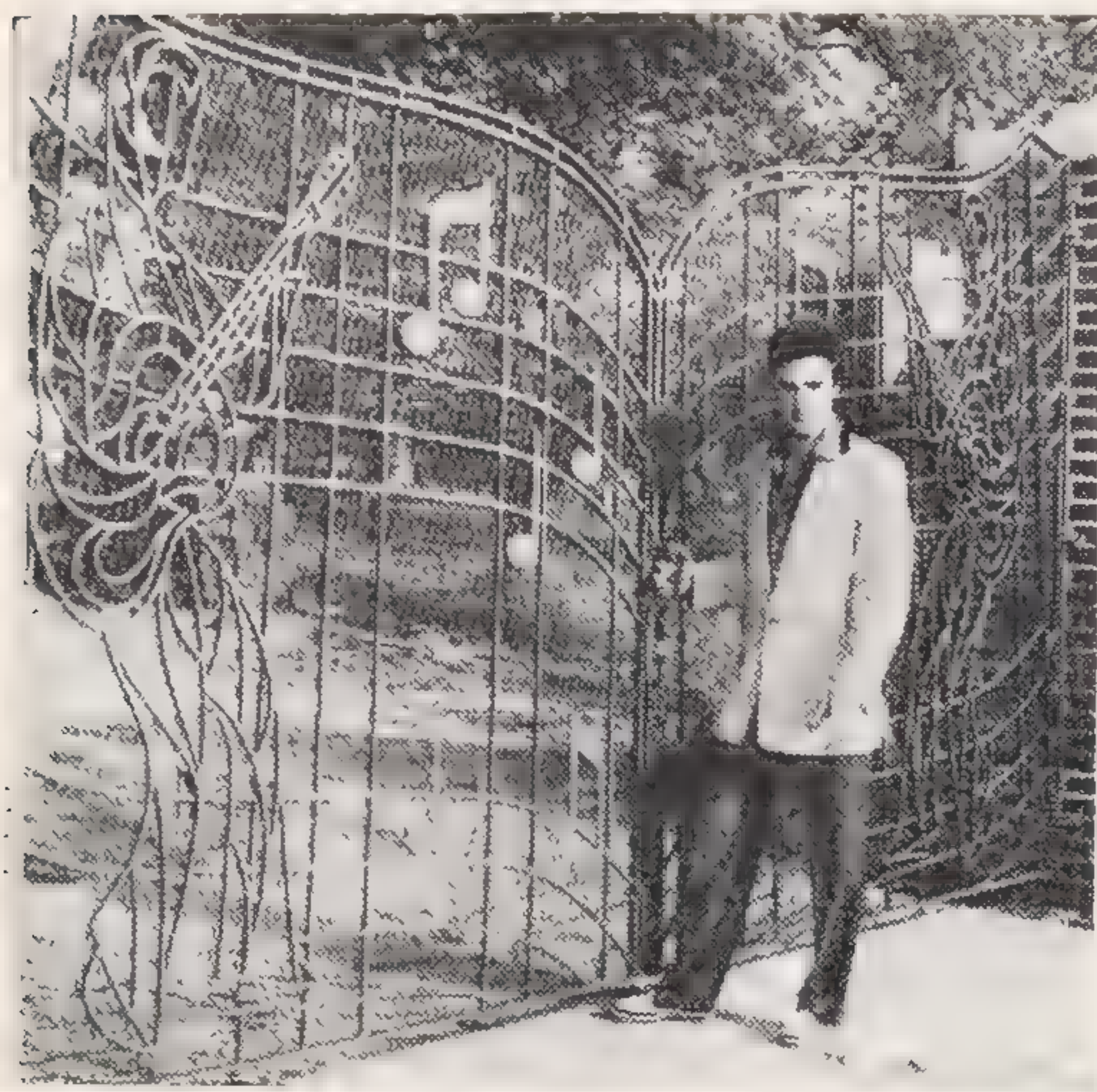
SEE THE DIFFERENCE ON A HUMID DAY!



Set with 'ordinary' spray, hair loses curl fast, soon gets droopy.



Set with 'Satin-Set', hair keeps curl . . . even when it's humid!



The gate to his new home is fancy, but Elvis' taste in food is simple

you earned more than a million dollars a year? Elvis Presley, who's done so well in movies, TV and records this year that he says, "I never knew there was so much money in the world," still sticks to this favorite dinner menu: several strips of well-done bacon, a mound of mashed potatoes, gravy, bread that's been inundated with butter and several glasses of milk. It's his favorite meal, honest!

Things we'd like to see happen: That Hugh O'Brian *does* get engaged to Dorothy Bracken, the June Taylor dancer (he seems so in love). . . . That Marilyn comes back to Hollywood soon to make another film. . . . That Gene Barry gets the slick comedy role he wants so badly.

Date-line, Mexico: Now that Ava's down in Mexico, she's finally getting around to picking up that divorce decree from Frank Sinatra. After years of being too busy, too bothered or too bitter to do so. Ava decided that this was the time to make things final. And though she declares that her heart's as free as her status will be, everyone's watching developments of her romance with Walter Chiari. Fiercely loyal to those she's fond of, Ava wanted Walter Chiari to have the role of the bullfighter in her picture and wouldn't speak to Bob Evans, the actor who did get to play the role. Things got better and Ava got happier when Walter flew in for a reunion in the middle of May, and Ava told reporters, "He's great fun—has a wonderful sense of humor and is very talented. But I'm not getting married." All of which led a reporter to assume that "Ava's chary of Chiari." But Ava's not talking.

News and Nostalgia: It's been a good many years since Clark carried Vivien Leigh up the steps of Tara, but time has been very kind to Clark and he doesn't look as though he's changed much. Other people have, though, and what brings the point home is a story Clark tells about his recent trip to London. When he checked into the Dorchester Hotel there he found a note waiting for him. Opening it, he read: "Dear Father Rhett: You may not remember me but I am your little girl 'Bonnie' who was thrown from a pony in 'Gone With The Wind.' I am now eighteen

years old and on my way to Switzerland. After all this time, what a shame that I have to miss seeing you here in London! Best wishes always, your daughter, Cammie King." When he read it, Clark says, he was so touched that he just stood there in the lobby, trying to choke down the lump in his throat.

Not ordinarily one to turn back the clock (even for a great movie milestone like "Gone With the Wind"), Clark manages to do so when he goes back to frock coats and double-breasted vests for "Band of Angels." He looks lahk Rhett Butler, suh!



500 Women and Glenn: One of the nicest functions for charity in a long time was held at the home of Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell. Eleanor, who'd just been elected Founding President of the newly-organized Eleanor Powell chapter of the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, did the fashion commentary at the mike, while a receptive audience sat in chairs set up on the lawn surrounding the swimming pool and Glenn recorded the whole event on his movie camera. When Debbie Reynolds, modelling a bouffant cocktail dress especially designed for her by Eileen Younger, twirled around in front of Glenn's camera amidst resounding audience applause, Glenn flushed a deep red and muttered, "I wish they'd announce that I'm taking these pictures for the girls, not for myself." Give the man credit. He was the only male present among 500 women. Incidentally, the party was a big success.



HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Moments like these are rare—and who knows *when* or *where*? When a memory is in the making, don't let *anything* come between you. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to...next to *nothing* is impossible!)



VETO is for you
in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



Aerosol
Mist

One touch of VETO
dries away perspiration worries!

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓ FAIR

The Prince and the Showgirl WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR
✓✓✓✓ Style and warmth, Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Marilyn Monroe, laughter and romance all add up to a movie of great charm. The time is 1911, a gala coronation year in an easygoing old England. Olivier is the stiff, conscientious ruler of a little Balkan kingdom. He sees World War I looming ahead, and he's worried about the German sympathies of his teenaged king, appealingly portrayed by Jeremy Spenser. So he seeks an evening's relaxation with Marilyn, an American chorus girl. That interlude stretches on into the next day, with shattering and hilarious consequences. Both Olivier and Sybil Thorndyke, as the absentminded old dowager queen, perform expertly. But sweet-faced, happily uncorseted Marilyn dominates.

ADULT

BEST ACTING: MARILYN MONROE



Expecting only pleasant companionship from Marilyn, Olivier is amazed to hear her say he needs love in his life

BEST ACTING: ANTHONY FRANCIOSA



During a dinner at home, Don and Tony guard a tragic secret, to spare Lloyd, the father, and Eva, Don's wife, loved by both brothers

A Hatful of Rain

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Though this brilliant picture tackles the touchy subject of narcotics addiction, though Don Murray shows emotional power as the victim, this is chiefly a family story—and Anthony Franciosa puts across the most strongly realized, sympathetic character. Stress in Korea gave Don the habit, but he was vulnerable because of childhood neglect that also scarred Anthony, his younger brother. As their father, Lloyd Nolan demands of his sons the affection he never gave. He mistakenly judges Don as the success, Anthony as the weakling. The relationship between the brothers and Eva Marie Saint, as Don's pregnant wife, is handled delicately, while New York locales add realism.

ADULT

continued on page 22

The only pincurl permanent that gives you

Weatherproof Curls!

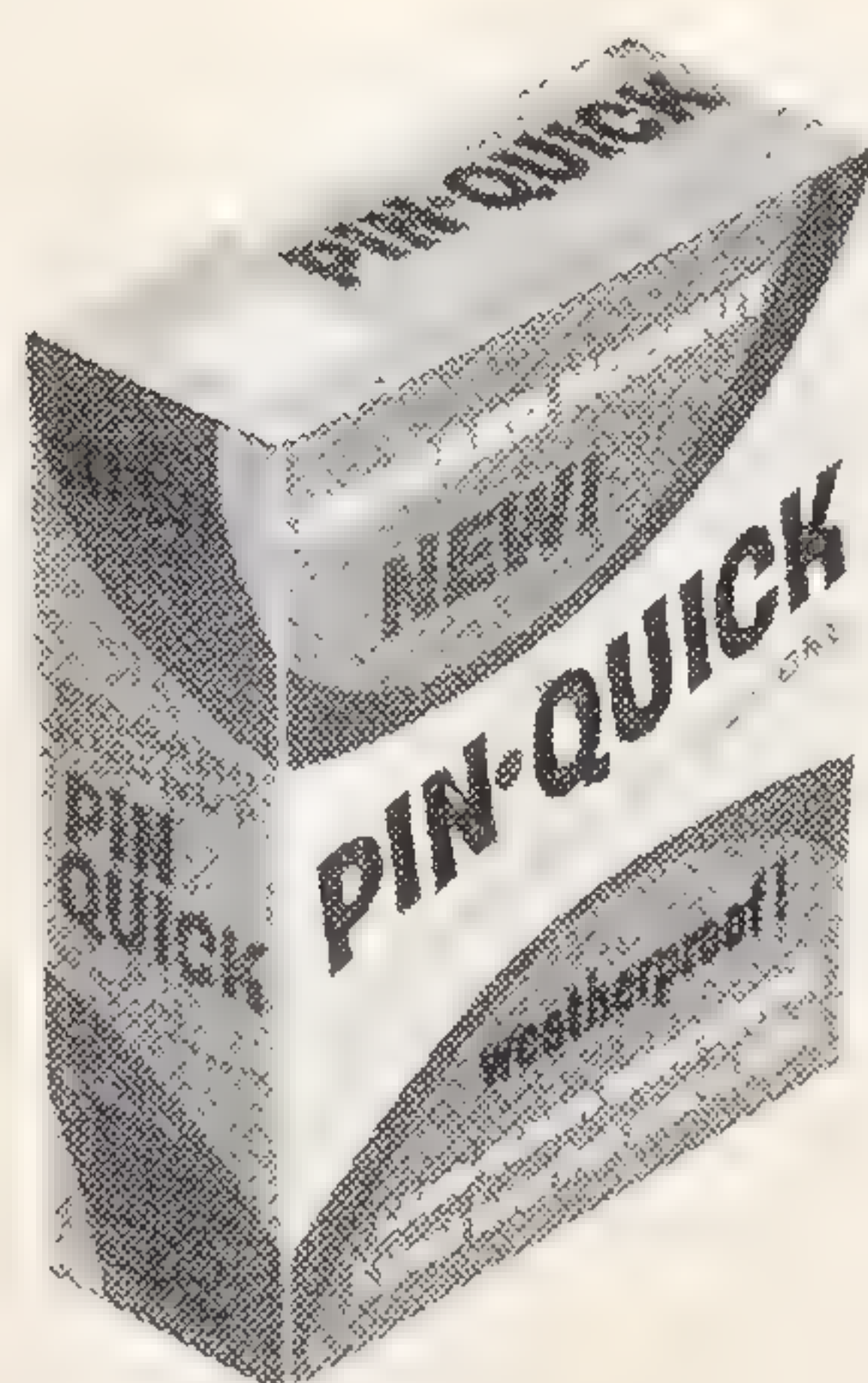


*"...takes to water
like a duck"*

You get soft, shiny curls 5 times faster!
Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last*! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. \$1.75 plus tax.



New Siliconed

PIN-QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

Make \$50-\$75-\$100

Again and Again In Spare Time



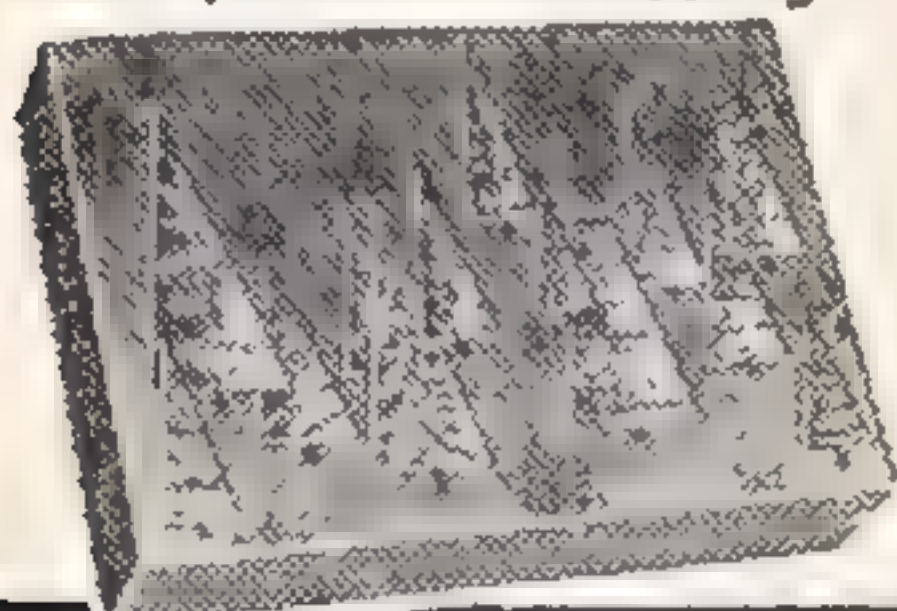
SHOW FRIENDS
NEW STYLE

Christmas and All Occasion
GREETING CARD
ASSORTMENTS
folks are wild about



New 1957
ASSORTMENT
OF 21 DELUXE
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Sparkles, Snow Sheen,
24" Novelty Card,
Sculptured Embossing

New 1957
4-STYLE CHRISTMAS
ASSORTMENT OF
24 Cards in Rich Slims,
Squares, Oblongs and
Petite Cards all in 1 box



**179 Easy Ways To Make
EXTRA MONEY**



New 1957
GOLD 'N GLITTER
CHRISTMAS
Assortment of
Slim Cards with
Jewel-like Sparkle

New 1957
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
REPLACEMENT OF A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New 1957 Slim
PARCHMENT
CHRISTMAS
Assortment of
21 Modern Style
Cards of Beauty

FREE 64 Name Imprinted SAMPLES
just for writing us at once!

AMAZING VALUES ATTRACT ALL

Take easy orders from neighbors, co-workers. Show brand new ideas in fascinating greeting card boxed assortments, gift wrappings, gift ribbons, home and gift items. Profits to 100% plus liberal Cash Bonus. No experience needed. Build your income with exclusive 50 for \$1.50 up Personal Christmas Cards, Bargain Surprise Packages, individual "Giant Value" greeting cards. Make extra dollars pleasantly!

NEW FUND RAISING and PARTY PLANS

FREE Full Color Illustrated Catalog

MAKE FRIENDLY SOCIAL CALLS

Show women's, children's, men's novelties. Have cash for new clothes, furnishings, your group treasury. No experience needed. It's easy—fun—profitable!

Start a Greeting Card & Gift Shop At Home

Make up to \$1.00 per box!

ONE MONEY MAKER SAYS:

"I have been selling your cards for almost two years and I have made enough money to buy a lot of things I have wanted."

Diane Carey of Illinois



**Write today for FREE TRIAL of
EVERYTHING YOU NEED to get started**

SEND NO MONEY—ACT NOW!

Rush your name and address for Feature box assortments on approval, FREE Money-Making Guide and Special Offers. If outfit does not make money for you in a jiffy, return it at our expense—no questions asked! You have nothing to lose.

**SENSATIONAL FREE OFFER
Saves You Money—Makes Money**

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

With your Outfit will come all details and a fabulous offer you cannot afford to miss. Write today! New England Art Publishers North Abington 821, Mass.

Mail Coupon Now—

**NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 821, Mass.**

Please send me at once Feature assortments on approval, Free Samples Personal Christmas Cards, Stationery, Free Catalog, Selling Guide, details of your wonderful Extra Money Plan and your amazing FREE OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

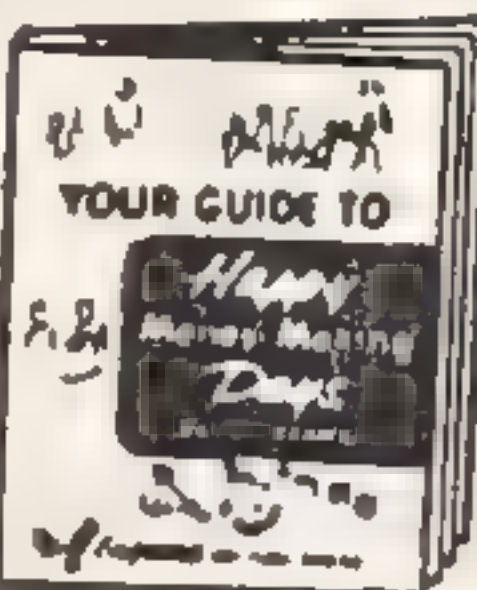
State _____

☐ Check here if writing for club or church organization interested in raising funds.

No Risk On Your Part.

FREE

Money-Making Guide
shows beginners new
easy ways to succeed



MOVIES *continued*



Warned that Rita's looks spell trouble, Jack still believes in future happiness

Fire Down Below COLUMBIA, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Doing an effective comeback, Rita Hayworth surprisingly is found in a picture that's mostly masculine in its focus. As a pair of drifters, Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon own a boat that they hire out for odd—and occasionally illegal—jobs around the Caribbean. The contented partnership between hardbitten Bob and his more naive young friend breaks up after they agree to transport Rita, a stateless refugee, from one island to another. Inevitably, a triangle situation builds up and explodes, whereupon Jack bitterly ships out on a freighter. The height of dramatic tension comes when he is trapped in the hold of the slowly burning vessel. Involved in the rescue efforts are Bonar Colleano, Herbert Lom, Bernard Lee—and, eventually, Mitchum.

FAMILY

A Face in the Crowd

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Excitement, ferocious humor and plenty of material for argument make Andy Griffith's first movie a hot item. Big, ingratiating, equal to all the challenges of this difficult role, he plays a hillbilly described (with polite understatement) as a slob. Yet after Patricia Neal finds him in an Arkansas jail and senses his crowd-pleasing talent, Andy becomes a sensation on local radio, then on national TV. The influence he exerts finally goes to his head and tosses him into the political field as his ambition grows. However unsavory his character, Andy's own masculinity makes Pat's love for him believable. The acting is uniformly good, with Walter Matthau as an honest man involved in the idol-building racket, Anthony Franciosa as a cheerful scoundrel driving the bandwagon, Lee Remick as a drum majorette whose morals are untidy.

ADULT

Dino

A.A.

✓✓✓ Given his richest acting opportunity so far, Sal Mineo comes through splendidly in this understanding study of tenement life. When Sal is paroled

from reform school, he returns to his unloving parents, gets a warm welcome from kid brother Pat De Simone—only to find that the boy looks up to him because of his criminal record. Recognizing that Sal is a potential menace to himself and to society, parole officer Frank Faylen begs psychiatrist Brian Keith to help. Affecting scenes between Sal and equally youthful Susan Kohner give conviction to the soothing influence of their gentle romance.

FAMILY

The Wayward Bus

20TH,

CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ What with road hazards and its passengers' varied personal problems, the ramshackle vehicle of the title offers a lively ride for moviegoers. As driver-owner of the beat-up bus, doing a short local run in California, Rick Jason worries about his money-grubbing, alcoholic wife, Joan Collins, back at their roadside restaurant. Among his fares is Dan Dailey, who, though he's a traveling salesman, falls in love with Jayne Mansfield and doesn't realize what her profession is. Touring with her parents, Dolores Michaels is a love-hungry dame ready to latch on to any available male. They're all a gaudy but pathetically human crew, entertaining to watch.

ADULT

Joe Butterfly

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ War hero Audie Murphy draws an enchantingly off-beat role here, as a soldier who just can't behave in a properly military manner, for all his good intentions. He's a photographer on the staff of Yank, the Army publication. As fellow journalists-in-uniform, George Nader, John Agar and Charles McGraw want to scoop civilian newsman Keenan Wynn on the story of the Japanese surrender. But the boys' chief efforts center on achieving a comfortable life in Tokyo. In this quest, they have the cooperation of ever-resourceful Burgess Meredith (the title char- (Continued on page 24)



It's August of 1945, and for Audie and Keiko Shima the war is definitely over

Rinses twice as clean!



© THE GILLETTE COMPANY

It's crystal-clear...

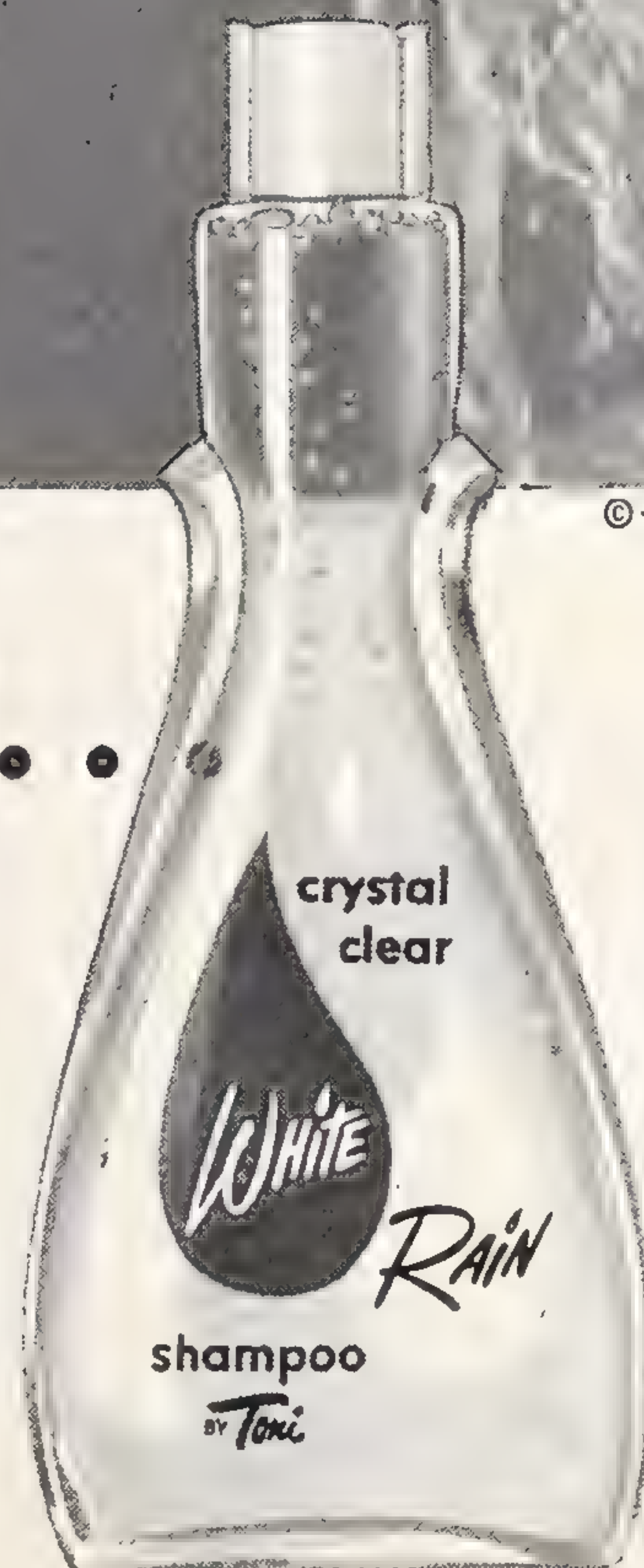
the first and only crystal-clear liquid shampoo!

The difference is *clear*! It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear WHITE RAIN . . . shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!

NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR

WHITE RAIN

LIQUID SHAMPOO



Also available—
The *original* lotion shampoo . . .
creamy-rich and
so gentle. *Three*
times milder than
most shampoos.



When even your home and children
make you upset...



let
**MILES®
NERVINE**
help
you relax!



Busy mothers occasionally find it hard to ease up and relax after a crowded, hectic day. That's why so many of them get help from MILES NERVINE. With its mild, but effective action, MILES NERVINE helps relieve such nervous tension so that you *can* relax, be calm and serene, to feel your best again.

Take MILES NERVINE, also, when too restless to sleep at night. It simply relaxes you, lets you sleep—*naturally*. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Sold in effervescent tablets and liquid.

Soothe nerves...
feel calm and serene with

MILES® NERVINE

At any drugstore...

No Prescription Needed!

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

MOVIES continued.

acter), a happy little Japanese fixer who knows all the angles. A tender love story teams Audie with Keiko Shima. Exasperated as ever, officer Fred Clark builds up the laughs.

FAMILY

Man on Fire

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Once more, Bing Crosby shows his skill at straight dramatic acting, in a touching story of a custody fight. As a high-powered businessman, he has a close relationship with Malcolm Brodric, his eleven-year-old son—perhaps too close for the boy's good. When the boy's mother (Mary Fickett) and her second husband (Richard Eastham) ask for part-time custody, Bing puts up a stubborn, all-out battle. Lovely Inger Stevens, as a lawyer assisting his attorney (E. G. Marshall), takes a personal interest in the situation, and Anne Seymour also scores as a judge who makes an unexpected decision. Sensitive acting makes up for occasional haziness in the characters' motives.

ADULT

The D. I.

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Capitalizing on recent headlines about Marine Corps training at Parris Island, producer-director Jack Webb stars himself as a rough-mannered, soft-hearted drill instructor. The family background of Don Dubbins makes this young recruit a special headache for the D. I., who keeps telling captain Lin McCarthy that the mama's boy can be turned into a tough marine. Pretty Jackie Loughery tries to take sergeant Webb's mind off his beloved Corps. Though the methods of discipline often look peculiar to an outsider, the story is strikingly photographed and told with force.

FAMILY

Love in the Afternoon

A.A.

✓✓✓ It's a slender idea, but it's done with dash, and the three stars exert strong personal appeal. Gary Cooper plays a rich American who has been around—and around and around. Aud-



Meeting in public, Audrey and Gary keep quiet about their close acquaintanceship

rey Hepburn is a prim-appearing young Parisienne, who has learned all about Gary's affairs by snooping into the secret files of her dad, private detective Maurice Chevalier. Starting out just to save Gary from a jealous, gun-wielding husband, Audrey winds up with serious designs on him. The City of Light (and Love) makes a beautiful background for the frivolous goings-on.

ADULT

The Lonely Man

PARAMOUNT,
VISTAVISION

✓✓ As father and son pitted against each other in an emotional duel, Jack Palance and Anthony Perkins lend vigor to a Western of familiar outline. Tony believes that Jack, years a fugitive, is a cold-blooded killer. But the facts come out as a gang of desperadoes goes gunning for Jack. Elaine Aiken makes an interesting debut as a former dance-hall entertainer who owes Palance a debt of gratitude—but loves Tony.

FAMILY

Johnny Tremain

BUENA VISTA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Oddly neglected by Hollywood, the American Revolution makes a stirring subject for a forthright movie that has all the convincing detail you expect of an adventure presented by the Disney outfit. The conflict is seen from the teenagers' angle, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten among the youngsters serving as couriers and spies for the Sons of Liberty. The lively tune "The Liberty Tree" captures the flavor of the period.

FAMILY

The Delicate Delinquent

PARA-
MOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ Starring alone, Jerry Lewis sets out to prove his versatility, tossing in a serious song number and a dash of dramatic acting along with his well-known comedy routines. Though cop Darren McGavin at first thinks he's a j. d., Jerry is just the lonely eccentric in his slum neighborhood, trying to get by as a janitor. In his campaign to help Jerry and other kids, Darren finally gets assistance from socialite Martha Hyer.

FAMILY

The Seventh Sin

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ It's pretty easy to foresee each turn of events in this drama of the Far East, but the story has a solidly inspirational quality. To break up wife Eleanor Parker's affair with Jean Pierre Aumont, scientist Bill Travers takes her away from Hong Kong. In a small Chinese town ravaged by plague, the selfish woman learns a new outlook on life, thanks mostly to neighbor George Sanders, who is acid-tongued as ever—but, for once, gentle-hearted.

ADULT

Tammy and the Bachelor

U.I.;
CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Quaintly old-fashioned as its heroine, this sentimental tale gives Debbie Reynolds a good showcase. She's a bayou lass who accepts Leslie Nielsen's

offer of help and moves in on his family while her grandpop (Walter Brennan) is doing a stretch for moonshining. Debbie's effect on the aristocratic but impractical household is amusing, and you're sure that her high-toned rival (Mala Powers) won't have a chance with Leslie.

FAMILY

Bernardine

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ In his first movie, Pat Boone comes across as an utterly endearing personality. He plays a youthful schemer who tries to promote friend Richard Sargent's romance with Terry Moore. Poor Dick has a second romantic problem: how to keep Janet Gaynor, his wid-



Pat leads Ronnie Burns and Val Benedict, Tom Pittman and Dick Sargent in song

owed mother, from marrying solid citizen Dean Jagger. Gentle comedy, a likable bunch of kids, nice songs.

FAMILY

Monkey on My Back

U.A.

✓✓ In straightforward style, the month's second drama of drug addiction recounts the story of Barney Ross, ring champ and war hero who acquired the habit while being treated for battle injuries. Cameron Mitchell's portrayal of Ross looks convincing; Dianne Foster is sympathetic as his bewildered wife.

ADULT

Hidden Fear

U.A.

✓✓ An involved but fast-moving whodunit casts John Payne as an American cop, on leave to visit Denmark. His sister (Natalie Norwick) has been arrested for murder there. Behind the mystery, he finds, is a counterfeiting ring, with Conrad Nagel as boss. Anne Neyland attracts and baffles Payne.

ADULT

Silk Stockings

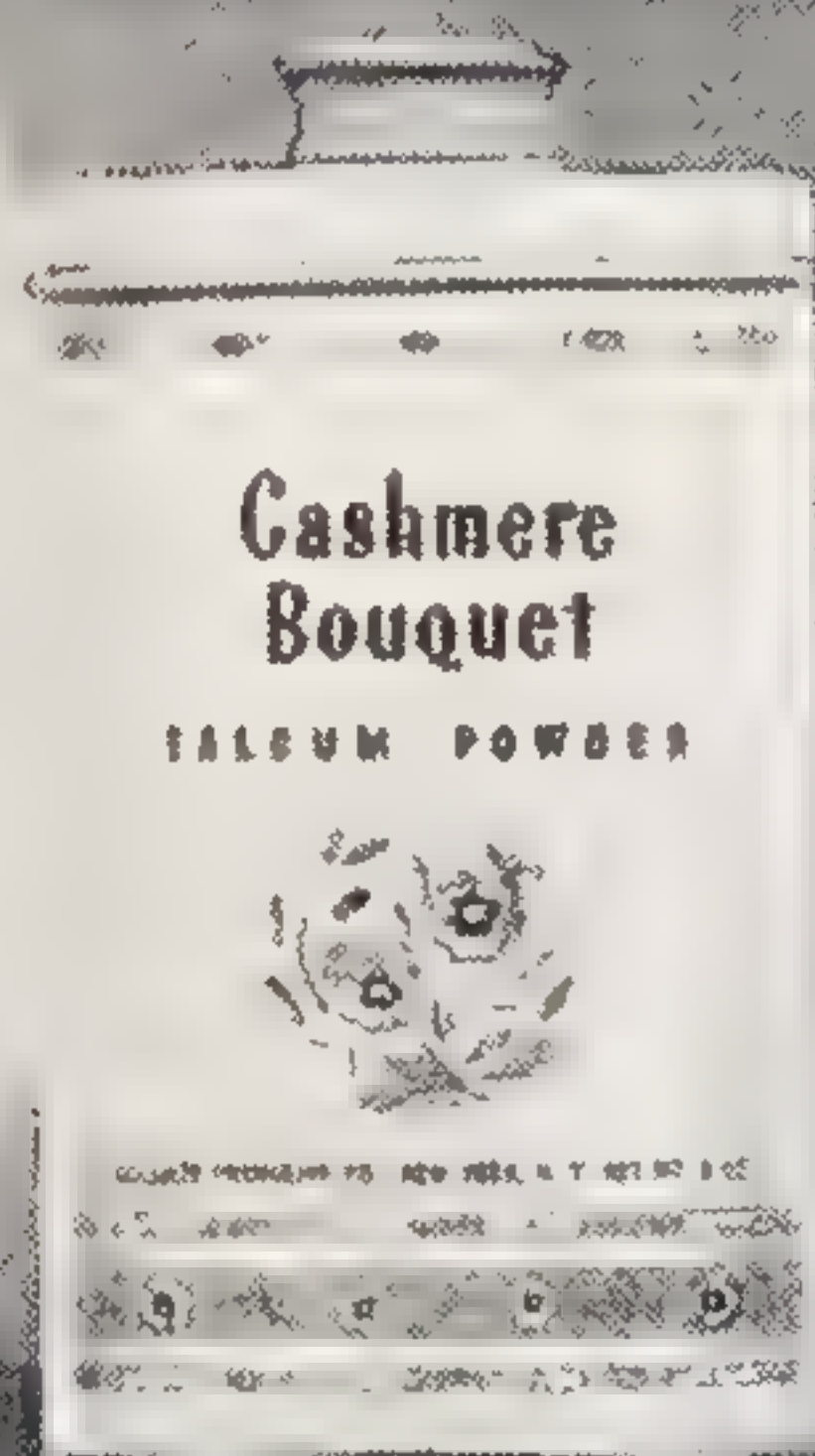
M-G-M;

CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓ The lilting Cole Porter score and the lively stepping of Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse are the chief assets in this musical version of "Ninotchka," the old Garbo hit. As an American movie producer in Paris to sign a Russian composer, Fred has to contend with Cyd, a straitlaced Red. But the luxuries of Paris and the softening influence of love soon raise hob with her Soviet standards. As a flamboyant Hollywood dame, Janis Paige has some good routines.

FAMILY

Like climbing right into a bouquet



**CASHMERE
BOUQUET**

Talcum powder

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

pampers every inch of you . . .

with its lilting bouquet, its satin-soft touch.

And that exciting fragrance men love

lingers on your skin hour after hour . . .

as if you had stepped

from your bath right into a bouquet!

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... *for all your beauty needs*

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

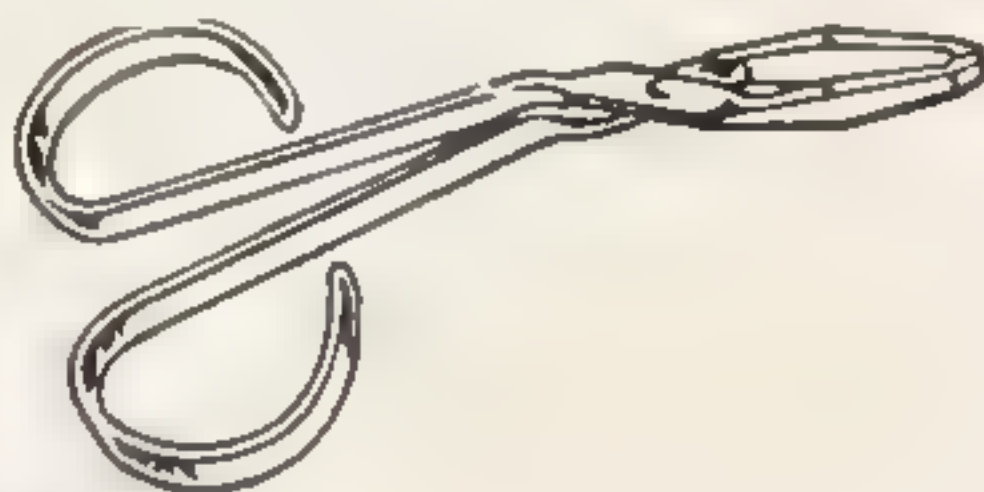
First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

KURLENE®
tube 50c* jar \$1.00*
*plus tax



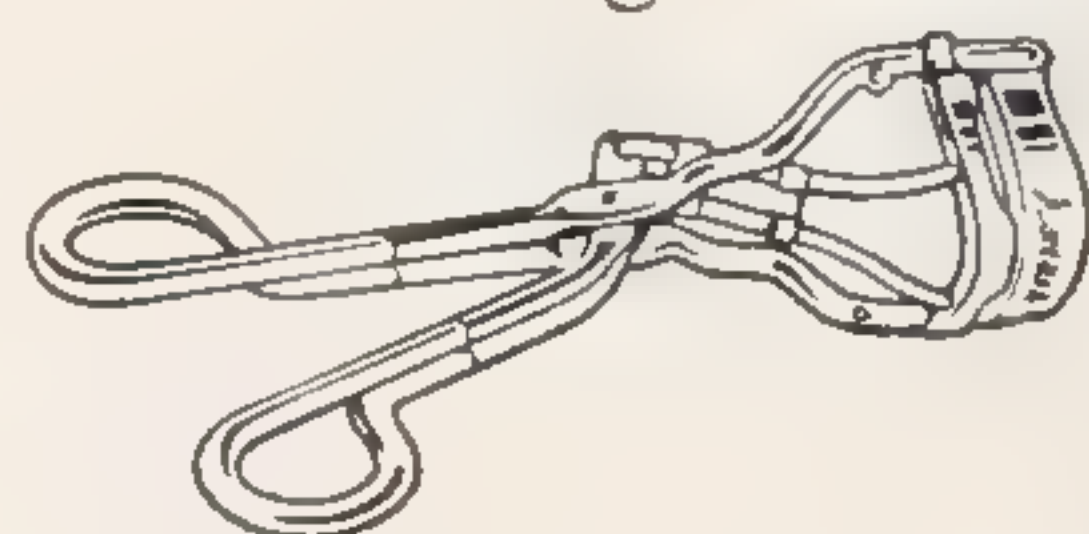
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoiff flattens eyes and face.)

TWISSORS® 75c



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® \$1.00



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

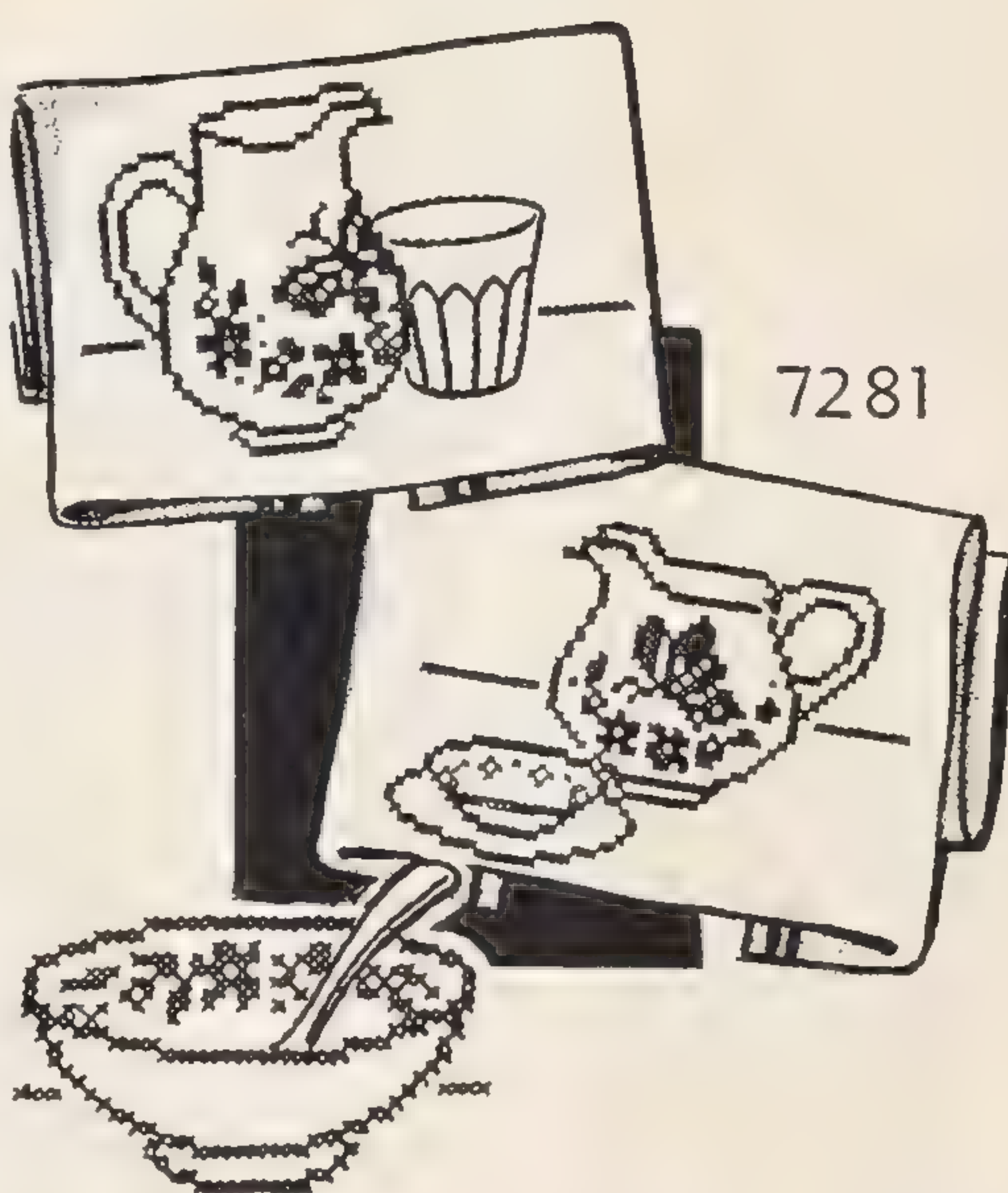
The
Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N. Y.
(Also available in Canada)



783



Now I
lay me



7281



7248

YOUNG IDEAS: NEEDLE NEWS

783—Wall panel for a child's room. The bedtime prayer is done in simple embroidery. Letters are large, easy to read. Transfer, directions for panel 15 x 18½ inches.

7281—Some gay motifs in easy cross-stitch for your kitchen towels. Quick to do and they brighten your whole kitchen. Transfer of six attractive motifs 5½ x 7½ inches.

620—Lovely crocheted centerpiece. The swirling tulip design is beautifully set off by simple picot crochet. Directions for twenty-inch centerpiece in No. 30 cotton.

7248—He's a doll—he's a sleepy bunny bag, too, with a slit in front for youngsters to pop their P.J.'s into. Two flat pieces plus round stuffed head. Pattern and transfer.

7188—Pineapple medallion bordered with open and closed shell stitches. Use as a chair set (back 12 x 15 inches; armrest 6 x 12 inches). Complete crochet directions.



620



7188

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

becoming attractions



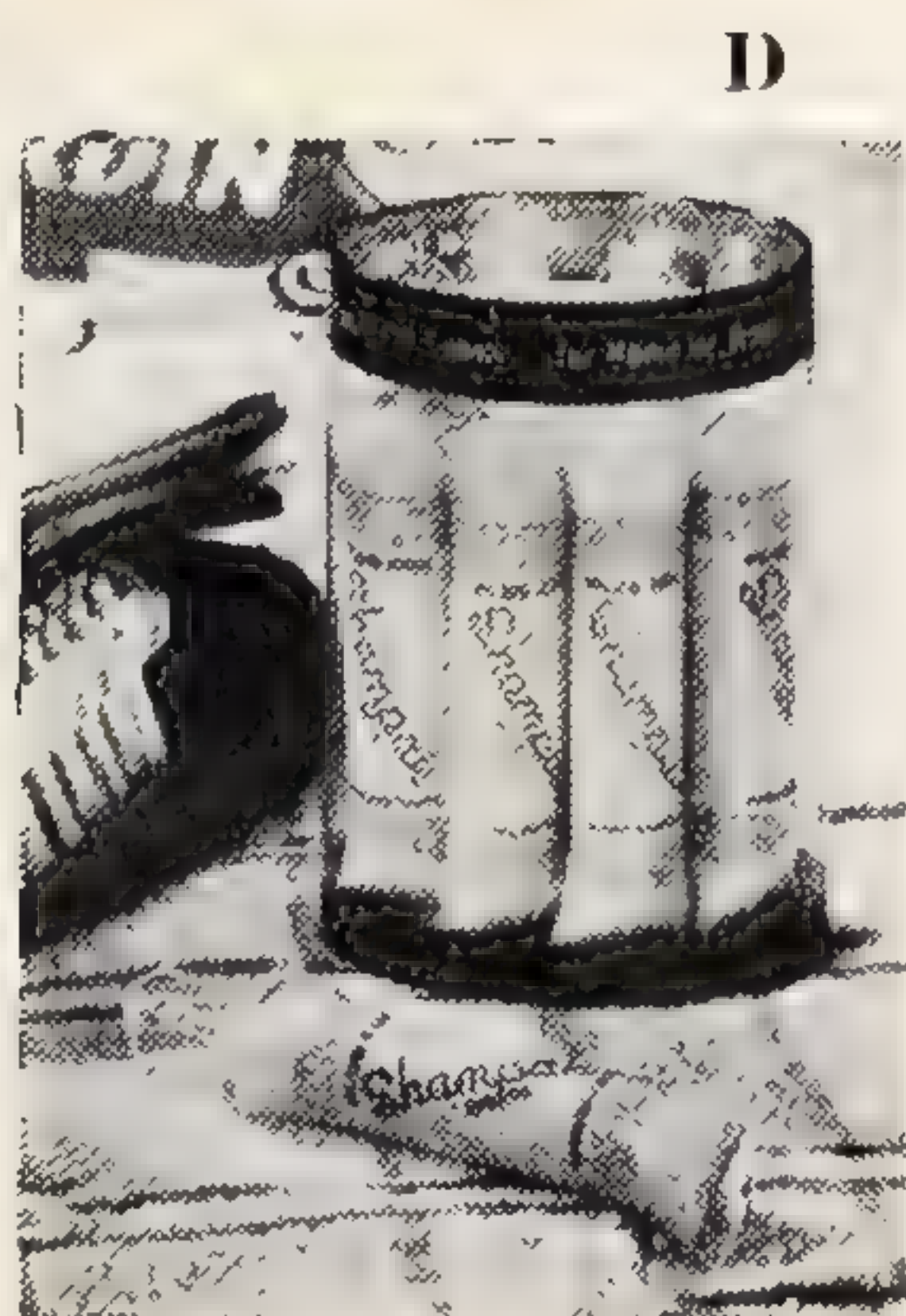
A



B



C



D



E

A *New Way Toni home wave features double-easy applicator with sponge top to spread lotion evenly and spray tips for thorough neutralizing. \$2.29.**

B *To go to your head—and your dressing table: Glamorous golden container with black net design for Helene Curtis Spray Net—Regular and Super Soft.*

C *Nice way to come clean—with Golden Dial, improved formula of Dial soap, designed to fight bacteria that cause both skin blemishes and body odors.*

D *Vacation tip: New Shampak, shampoo in light-weight, disposable plastic tubes. Two formulas, for dry or normal and oily hair. Package of ten, \$1.50.*

E *New, oval Juliette Marglen lipstick, in slender, Queen-size jeweler's case, comes in six luminous colors, \$2.00.* Matching Nail Glacé (not shown), \$1.50.**

**plus tax*

Should she love him...
give him the kisses
he begged for...
or should she count
the cost and the
heartbreak this
forbidden interlude
would bring?

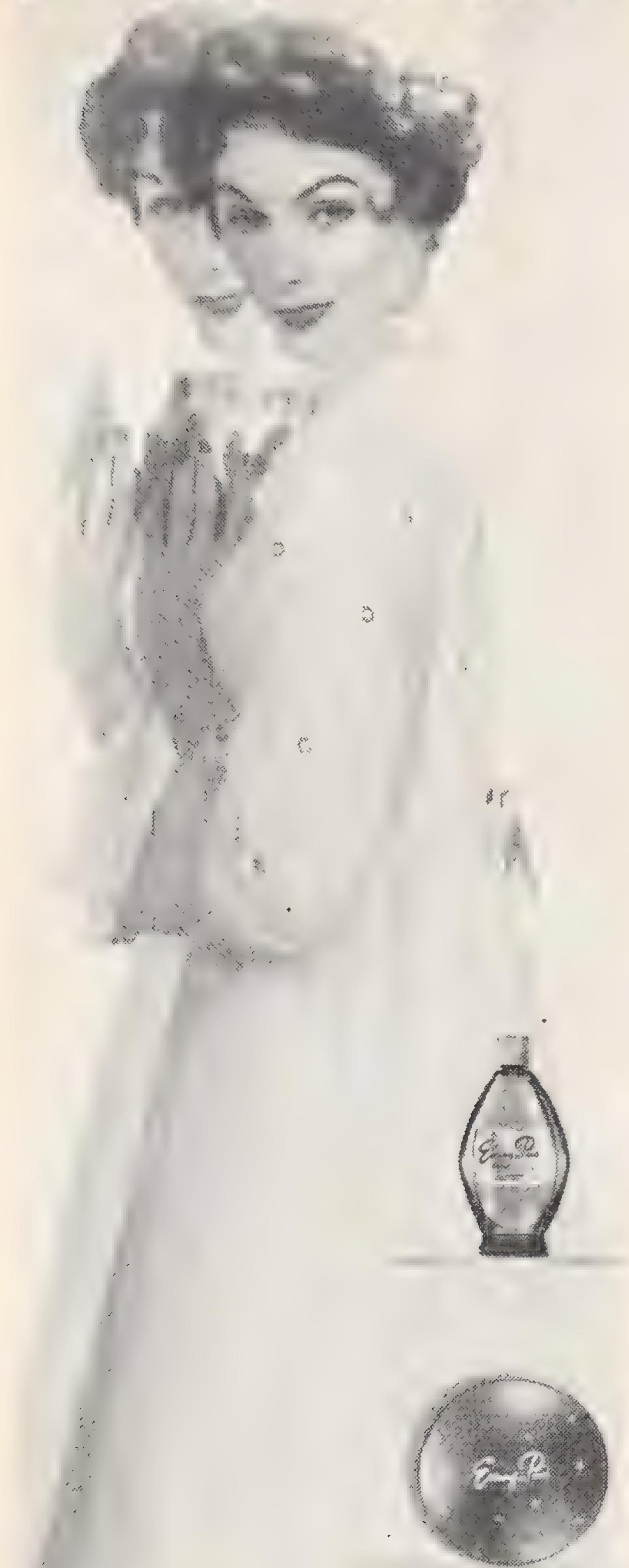
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
JUNE ALLYSON
ROSSANO BRAZZI
Interlude
CINEMA SCOPE • TECHNICOLOR®
Co-starring
MARIANNE COOK
FRANCOISE ROSAY
KEITH ANDES
with
FRANCES BERGEN and JANE WYATT



*Filmed amidst
Europe's most
magnificent vistas
filled with
the world's
most moving music!*

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by DANIEL FUCHS and FRANKLIN COEN • Adaptation by INEZ COCKE
Based on a Screenplay by DWIGHT TAYLOR and a Story by JAMES CAIN • Produced by ROSS HUNTER

DOUBLE COOLER!



Evening in Paris

**EAU DE TOILETTE
AND DUSTING POWDER**

BOTH FOR \$1.50

regular 2.25 value



After shower or bath, enjoy the cool touch of fragrant Evening in Paris eau de toilette and dusting powder. Save on both now in the gay gift pack.

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U. S. A.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I wouldn't believe it was Natalie Wood if I saw Natalie Wood alone in a restaurant or at the movies. . . . Frank Sinatra should record an album of torch ballads and call it "Songs For Losers Only." . . . As Sinatra says: "A guy who fights with a doll is in real trouble. Wars you can win." . . . Jayne Mansfield never blows a line on the set or a chance to act off-screen. . . . I'd say Tony Perkins belongs to the "agonized whisper" school of acting. . . . When blondes get old, they should let their hair get back to its natural color. . . . Kim Novak typifies a silent movie star to me. . . . Place a bet that somewhere in Hollywood at this moment, a fellow is telling a girl—"You oughta be in

pictures. And I can help you, baby." . . . Whenever I go to the M-G-M studio, I look for the small building which has this sign over the door: "Janitors-Type-writers." . . . Actresses don't come more beautiful than Dana Wynter, regardless of how much makeup they wear or gown they don't wear. . . . Doesn't Elvis Presley look as if he belonged to Jimmy Cagney's mob of hoods? Don't hit me. I'm only casting. . . . I'd say that Anne Rogers of the National Company of "My Fair Lady" has a better chance of becoming a movie star than Julie Andrews, the original "My Fair Lady." . . . Johnny Indrisano tells me that not so long ago when he was doing a fight picture, a



Sharing the spotlight with wife Shirley, tots Linda, Cherry and baby Debbie hasn't hurt Pat Boone's romantic appeal a bit



Though offbeat type, newcomer Susan Harrison's star material, Sidney says

well-known actor hopped into the ring, tossed off his robe, discovered he had forgotten his trunks!

Audrey Hepburn is glossy; Katharine Hepburn is vital. . . . The girls actually camp in the vacant lot next to Marlon Brando's house in Laurel Canyon and wait to see him. . . . Susan Harrison isn't pretty but she is interesting. Susan is strictly offbeat, in appearance and behavior. She hasn't a phone, and if a friend wants to make a date he has to send her a telegram. She'll begin to smell "The Sweet Smell of Success" because of her performance in this offbeat movie.

Norma Shearer still looks and acts more like a movie star than Piper Laurie. . . . I wonder how Francis X. Bushman felt when he introduced his new wife to Pat Boone. . . . I say this because when Francis X. was the No. 1 movie star he had to keep the fact that he was married a secret from his fans. . . . When they discovered it, he was on his way out. . . . The teenagers know Pat has a wife and three children, but he's their lover boy, regardless. . . . Hugh O'Brian was talking about another Western actor: "What he lacks in conceit, he makes up for in egotism."

I'm tired of those tired jokes about Yul Brynner. . . . Clark Gable has a chipped lower front tooth. . . . I know because I kept looking at him for two weeks on the set of "Teacher's Pet."

Director Mike Curtiz was very enthusiastic about Carolyn Jones' performance in "The Bachelor Party." Mike said: "I saw the picture twice, and the second time she gave even a better performance than the first." That's Hollywood For You.

You'll love
Cyd Charisse
in "SILK STOCKINGS"
An Arthur Freed Production.
In CinemaScope and Metrocolor
An M-G-M Release.



CYD CHARISSE LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

**never dries - it beautifies
thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!**
**of course, it leaves hair
more manageable!**



Cream or
Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF
4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



Discovery!

Discovery!

Feminine Fabric

sheerest luxury perfected protection

make New Modess your own discovery this month

Modess *because*



**Washed
with another
leading
shampoo!**

**Washed with
"curl-keeping"
NEW
WOODBURY!**

Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
proved in its famous testing laboratory:
New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl
better, keeps set longer! Example
shown above: Left side of Jan's
hair, washed with her usual
shampoo, got limp, straggly.
Right side, washed with
Woodbury, is springy, curly,
beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on
hundreds of women. Results show New Woodbury,
with its curl-keeping ingredient, holds waves best.
Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-
clean, without dulling soap film.

Costs less than other leading brands. And right now,
for a limited time, the big \$1 size is only 59¢.
If you don't agree Woodbury is the finest shampoo
you ever tried, we'll return your money.



WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

READERS INC.

continued from page 13

Sal's Free

I like Sal Mineo very much and have read many articles about him. However, I have never read anything about his being married. My mother insists she read in some magazine that he is married and has one or two children. I am sure this is not true and that Mother has confused him with someone else. Am I right?

MARIANNE THAU
Hartford, Connecticut

Sal is just eighteen years old. He told us recently he hadn't even thought of marriage.
—Ed.

A Good Change

I am writing this letter because I want Elvis Presley to know how he has changed me—and to thank him for the good he has wrought in me.

I am eighteen years old and my name is Guadalupe Merlo; I'm a Mexican girl and was considered a "very bad" girl, always fighting, refusing to pray, thinking everyone was my enemy. Then I began to read about Elvis and learned that he was a good son, that he was always obedient to his parents, that he was a religious boy, and I liked what I read. Because of him, I began to change, too. I wanted to be good like he is, and I began to be good to my folks, and do other good things.

Thank you, Elvis, for changing me so much, and I hope you and your parents will have much happiness.

LUPITA (my nickname)
Puebla, Mexico

What a Doll!

We are two high school girls and submit to you the following poem about our favorite movie star—that doll, Robert Wagner. We would be thrilled to see it printed in your magazine so his many other fans could read it. Please???

We think this guy's a doll,
Naturally he's six feet tall,
He's full of charm and savoir-faire,
He's got the dreamiest dark-brown hair.
His eyes are sooo revealing
They set my heart a-reeling
He has the other stars beat a mile
With that great big boyish smile.
In acting he's more than able,
The critics say he's a second Gable.
He's perfect in every detail,
Oh boy, what a male!
The girls go around with their heads in
the clouds
To be his wife they'd always be proud.
His movies top them all,
Gee whiz, what a doll!
I suppose by now everyone can guess,
It's ROBERT WAGNER, no one less.

JUDY SISLER
RUTH JACKSON
Denver, Colorado



by DICK SHEPPARD

**what has
she got
that
Hollywood
hasn't?**

Recently, Americans got their first look at the highest paid movie actress in the world. Her name: Sophia Loren from Naples, Italy. Adding up the names of the lady Academy Award winners in the past four years we find that one is Dutch (Audrey Hepburn), one Swedish (Ingrid Bergman) and one Italian (Anna Magnani). The fourth is Grace Kelly who in manner and speech is more British than American and as Princess Grace is now a semi-citizen of the Principality of Monaco.

Looking at the Hollywood import situation, there are no less than sixty foreign-born beauties plugging away at careers in American films—most of them (*continued*)

what has she got that Hollywood hasn't? *continued*

very successfully and quite happily.

So the big question is: What's the matter with American girls? While there is a great shortage of female stars in Hollywood the dismal truth is that there hasn't been a major American actress of star calibre to burst on the scene, outside of Kim Novak, since Grace Kelly. Part of the answer seems to be that all the girls who show up in Hollywood these days turn out to be a replica of the girl next door. And about as glamorous. Pigtails and jeans may turn a head or two on Main Street but they don't cause a stampede at the boxoffice. In all fairness to our stars, it (*continued on page 77*)



Ingrid Bergman



Audrey Hepburn



Elsa Martinelli



Joan Collins



Anita Ekberg



Brigitte Bardot

Diana Dors



Gina Lollobrigida





Anna Magnani

Etchika Choureau



Dana Wynter



Anna Kashfi



"The last time Sal came home from Hollywood," says his mother, "we noticed that there's something new about the way he talks, the way he acts, even the way he thinks!"

I don't want to be different! I want to be just the same as I was before!" How many times I've heard my boy, Sal, say those words since he first went to Hollywood. And when he says them, his eyes flash and his chin sets, the way they always do when he's dead serious about something.

But he *is* different. He can't help it. It's impossible for a boy to become a famous movie star in two short years and *not* change!

When Sal came home to the Bronx, after being out in Hollywood there was something new about him—the way he talked, the way he acted, even the way he thought. Anybody could notice the difference. But there are some things that only his family, and I guess his mother, most of all, can see.

You'd have to know Sal as well as I do to understand how much his whole outlook on life has changed. When he was a youngster, playing a walk-on on Broadway, he was anxious only to prove to himself that he could be an actor. "I want to be a real professional," he'd (*continued on page 88*)



WHAT'S HAPPENED



TO MY SON, SAL!

by Mrs. JOSEPHINE MINEO

an afternoon with MADAME AUMONT



Trio soon to become a quartet: Jean Pierre, Maria Christina, Marisa Pavan—Aumonts all

At tea on the terrace, at home in their villa outside Paris, they have learned family unity and all its joys

by MARY WORTHINGTON JONES

From Paris, it is a half-hour drive to Rochers, the Jean Pierre Aumonts' splendid, forest-encircled villa in the suburb Malmaison. The last time I had seen Marisa was in California, before her marriage, and I was delighted to accept for Photoplay Marisa's invitation to visit with her and Jean. As I drove up, the black iron gate was open in obvious expectation (*continued*)





MADAME AUMONT

continued

of a visitor. A cool drink had been set out on the wide terrace, which dominates the square Napoleonic-style house. A manservant with a musical Italian accent explained, "Madame and Monsieur will be here in a minute. They said you were to make yourself at home."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a minuscule French car shot jauntily through the gates and skidded to a stop on the driveway. Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont, flushed and giggling like sixteen-year-olds, tumbled out.

"We're late, I'm terribly sorry," Marisa cried, "but we were out in the country. It was so lovely and peaceful we didn't realize how time was passing." Marisa looked at her husband, and the smile that passed between them showed exactly why they were late. A couple in love, walking hand in hand through a country lane—what does time mean to them?

Marisa led the way into the cheerful, sunny living room. Jean Pierre disappeared into the den for an animated discussion with a workman who was perched on a ladder, hanging new draperies.

"Please excuse the disorder," Marisa apologized. "We're in the midst of redoing the house. We're changing the draperies in all the rooms, reupholstering the furniture, modernizing the bathrooms, and, of course, getting a nursery in shape for the baby." She smiled joyously as she referred to the child she is expecting in late summer. "You know, there's so much to do in a house after it's been rented, to put it back into shape."

The neglect into which Jean Pierre's house had fallen was due less to the fact that he had rented it while he was in Hollywood than to the absence of a wife, whose love and care could turn it into a real home. Since Maria Montez' death in 1951, Jean Pierre had lost interest in this house, where each corner held memories of the past.

But now everything had changed. Love had again warmed Jean Pierre's heart as it had his home. Rochers had a new mistress.

Marisa took serious charge of the house in Malmaison upon their return from Hollywood last winter, after Jean Pierre finished M-G-M's "The Seventh Sin." She had barely unpacked their trunks when he reported to the Champs Elysées Theatre in Paris to rehearse the leading role in the play "Amphitryon 38." He was already well into his part, because Marisa had helped him study his lines on the plane from Hollywood.

"As you may have noticed, (*continued on page 82*)



While the record player's a mystery to Jean Pierre, daughter has the know-how





On coiffures, Aumont's the expert. He cuts Maria's hair, counsels Marisa on the smartest styles for her



A kiss for Marisa, and Maria says, "And me?" So Jean Pierre has a double armful

Tender moment for the Aumonts came when Maria first called her youthful stepmother "Mummy"





MY FIRST AND LAST WORDS ON GEORGE

Editor's Note: George Nader's father has always turned down requests for stories about his son. George explains, "My parents have no desire to capitalize on my Hollywood connections. They've developed a great interest in my work, but they'd be just as happy if I became a banker or a plumber. But my father is the person who knows me best, so I'll ask him this favor, just this once."

The other day, while reorganizing some family storage space (my wife's polite way of saying, "Clean out the garage!") I came across a battered old dust-covered packing box. Among other things, it contained ten model planes and trains, some carved wooden arms and legs for puppets, several baseball bats and moldy-looking mitts, two stamp collections, a (continued on page 93)

by **GEORGE NADER, SR.**

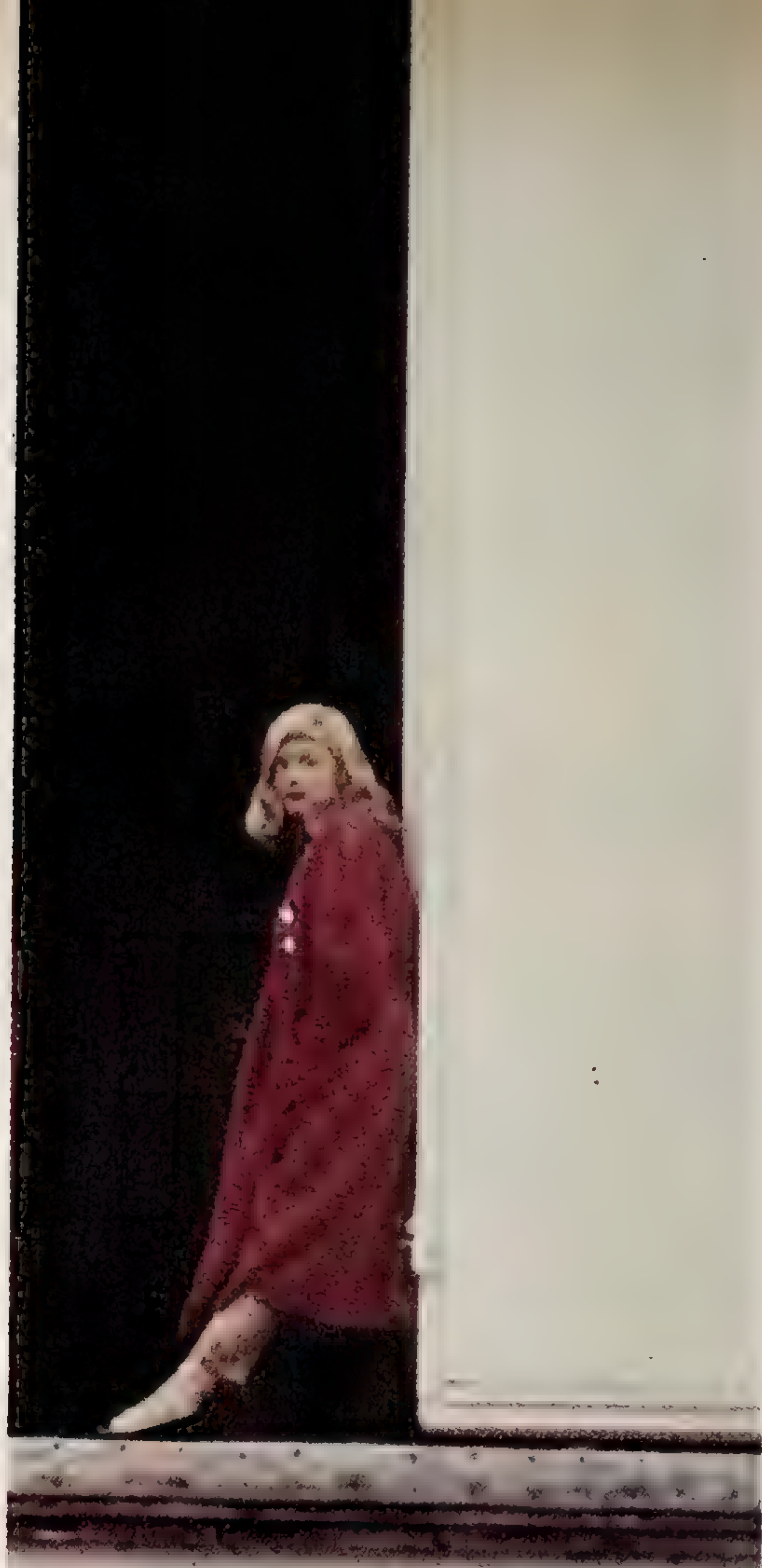


"It didn't surprise me when George took up bricklaying—as a boy, he'd try anything"



"As a handyman, George can do everything—except darn socks! But frankly, his mother and I never expected he'd be a movie star"





G



by LOU LARKIN

million \$ rebel

She fights with her director. She dreads marrying one man

*"because I'd be so unhappy to give up the other four." She's
Joanne Woodward, the hottest new actress in town*

See Joanne Woodward immediately," the telegram from Photoplay had read, "she's a million-dollar rebel who's going to be a big star." As far as Photoplay was concerned, there had been no crystal gazing involved; the editors just returned from a private showing of advance clips from "The Three Faces of Eve" which included a scene in which Joanne reached a pitch of near-hysteria as Jane, the girl with conflicting alter egos. For two long years 20th Century-Fox had believed in Joanne Woodward and had hung onto her contract when there was nothing for her to do except two pictures on loan-out, but when she'd made her entrance at last in a major role in an important picture, the effect was electrifying.

"Another Bette Davis," someone in the audience said. But in meeting Joanne, the first thing one discovers is that she is too much of a rebel to be compared with anyone else. Joanne Woodward is alone and individual, she contradicts herself, confuses her friends, tells outrageously funny stories, laughs at your jokes, loves opera, despises a college sorority, longs for babies, dreams of a trip to Europe and thinks Nicky Hilton is "a rather dull young man."

One of the most exciting and agreeably frank new movie actresses in Hollywood, she thinks people become actors because they're searching for love and affection, admits she "dreads" marrying one man because "I'll be so unhappy without the friendships of the other four."

She fights with her director, but calls him "Big Daddy." He calls her "Baby Doll."

She can speak of shame, passion, laughter and loneliness and does so with little-girl honesty rather than bold-

ness. She blames her career on a case of the mumps, continues to act because "applause makes me tingle," grew interested in becoming a good actress when an older man "had faith in me" and became a professional only after "I left a good home and a wonderful father who still calls me 'Little Girl.'"

These whacky, happy, tender Woodward truths tumbled out of Joanne one sunny afternoon in Malibu recently, as she stood, sat, rolled and yogied her way through the startling story of a girl who "never had a problem I didn't cause myself."

Sprawled on the sofa of the small, sea-misted "apartment-house" on the shore of the Pacific, Joanne put her chin in her hands, wiggled her toes and looked out over the white-capped ocean, letting the sun fall on her eyes.

They sparkled as she remembered.

"How I love to think about the first time," she said. "Sometimes I think it's a lot of bunk, really; those party-dress beginnings actresses are supposed to feel started them on their careers. But like them, I love to fool myself about it. I don't know, maybe it is true."

Joanne thought about that for a moment.

"Let's say some of it began when I was three, the day I stood up in front of an audience for the first time. Even then I was a substitute, somebody they had to get because the star, my brother, came down with the mumps.

"I recited 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' I learned it because I always stuck close to my brother, and while mother was teaching it to him, I just listened in. Imagine, an understudy at the age of three! I guess there is something to that beginning, because (continued on page 85)



A LONG WAY FROM HOME

Rock Hudson was no stranger to loneliness—but never before did he feel it as poignantly as this last time

Rock Hudson turned the key to the lock of his hotel room door and quietly let himself in. Walking over to the telephone he lifted the receiver and asked, "Is the dining room still open?" At the answering "Sì, signore," he ordered his dinner, reflecting for a moment on how much he would have preferred a thick broiled steak and a heaping helping of mashed potatoes this evening. "Ah well," he sighed, "When in Italy do as the Romans do." And this was close to Rome.

He replaced the phone in its cradle and the familiar leaden sensation he'd come to know as loneliness overtook him. It was funny, he thought, how long Phyllis and he had looked forward to this trip to Italy for his role in "A Farewell to Arms." They'd listed the museums and art galleries they'd walk through "till their legs would ache," planned gay side trips to Naples, Sorrento and Capri, and anticipated the glorious weekends they'd be spending together, always together; but things hadn't worked out that way at all.

They'd traveled as far as New York when Phyllis had become ill. "Must be something I ate, no doubt," joked Phyllis before she'd visited a doctor and Rock's concern had changed to alarm when he'd diagnosed it as hepatitis and sent Phyllis to a hospital. The rest of it was a blur of Rock's leaving for Italy alone, and daily wires and letters and telephone calls, first to a hospital in New York, and then to another in (continued on page 104)

by BEVERLY OTT



DORIS' DANCING DAZE

Facing difficult "Pajama Game" dances, Miss Day vowed she'd do them, if she had to knock herself out. She almost did!

When Doris Day was a young girl, her dream of dancing fame ended cruelly when her leg was badly shattered in an auto accident. Gamely, she switched to singing, and thereafter spoke little about her first love. And even when her musicals called for a bit of stepping, it was always just an accompaniment to her vocalizing. But the dances called for in her new film, "The Pajama Game"—these were something different. The slick, smash Broadway hit being brought to the screen by Warner Brothers called for really fancy footwork. Doris met the challenge with a gleam in her eye and a determination that, by golly, she was going to show everybody that she was a *dancer*, too. That she did, as Photoplay's visit on set for this number with John Raitt, "There Once Was a Man," amply testifies. Dodo performed with such verve that she came out of it limping. A doctor was called—and Xrays revealed that during the dance Doris had cracked two ribs!



by BILL BAST

Watch this man!

The young man, neatly dressed in a good dark blue suit, who walked into Jim Downey's restaurant in New York looked like a reserved, successful lawyer or a rising young executive. He was neither. He was Anthony Franciosa, an actor who had yet to get a big break on the stage or in pictures.

He slid into a booth to join some friends, without asking permission. He stretched out the hulk of his six-feet-plus frame, tugged open the collar of his gleaming white shirt, pulled at his carefully knotted tie, and all of him relaxed. He joined in the banter and the laughs for a few minutes. Then his fingers began to drum on the table, impatiently. "Anybody seen Shelley?" he demanded.

Nobody had. Glowering, he jumped up, dug through his pockets for a dime, and headed for the phone booth. The conversation was brief, and heated. Slamming the receiver down, he stormed out of the booth. For a moment, he stood there, boiling, indecisive, trying to control his mounting fury. Then, while the diners gaped, he snatched a New York directory and tore it to shreds, great hunks at a time.

Many months later, Anthony Franciosa was in Hollywood, having just completed his third picture, "A Hatful of Rain." One day he took his fiancée, the above-mentioned Shelley—Winters, of course—to the Los Angeles City Hall to bid on a luxurious suburban home that was up for auction.

As they were leaving the building, a press photographer spotted them and leaped into action. Shelley, who had not anticipated being seen, was casually dressed and wore no makeup. She told the photographer not to take pictures. He persisted. Tony threatened to kick the camera out of the photographer's hand if he ignored Shelley's request. The shutter (*continued on page 95*)

*He may hypnotize you with his charm,
walk off with an Oscar—or bash
his fist through a window.*

With Tony Franciosa, anything can happen



by RICHARD GEHMAN

DON'T SELL

PART I The insistent ringing of the phone next to her bed jarred Natalie Wood out of a deep sleep, though it was ten o'clock in the morning and the sun streamed through her windows. She sat up, drowsily brushed her dark hair from her face, and picked up the phone. An executive at her studio, Warner Brothers, was calling. He said, "Sorry to wake you, Natalie, but I thought you'd like to know you're in."

"You're in" meant only one thing to Natalie. She had been chosen to play the title role in "Marjorie Morningstar," the part she had been dreaming about for months.

She managed some polite words of thanks, hung up the phone, then bounded off the bed, threw up her arms and yelled, "Yowee!" Her mother, who had been cleaning downstairs, dropped her dustcloth and rushed to her daughter's room. Natalie pounced on her with a bear hug. "I've made it, Mother, I've made it!" she shouted. "I'm Marjorie Morningstar!"

She waltzed her mother around the room, then collapsed on the bed, laughing happily.

Yes, Natalie Wood made it. With this picture, she's no longer just a movie star. She's a top-ranking, first

"What! Getting married? Golly no, on the level. If you believe everything you read



NATALIE SHORT

class, bigtime star. And to make the triumph sweeter, she had come out on top in one of Hollywood's most extensive talent quests. For over eighteen months, Warner Brothers had been searching diligently for a young actress to play the heroine of Herman Wouk's best-seller. More than a score of actresses were tested, many of them top "name" stars. Production was held up twice.

But—what is this going to do to Natalie? The girl who, after working in movies for thirteen years, has reached the top at the tender age of nineteen?

Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy

Garland, Elizabeth Taylor—all of them made the bigtime as youngsters, too. And all of them, despite their great success (or perhaps because of it), suffered much heartache. Their first marriages ended quickly in divorce. Their search for happiness has been long and tortuous—in the case of Judy Garland, nearly tragic. How can Natalie avoid the trouble, despair and torment that have so often wrecked the lives of Hollywood's most talented young people?

The question is a lively one in Hollywood, for during the past year Natalie has not (*continued on page 90*)

I'm going with every boy in town. You're just kidding? Well, thank goodness!"



Photoplay asks Janet:

ARE YOU RETIRING?



by DEE PHILLIPS

Janet's answer to our question reveals she's a different girl who has changed her whole outlook on life!

IT takes a lot to arouse the blasé folks out Hollywood way. But for months, Janet Leigh has had them mystified, confused, intrigued—and stumped. Yes, the same Janet whose every move and thought had always been as open and clear to the public as the first page of the *New York Times*.

Strangely, it wasn't what Janet *did* that caused the commotion. It was what she *didn't* do. She was no longer a part of the feverish social whirl, constantly laughing and chattering brightly. She gave up her interest in a dress manufacturing company, in which she had been very active. Though she might have returned to film work shortly after baby Kelly was born, she kept putting it off for months. Rumor had it that the studio had to bring some pressure to bear to get her to go to work at last in "Badge of Evil." This, in spite of the fact that her absence from the screen adds up to two whole years—a dangerous situation for any star.

Out of all this, one big rumor grew: *Janet Leigh is retiring!*

One Hollywood insider shook his head over his cocktail at Ciro's. "I could believe it of anybody but Janet," he said. "That girl has the greatest drive, the most consuming ambition of anyone I know. She's the original Eager Beaver, and I don't see how she can change."

"That's right," agreed his woman companion, who had known Janet for years. "I can remember how she was a few years ago. If she thought she'd missed out on something, even being introduced to somebody important to her career, she'd be checking up on it the very next day to find out the whys and wherefores. She tore into picture sittings, interviews, anything that concerned publicity, as if her life depended on them—so much so that a lot of people put (Continued on page 80)



"Tony and I decided that from now on, where he goes, Kelly and I will go too"



"When Kelly arrived, for the first time in years I didn't even think about acting. I was thankful I didn't have to go to work in a picture"

Like his hairline, Cooper's popularity hasn't receded a bit in twenty-six years



John Wayne climbed into the saddle in 1930. Eighty-five pictures later he gets Sophia Loren



STARRS

Hollywood couldn't beat

Stardom doesn't last," a new player named Fredric March confided to Photoplay in 1927. Bette Davis put it another way. "I don't want to own anything I can't pack in a trunk," she proclaimed upon first arriving in Hollywood. Yet March, after thirty years, is going stronger than ever, and Bette's trunk has been gathering dust for lo, these many years.

At one time or another, every movie personality now recognized as an all-time "great" was labeled a "fallen star." At least two of them—Hepburn and Crawford—(continued on page 98)



Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn have been trading jests and gibes since "Woman of the Year" in 1942. They renew their amiable feud in "The Desk Set"

Susan Hayward's volatile personality still burns brightly after nearly twenty years of lighting the Hollywood scene. 1941 saw her in "Adam Had Four Sons"





which is for real?

Now that Jayne Mansfield has made Hollywood, she has only one ambition. Not to be a great actress, an *artiste*, a heroine, comedienne or another Garbo.

"All I want to be," says Jayne, "is a star. A glimmering, shimmering star, the 1927 variety in a 1957 setting. The word 'star' always had a special meaning for me," she explains frankly, "and I want to do everything I can to fulfill it." This, despite the fact that in fulfilling it she's brought down a storm of criticism on her silver-blond head.

Like the furor she kicked up at Sophia Loren's recent party.

Jayne arrived, took over and reduced the soiree to a shambles in a matter of minutes.

In a skin tight, pale blue lame

They say her boom is a

bust. But a look at another

side of Jayne reveals

there's much more to

Mansfield than meets the eye

by SARA HAMILTON

sheath, slit to the knee on one side and exposed to the elements on all others, Jayne minced into the Crown Room of Romanoff's and voom—no more Sophia.

As one, the photographers moved in as Jayne in a shockingly low-cut gown leaned over Sophia, across Sophia, around Sophia and in front of Sophia, refusing to budge until they had had their fill. And most photographers are decidedly hard to fill.

At a gala premiere a few evenings after, Jayne again stole the spotlight when her best beau, muscleman Mickey Hargitay calmly hoisted her into the air in front of the theatre. In that prone position, balanced beautifully on Mickey's strong hands, Jayne obligingly signed autographs for clamoring (continued on page 101)



has Tony lost his heart?



He was alone and a stranger in Italy—but with Natascia Mangano, Tony discovered why Rome is called “The City of Lovers”

Next? What’s next?” he asked. “Next . . . we go to one of the most famous cathedrals in Rome,” she answered, and took his hand to lead the way.

They spoke in halting English and Italian, pausing every once in awhile to translate for each other, and they smiled a great deal.

His name was Tony Perkins, and he was tall and dark and looked like an American college boy but happened to be a movie star. Her name was Natascia Mangano, and her eyes hid the hint of laughter, and she looked like the movie star who happened to be her sister Silvana. Six days of the week they had worked together on “This Bitter Earth,” a Columbia movie; on the seventh, they made a tour of Rome.

“I don’t do this for every American,” Natascia said in halting English, and with the hint of a smile.

“I should think not. You’d wear out too much shoe leather!” he answered, and they both laughed.

It was Tony’s last day in Italy. In a few hours, he would have to fly to New York. They held hands as they walked on the sun-baked Roman boulevards and stopped at an outdoor cafe for a lunch of spicy sausage pizza and glasses of red chianti wine. They saw the Bridge of the Angels and the Coliseum, and the Sistine Chapel and the basilica of St. Peter’s. In between, they talked of their homes and their families and their friends and their futures. And then, for awhile, there was no need to talk at all. The girl rested her head on his shoulder, and it was as natural as though it belonged there always.

continued

*In the crowded city square, Natascia
proves to Tony that a girl
(especially if she’s his guide) is
sometimes worth looking up to*



has Tony lost his heart?

continued



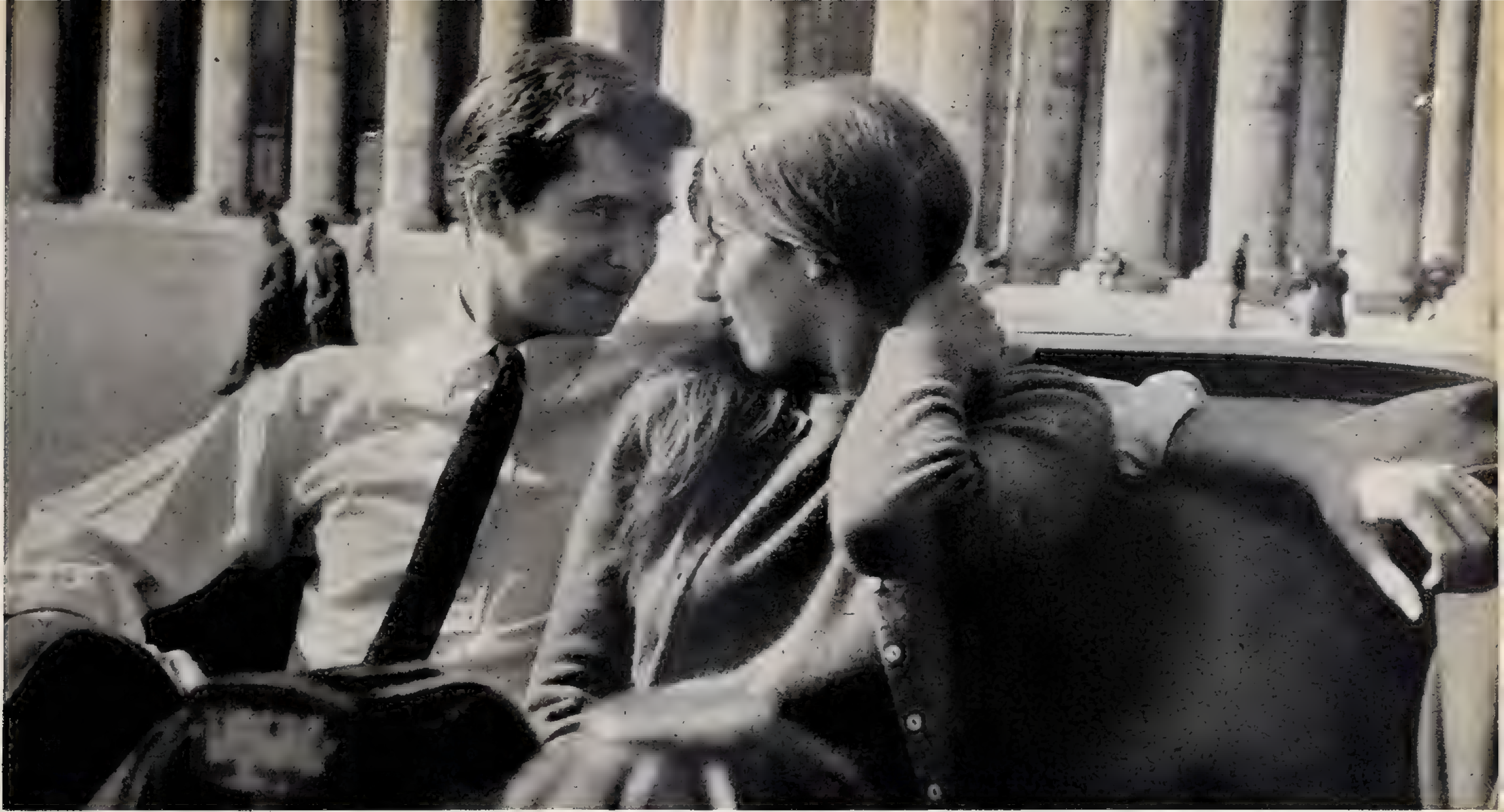
After pausing for refreshment, Tony and Natascia tossed pennies into Trevi fountain to insure his return someday



At the top of the long flight of steps of the Spanish Plaza, the Sistine Chapel—and a view of the city—waited to welcome them



The vendor in the flower market didn't know a word of English but when Tony said, "I'll take a dozen" somehow he understood him fine



They rode out to the Coliseum in a horse-drawn carriage that made automobiles seem surprisingly unromantic. With so much to talk about (and so little time) the drive back was all too short



In the park they rested and made friends with a stray puppy dog. It was the perfect way to end the day, for parks are meant for sweethearts



Too soon, it was time to part, time for oceans and a continent to separate them. But in Italian "arrivederci" means "so long," never "good-bye"



Radie visits Rick Jason on set

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS

A "Grace"-ful Future: Although both Her Grace, Princess de Monaco and Prince Rainier had hoped their first child would be an heir to the throne, I have a sneaking suspicion that Grace is secretly glad that "he" turned out to be a "she"—because when Princess Caroline grows up and marries *her* Dream Prince, she'll wear the same beautiful bridal gown that Grace wore for her civil and religious ceremonies. Immediately after the nuptials, Grace presented the Helen Rose creation, M-G-M's \$4,000 wedding gift to their departing "High Society" star, to the Philadelphia Museum, with the understanding that if she ever had a daughter it

could be borrowed back for *her* wedding day. Incidentally, it is not within the realms of impossibility that Princess Caroline might well be a future royal candidate for the hand of Bonnie Prince Charlie—which would make his Aunt Princess Margaret very happy. It is hardly a state secret that "Meg" is fascinated by the people in the entertainment world. A few summers ago, I sat next to her Royal Highness at the Café de Paris, where Noel Coward was the star attraction. And I couldn't help but notice that the Princess kept surreptitiously looking over in our direction. The next night, at a Palace ball, she reported breathlessly to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,



Marilyn appears for Milk Fund, but won't be film-making for a while

"I went out to the Café de Paris last night to see Noel, and guess who was at the next table? *Rex Harrison!*"



Kay Kendall talks to Fred Astaire. She's love of Rex Harrison's life

Joan Crawford and Cliff Robertson have reunion backstage in New York

End of a Chapter: When two people have once loved each other enough to want to get married, and they fall out of love and want a divorce, it is a heartbreaking experience, especially if it ends in any bitterness or hatred. But what is even sadder is, when there is *no* emotion left. I'm thinking now of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac and the impersonal way their marriage disintegrated. Ginger, painfully aware of the failure of her three previous marriages, had tried desperately to make her fourth one a success. But when she realized that she was fighting the same losing battle with Jacques Bergerac as she had with Jack Briggs, Lew Ayres and Edward Culpepper, she packed all her bags and flew



Erratic and unpredictable, Frank Sinatra's moods have alienated some people, but his complete honesty wins our respect

East, leaving Jacques to his bachelor freedom in her beautiful home.

When the story broke in the papers, Jacques was having coffee with some friends. He read the Page 1 "exclusive," embellished with a large photo of Ginger and himself, taken during their days of connubial bliss, and his only comment was, "It's a good picture of me, isn't it?"

Joan of Heart: I once wrote an article about Joan Crawford in which I said, "She even boils an egg with passion," and I meant it. In all the years I have known Joan, I have never known her to do anything in moderation. She loves or hates. She rides the clouds or she hits bottom. She is the over-indulgent mother or the strict disciplinarian. She is the adoring wife who changed her name three times and always remained *Miss* Joan Crawford, married to her one

true love—her career. And then a little over two years ago her fourth husband, Alfred J. Steele, came along and now, to everyone's surprise including her own, this glamour queen, whose relentless concentration on a career has obsessed her for more than three decades, has announced that she won't make another picture for a year, while she devotes herself to her role of "housewife!"

From now on, our Joan will be permanently based in New York. As soon as she and Alfred move into their new Fifth Avenue apartment the twins and Christopher will be enrolled in private schools in the East. Nineteen-year-old Christina is a drama student at Carnegie Tech, but I strongly suspect her young blonde beauty will lead her to the altar faster than it will to a stage career. If she's smart she will learn the secret it took her mother so long to discover—that

Henry Fonda, here with bride Countess Franchetti, likes publicity now



Exclusively Yours continued

no career can ever be as rewarding as a happy marriage.

MmmmmmmMonroe: The definition of an old-fashioned parent is supposed to be a mother who knows she is going to have a baby before a columnist does. If this is true, it will be the first time on record that Marilyn Monroe will ever be called an "old-fashioned" girl! Marilyn refuses to confide this top secret to *any* member of the press, but neither has she confided in her two closest friends, Paula and Lee Strasberg, so I am inclined to discount the report as someone's misplaced sense of rumor. If this news flash were true, Marilyn would surely be so ecstatic that she

wouldn't hide this happy news from Lee, who stood up for her at her wedding to Arthur Miller, and from Paula, who has been her dramatic coach and confidante ever since they worked together on "Bus Stop" and "The Prince and The Showgirl." Mind you, I'm saying that the stork rumors aren't true as we go to press, but could be by the time you read this.

Movie-ing Along: Isn't it an interesting commentary that Audrey Hepburn, who has had, perhaps, the most meteoric career of any young Hollywood star, has only made *one* film ("Sabrina") in Hollywood? "Roman Holiday" and "War and Peace" were filmed in Rome; "Funny




Author, director, Audrey put their heads together for "The Nun's Story"

Face" and "Love In The Afternoon" in Paris, and her next vehicle, "The Nun's Story," will be made in the Belgian Congo. Imagine seeing the world and getting *paid* for it too! . . . If I were asked to pick out a promising actor, I'd name Rick Jason. . . . When Henry Fonda was playing on the New York stage in "Mr. Roberts," and a leading radio commentator asked him for an interview, he retorted: "Why should I help *you* make a living?" But now that he's made his first independent film, "Twelve Angry Men," (incidentally, a fine one), and has a big financial stake in it, he's eagerly receptive to appearing on *every* radio and TV show that will help plug the picture. . . . It was Joe E. Lewis who made the classic remark, "I don't care what anyone else says about 'My Fair Lady,' *I* liked it!" Similarly, I don't care what his detractors say about Frank Sinatra, *I* like him! I have never found him unapproachable or rude, and he has the rare virtue of complete honesty. If he doesn't like you, he doesn't pat you on the back to find a place to stab you! . . . This has certainly been Rex Harrison's lucky year. First, the hit of his life, "My Fair Lady" and now the love of his life, Kay Kendall.

Grace and her Prince leave the baby home long enough to attend the races



A black and white photograph of Jean Seberg, a young woman with short, dark, wavy hair, looking upwards and to the right. She is wearing a long, dark-colored dress with a paisley pattern, a ribbed collar, and a white bow at the neck. She is holding a large, dark bouquet of flowers in her right hand, which is raised towards her head. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

wishing on a star

The first time Jean Seberg came to New York in the fall of '56 she was just a 17-year-old girl from Marshalltown, Iowa with a dream in her heart, stars in her eyes and a letter in her pocket inviting her for a screen test. Less than a year later, she returned for the press preview of "Saint Joan" and the fulfillment of that dream. It was a sunny Thursday afternoon when Jean sat huddled in a chair in the Astor Theatre, gasping at the first sight of herself on the screen, and alternately weeping and clutching the hand of a studio woman next to her as the picture unfolded. "It was the longest picture I ever saw," sighed Jean. Completely unnerved, she had to be taken home and put to bed with sedatives at the picture's end. When she awoke the next morning, she didn't need the telegrams and flowers to tell her she was a star. It had happened quietly on the screen hours ago! *(continued)*

Nice things happen to Jean (and you) in a dress of cotton paisley, ribbed, tucked and collared in white. By Jeanne d'Arc, 5-15, at about \$20

wishing on a star *continued*



(Above) Jean Seberg chooses a black-and-white cotton tweed sheath, a black velveteen jacket. By Junior First, 5-15, \$22.95

(Right) The good traveler: cable-stitched cotton knit, brass buttoned. In loden green or gray, by Junior First, 5-15, \$22.95

(Far Right) Dior pockets distinguish a jaunty box jacket. Under it, a simple sheath. By Jonathan Logan, 5-15, \$19.95

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

The newspaper reporters and magazine writers who'd seen "Joan" loved Jean, and she was besieged with interviews. "Please don't make me sound as though I'm six years old," Jean begged. "Please make it sound as though I'm eighteen or," she added mischievously, "nineteen." Asked about the changes stardom has brought, Jean declared, "The biggest thing that's come into my life with 'Saint Joan' is the airplane. These days, I fly to Europe as casually as I used to go to Sioux City. Luckily, I love to travel." She paused for a moment. "Clothes are a problem, though. That sixty-three-pound limit!" When she got to New York Jean went on a shopping spree with our fashion editor and chose five dresses designed for mileage. "They're perfect now and will be fine all year. They're for me," says Jean triumphantly. They're for us too. *(continued)*





wishing on a star

continued

At odd moments during the week (though not very often) Jean still felt like a Miss from Marshalltown instead of Jean Seberg, star. There was the morning she shopped along Fifth Avenue for presents for her family, and the only comments made about her were those about her short haircut. There was the night she went to a party in Greenwich Village and not one guest recognized her. And the afternoon with Photoplay's writer, Dick Sheppard, whom Jean had met when both played in summer stock. They had a date to see a matinee, and we snapped them as they were about to leave the photographer's studio. Jean was wearing the dress she calls her favorite: A simple black sheath with a bloused jacket in brilliant colors (left). Dick's clothes, of course, are his own and not for sale! At Sardi's after the show, Jean and Dick talked and laughed, caught up on mutual friends and each other. "I think, more than anything else, I want to develop as a human being," Jean said vehemently. It was the cry of a girl who'd found stardom but knew she had not yet felt its full impact on her young life.

A bloused jacket (high fashion this season) in paisley cotton, over a black cotton sheath. By Jonathan Logan, 5-15, \$17.95

To buy fashions, see information and stores listed on page 100





Can a doctor live like a human being?

Can a doctor be a devoted husband to his wife, a loving father to his children? Can he ever afford to feel angry, hurt or proud? Or must he always put his family and his feelings *second*? Does a man give up his right to live like other men when he takes the Hippocratic oath? Day after day, Dr. Jerry Malone and his family live out this conflict. Live it with them on radio. You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **YOUNG DR. MALONE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.



HAT BY WILLIAM J.

CALYPSO BEAT

exciting new off-beat shade in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick



From down in the land of the sun and the sea
Comes your new fashion personality
A new lipstick shade of happy character
Hi-Fi Calypso Beat by Max Factor

It's a laughing color, and the prettiest yet
There's no blotting, no drying, no waiting to set
It sways to a rhythm that's excitingly sweet
Dances on your lips in Calypso Beat

1.25
PLUS TAX



A girl who has enthusiasm for living and clean-cut good looks is a girl Bob Wagner thinks it's fun to be with

let's talk about **SUMMER ROMANCES**

Here are tips from the stars to help you put the "heat wave" in your heart this summer

Romance is always in season, but like a marigold, it seems to thrive in the summertime. You have more free time, and there are the long weekends, the beach parties, picnics and outings ahead to make the summer one Big Whirl and the man involved a Big Wheel in your life. But summer romances sometimes seem to be a variety all their own, and so we asked several pertinent (and impertinent) questions of your favorite movie stars.

Their answers were both helpful and very revealing.

Bob Wagner believes that summer romance has a good deal in common with romance at any other time of the year. "It has to have a beginning," says Bob, and offers six words of advice for the girl who wants to begin it. "Be attractive, be active, be accessible."

Be attractive: "Or maybe I mean attract-able," adds Bob. "What registers (*continued on page 75*)

by ELLIN THOMPSON

is
it
true

MORE BLONDES MARRY MILLIONAIRES?

*You'll find out when you blonde your hair with **Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme** Hair Lightener. Actually *silks* your hair as it *lightens* it...in *one fast action!* Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new **Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!***



SUMMER ROMANCES *continued*

with me is the girl with the well-brushed, well-scrubbed look. A casual type of beauty. Natural, neat, nicely groomed—you know the kind of look I mean. And I like it when a girl smells nice, too.”

Be active: “My type of girl is one who’s full of honest enthusiasms, whether it’s for golf, tennis, swimming or just sitting on a blanket enjoying a picnic lunch. I like a girl who likes to *do* things, and I’ll enjoy doing them with her.” (That’s sound advice, too, for the girl who wants to meet a man like Bob and what girl doesn’t? You’re much more likely to stumble upon each other when you’re out playing tennis, resting up between swims on the raft or waiting for the next tee on the golf links than you would if you were lying in the hammock, waiting for him to stumble on *you*.)

Be accessible: “I like a girl who has a warm, outgoing interest in people, and most of all,” adds Bob, “a little more than average interest in me.” Which should give you a clue to what Bob (and any other man) likes: a girl who’s vitally interested in him as

a human being. Being friendly is half the secret of having friends, and what is romance but a deep feeling of friendship for someone of the opposite sex?

And it’s normal to want to have good relationships with people of both sexes. Aside from the fact that men like Bob dislike “girls who make cracks about other girls,” it’s wise to remember that it’s usually women who do the planning and inviting to group beach parties and picnics. Having girl friends not only rewards you as a person, but helps you keep in the swing of things. (“Besides, they might have brothers or cousins,” Bob adds with a grin.)

When we asked him, Tab Hunter got right to the heart of the vacation problem by saying, “Maybe it’s obvious, but I’d say that if you want to meet men, go where the men *are*. Most men love sports—so when you’re picking a place look for good tennis courts, a nice place to swim and maybe some good horses. Any hotel that has top facilities for young people is much more likely to be stacked with eligible males than some place where (*continued on page 103*)

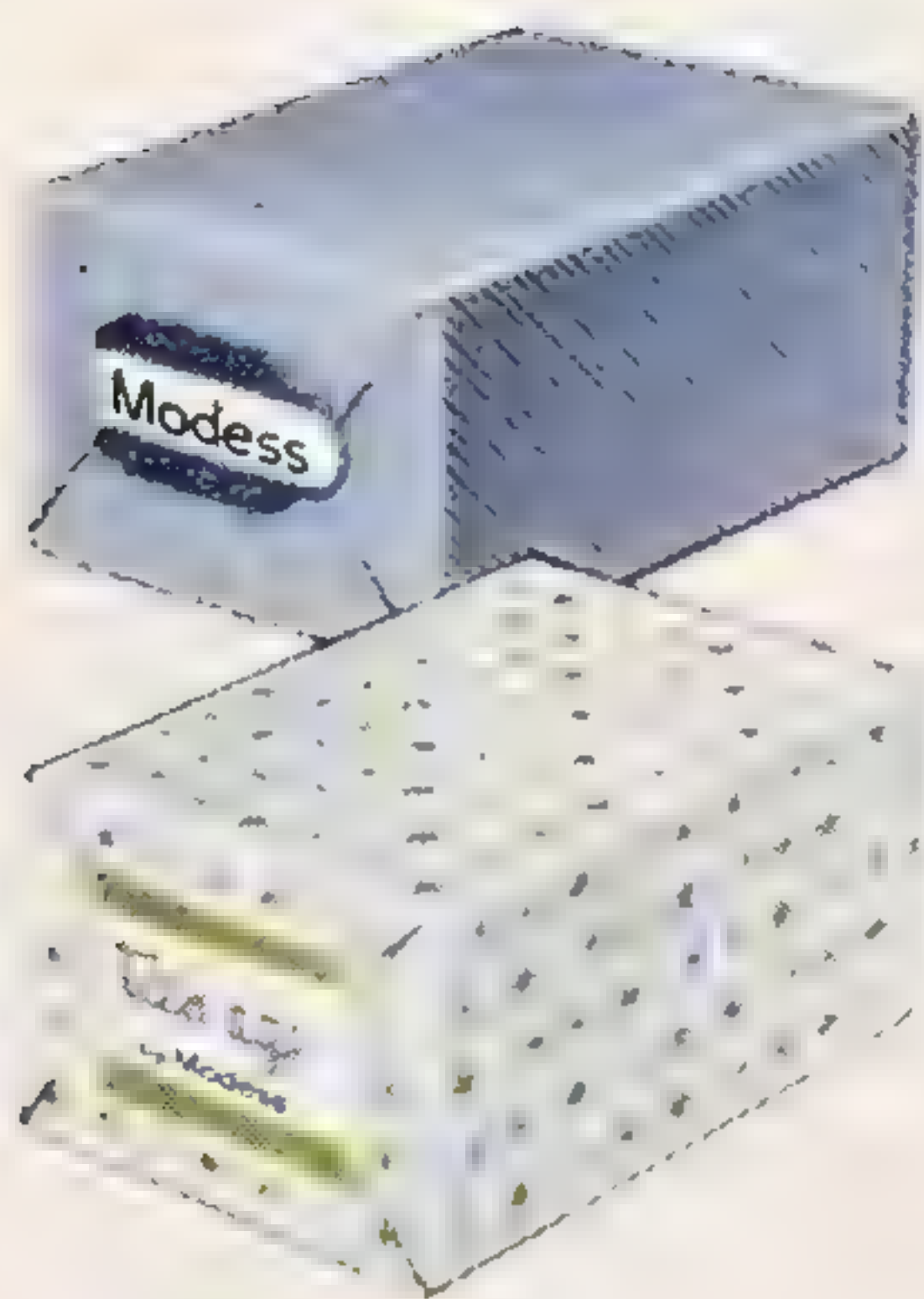
“A camera can help you make friends on your vacation this summer,” says Bill Campbell, and tells you how





Luxurious Necessities

Modess ... *because*



New MODESS with "Feminine Fabric" . . . brings you sheerest luxury—perfected protection. Only Modess® has this new cover. Regular, Junior, Super.

New TEEN-AGE by MODESS. The first napkin specially designed for girls in their teens. Slim, yet extra absorbent. New cover—with a dainty pastel design.

Box of 12, 43¢. 2 for 85¢

MEDSTAMPONS. The softer, safer tampon. Regular, Junior, Super.

Box of 10, 43¢. 2 for 85¢



COETS. Quilted cotton squares. Better than plain cotton or tissues for use with cosmetics.

Box of 40, 23¢. 2 for 45¢



MODESS BELTS

Custom-tailored for luxurious comfort. 50¢

GET THESE LUXURIOUS NECESSITIES AT YOUR LOCAL

**BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES**

WHAT HAS SHE GOT?

(continued from page 34)

should be noted that much of the appeal of the foreigner lies in the old adage about "the grass being greener." But the trouble is, if the tariff on foreign stars isn't soon raised, most of the grass will have moved over here!

Foreign talent is certainly not new to Hollywood. As far back as 1912, the great Sarah Bernhardt, a Frenchwoman, lent her presence and prestige to an early flicker entitled "Queen Elizabeth." Later there were Valentino, Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Dietrich, Carmen Miranda, Maria Montez and others. A Gallic trio—Michèle Morgan, Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon—made their mark here but eventually returned to *la belle France*. Britain's great Vivien Leigh, hailed as the most successful actress to play both sides of the Atlantic, has won our top awards and a considerable American following, but remains rooted in her beloved England.

Formerly the situation was kept pretty well in balance. Garbo and Bergman, for example, were huge successes, but fellow Swedes Signe Hasso, Viveca Lindfors and the late Marta Toren were not. Pier Angeli (now appearing in M-G-M's "The Vintage") has a secure spot in the hearts of American film fans, but Valentina Cortese and Bella Darvi returned to Europe.

Nowadays, with foreign film industries flourishing, their stars have set their sights squarely on America, and are migrating in numbers never before seen in Hollywood. At one time it was the British, then the French and, after the war, the Italian contingents that led the crowd but today new stars are arriving from all corners of the globe. From Japan Miiko Taka snares Marlon Brando in Warners' "Sayonara." Filmgoers learned to pronounce Shirley Yamaguchi, after seeing her luminous beauty in "Japanese War Bride" and "House of Bamboo." From India comes lovely Anna Kashfi, who most recently appeared in U-I's "Battle Hymn" with Rock Hudson. Finland sends us Taina Elg ("Les Girls", M-G-M); Eva Bartok comes from Hungary (she starred with Dean Martin in M-G-M's "Ten Thousand Bedrooms"); Irene Pappas is from Greece; Elizabeth Mueller, from Switzerland; Victoria Shaw, from Australia. To play opposite Gregory Peck in "The Purple Plain" the producers chose a willowy beauty named Win Min Than—from Burma. South of the border, Mexico has gifted us with Katy Jurado (in Allied Artists' "Massacre at Dragoon Wells") and Sarita Montiel. And Bing Crosby's romantic interest in M-G-M's "Man on Fire" is a Swedish lass named Inger Stevens.

In the impact of the foreign stars on the American public, Italy continues to play the biggest role. Song-bird Anna Maria Alberghetti ("Ten Thousand Bedrooms"), Pier Angeli and sister Marisa Pavan (Universal-International's "The Midnight Story") are already solidly settled in American film careers. Things look promising, too for such lovelies as Rossana Podesta ("Helen of Troy"), Elsa Martinelli ("The Indian Fighter"), Milly Vitale ("The Seven Little Foys") and Gia Scala, Bob Taylor's co-star in M-G-M's "Tip on a Dead Jockey". And though Anna Magnani, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren are now world-famous, initial credit for getting the ball rolling belongs to Silvana Mangano, soon to be seen opposite Anthony Perkins in Columbia's "This Bitter Earth."

At the age of seventeen, Silvana became an international sensation, in the fullest

sense of that much misused term, in 1949's "Bitter Rice." Clad in revealing rags (thoughtfully hiked up to the thighs), and long black nylons, she gave the term "voluptuous" its most vivid definition ever. There was also some pelvic boogie-woogie that shook the natives like nothing since Jane Russell's famous hay-toss in "The Outlaw." Silvana rang all the bells again, in a subsequent appearance as "Anna," a girl torn by conflicting loves.

At about this point, the American press began to investigate the entire field of feminine anatomy, Italiano-style. Concurrently, Silvana slipped into the background, leaving center stage to associates like Gina and Sophia.

Lollobrigida and Loren are now engaged in a lively feud that is titillating the moviegoing public. Gina Lollobrigida is known, among other things, as "the most famous seven syllables since 'come up and see me some time.'" One of Sophia's several titles, tendered her by bug-eyed admirers, is "the most beautiful Italian since Venus."

According to Sophia, battle began at the Italian Film Festival two years ago, where both stars were present. "I was a young girl, just twenty, while Gina was twenty-seven and internationally known," comments Sophia, with a scrupulous accuracy born of the knowledge that such statistics will compare most favorably in, say, fifteen years. "You might have thought she would at least have stopped to say a few encouraging words. But no." For "Bread, Love and Jealousy," Gina demanded and got twice what she had been paid for "Bread, Love and Dreams." When the third film in the series was about to get under way, Gina asked for half the profits, whereupon the producers balked and replaced her with—Sophia. "Now she is well known—not as Sophia Loren, but as a rival to me. That is bad for her," Gina cooed sympathetically. "It puts her in the position of having to do something more than I do." This last was delivered in a tone strongly intimating that they might just as well ask Sophia to climb the Matterhorn in track shoes. That did it. "I am sorry to hear Gina say such things about me," crisply replied la Loren. "Her personality is a limited one. She was marvelous as a ragged peasant. But she cannot convincingly portray a lady."

Both girls rose from poverty (Sophia from birth, Gina after the family finances were demolished by war) and both got their start in *fumetti* (something akin to our comicstrips, except that the characters are photographed actors and actresses, and the dialogue balloons are represented as smoke rings).

As Gina tells it: "I was walking along minding my own business when this man came up to me and said that he wanted to put me in movies. I got very angry and told him that line had stopped working years ago." But Italian film director Mario Costa was on the level, and a bit part led to a career that has spanned thirty films, international acclaim and plenty of money in the bank. One reporter recently commented: "Her fantastic rise to film success is due largely to two things: a small amount of talent and a large amount of publicity." Rubbish! Gina's ability as an actress has won her the Silver Ribbon (Italian equivalent of an Oscar), plus numerous other prizes and favorable critical comment.

She has fought her way past phony promoters, hack producers and other situations with the assertion, repeated frequently and emphatically, that "Gina knows what is best for Gina!" This takes the form of okaying all scripts and publicity material, doing all of her own

makeup and designing all of her costumes right down to lingerie and brassieres. A tireless worker who tolerates no nonsense during working hours, she has even been known to order further shooting on scenes in which her work displeased her—though everyone else was perfectly satisfied.

In the management of her career, Gina gets an immeasurable assist from her doctor-husband, Miklo Skofic. "My doctor, my manager, my photographer, the custodian of my happiness and well-being—I knew this the first moment I saw him," Gina glows contentedly. "What I knew at that same moment," retorts her handsome and witty spouse, "was that *there* was the woman who would make my life impossible!" At the time of their marriage in 1949, the intention was to pursue their separate careers—Gina in films, and Miklo as a surgeon. After her two unremarkable appearances in American films shot abroad, Miklo temporarily shelved his own work to take over as Gina's business manager and has been happily at the helm ever since. And after several years of parrying inquiries about motherhood, Gina went into retirement after completing chores opposite Anthony Quinn in "Hunchback of Notre Dame" to await the birth of her first child.

In the latest chapter of Loren vs. Lollobrigida, Sophia clearly has the upper hand. Thanks largely to an unresolved contract snarl with Howard Hughes, Gina is still not free to accept commitments in Hollywood, can only fume helplessly as Sophia is set before the American public in the most spectacular launching of a newcomer in years. After her current appearance opposite Alan Ladd and Clifton Webb in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy on a Dolphin," she will next be seen with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra in Stanley Kramer's multi-million-dollar United Artists' "The Pride and the Passion." This is to be followed by the release of United Artists' "Legend of the Lost," in which Sophia gets plenty of attention from John Wayne and Rossano Brazzi. Then she went into "Desire Under the Elms" for Paramount. For this she had Anthony Perkins and Burl Ives.

All of this is certainly a giant stride forward for one who bore the nickname of "*stecchetto*"—little stick. Incredible as it now sounds, Sophia was an awkward, gangling little nobody-wants-it who had pretty well resigned herself to becoming a schoolteacher—until the age of fifteen, that is. At that point, an event occurred that changed her plans. It was really very simple—a group of sailors whistled at her.

"I looked around and there was no other girl on the street. My heart went bump, bump, bump. They were whistling at me! I ran home and looked in my mirror. It was true. I was no longer '*stecchetto*'. I curved in all the standard places." Ensuing events have been a combination of a fantastically lush physique ("Unbelievable," commented Marlon Brando), and one of the shrewdest publicity senses this side of Jayne Mansfield.

Discovered via a beauty contest and the *fumetti* by producer Carlo Ponti, Sophia made her way up through a wide variety of film roles plus revealing poses in hundreds of publicity shots. To persistent hints of a romantic link with her discoverer and admirer, Sophia replies, "I have been in love only once. I still am. I won't say any more." Romance aside, Sophia provides plenty of other good copy.

Prompted perhaps by still-vivid memories of wartime suffering—an important factor which distinguishes most European film femmes from their American counterparts—Sophia lives on a grand scale. Extravagantly paid ("I do not work for chestnuts"), she reportedly sleeps in the

largest bed in all Italy, in a luxurious Rome apartment she shares with her mother and sister. Sophia is chauffeur-driven through the streets of Rome in her Cadillac, other times she zips around the countryside in a snazzy, jet-black Italian sports car. Of Gina it has been said that she can safely handle any and all situations, but Sophia arouses the protective instinct in everyone. For that reason, she has been a big favorite with the casts and crews of her pictures.

Knowing of her intense desire to perfect her English, her co-workers on "Pride and the Passion" spent their spare time teaching her bits and phrases of the language. Asked to pinch hit for a vacationing Broadway columnist, Sophia (who will be twenty-three in September) came up with some advice on life and love in England that would never be found in the pronouncements of advice to the lovelorn column. Sample: "Brutes with big muscles can only make you unhappy because you know you are wiser than they, and still you must do as they wish. This causes wrinkles." And: "The intellectual man has interests which involve him safely, leaving you plenty of time for dressing and doing your hair. Since these things are woman's enduring solace, it is clear that love for a clever man will last longer."

This same session produced the now-famous remark, "Everything I've got I got from eating spaghetti. You try it." After being queried about this any number of times, Sophia finally laid it to rest upon her arrival in Los Angeles. "Of course I like spaghetti," she sighed wearily, "but I don't eat it every day!"

Breathtaking beauty and snappy publicity aside, there is mounting evidence in each new Loren picture of Sophia the actress—which is her eventual goal. Cary Grant has said, "I believe Sophia will be one of our biggest stars." Recently there were rumors about putting Sophia and Gina in the same picture, and a plan was put forth to Italy's great Vittorio De Sica, who has played a large part in the careers of both girls. Shaking his head in mock horror, De Sica muttered, "I am not a brave man," and disposed of that idea—for the present anyway.

Surveying all of this more or less complacently from the top of the heap is Anna Magnani, secure in her position as one of the world's great actresses. In a letter to this writer, Bette Davis once commented, "Miss Magnani is a truly great artist, and it is time that America recognized her as such." What fellow professionals like Bette had been saying about her for years was finally put on brilliant display in "The Rose Tattoo" and crowned with an Oscar. Now it is common knowledge that, for emotional range and dramatic fire, La Magnani has few peers.

This great talent was born out of wedlock some forty-odd years ago (the date varies) in the slums of Rome. Her father departed from the scene before she was a month old, and when Anna was three, her mother decided on a sojourn in Egypt that lasted for twelve years. Anna was then brought up by her grandparents, and entered a drama school at seventeen. After graduation, there were years of acting in the traditional manner in both theatre and films—which got her nowhere.

Then she had a chance to watch the comics work in the variety revues staged during the cheerless days right after the war and, perceiving that the bawdier and earthier the material the better from an audience viewpoint, made up her mind then and there.

"The classic poses, the cultured accents—tripe!" hooted Anna. "For me, acting should be as natural as life." Drawing

upon the resources of her slum background, she went on to become the world's foremost exponent of naturalistic acting. And the range of emotion she shows in her films (everything from exquisite tenderness to volcanic violence) is equally reflected in her private life.

She was married in 1935 to film director Goffredo Allessandrini, and separated from him in 1942. The union produced a son, Luca, now fifteen. It is when her son is mentioned in conversation that the normally animated Magnani features fall into tragic repose—eyes glisten and the voice becomes hoarse with emotion. Stricken with polio at the age of eighteen months, Luca has spent most of his life in a Swiss sanitarium. "Everything I have done has been for Luca," Anna has often said. Otherwise, the marriage is chiefly noted for a statement then made by her husband—the kind of remark that has a way of coming back with a bang. Said he: "Give up the theatre, Anna. You'll never make a go of it." Allessandrini is further reputed to have told his wife, "The cinema can never be for you."

Next came Rossellini. Professionally ("Open City," "The Miracle") they were perfectly mated, but mutual jealousy and suspicion turned all of Italy into one, grand battlefield, and they hurled crockery at each other in all of the best restaurants from Naples to Florence. When Rossellini became enamored of Ingrid Bergman, Anna vowed to "break every plate of spaghetti

What's new with

**DEBBIE and
EDDIE?**

Find out in

September Photoplay

in Rome over his head." Recently both the Rossellinis and La Magnani were registered at the same hotel in Paris, and the entire city held its breath. Nothing happened. "So long ago," Anna shrugs when queried about the whole affair.

Several of these facts naturally were well-known in Hollywood before Anna arrived to do "The Rose Tattoo." Producer Hal Wallis rested no easier at reports that "she works only when she's in the mood." But he found this to be untrue. "She was on the set every morning at 8:30. Late hours meant nothing to her," Wallis later reported. "She is a very simple, sensitive woman. And very warm—when she knows you." Other people had other memories. Tenants of her Hollywood hotel were solemnly informed, via conspicuous signs posted here and there, that "If you use your bathroom in the morning, you will be disturbing the world's greatest actress." (This was later revealed as her personal maid's handiwork.) From the film's famous slugfest—which made what went on in "Shane" look like grammar school volleyball—Virginia Grey emerged with three cracked ribs plus numerous cuts and bruises. As for Marisa Pavan—after a slapping scene she wound up with a swollen jaw. "If it hadn't been rough," the petite Virginia later remarked, "the scene would have failed." And Marisa enthused: "If I could make another picture with her, I would let her slap me not only in the scenes but before and after besides."

Of her magnificence in "Rose Tattoo," one critic stated: "It will be a wonder if Hollywood finds another good part for her, and a great pity if it does not." Currently La Magnani and producer Wallis (in whom Anna has complete faith) are working on her second Paramount film, entitled "Obsession." Whether it will be a wonder or a great pity (or, more likely, something in-between) can be judged by moviegoers when it is released sometime within the next few months.

England has sent over a trio of beauties who can hold their own against any foreign competition. There is Dana Wynter, in looks and manner something of a latter-day Merle Oberon—the average American's idea of what the typical English girl is like. Then there is sultry Joan Collins, a lushly unconventional hoyden who might be the average American's idea of what the typical English girl is *not* like. And lastly there is Diana Dors, who is rather in a class by herself.

Miss Dors is quite something unusual to have emerged from the land of Yorkshire pudding, and her countrymen follow her every swivel-hipped movement with all the ecstatic pride of the goose who has finally succeeded in laying the golden egg. Her advent on the international scene, as a matter of fact, excited the same kind of reaction that might occur, say, if someone as dignified and dependable as Lassie suddenly produced a Siamese cat.

Diana's recent Hollywood visit was somewhat unfortunate. While there, she made two films—"I Married a Woman" with George Gobel and "The Unholy Wife" with Rod Steiger, neither yet released.

Then there was the swimming-pool incident. Right in the middle of a swank, open-air welcoming shindig for her London hairdresser, Diana, her husband and two others were unceremoniously pushed into the drink, fully-clothed. A sputtering Diana emerged from the pool with her blouse and slacks revealingly plastered to her well-publicized form. While husband Dennis Hamilton was busy beating the supposed culprit to a pulp, Diana administered a helpful kick here and there, and rent the gentle atmosphere with a few scorching oaths not ordinarily heard in polite Mayfair circles (well, not publicly anyway). Then, on top of miscellaneous hassles with her agent came the breakup of her marriage—a partnership that in six years made Diana Dors Ltd. one of the biggest businesses in Britain. Diana returned to England sadder, wiser and fifteen pounds lighter (from nerve strain). With those physical assets, however, plus talent in other departments, Diana will undoubtedly be heard from again.

Sweden's answer to all of this is, of course, luscious Anita Ekberg. After being proclaimed "Miss Sweden of 1952," Anita made small progress for two years or so until she really hit her stride subbing for Marilyn Monroe on a Bob Hope junket to Greenland. After that the newspapers just couldn't print enough of her. Which was very fortunate since her film appearances seemed to be working in the opposite direction.

"In 'Blood Alley,' they strapped down my bosom, dyed my hair, put me in an ill-fitting coolie coat and made me wade in the mud," recalls Anita. "I couldn't even find myself in the picture." This explains the circumstances under which a studio workman bumped into her, muttered "pardon me, mac," took a mystified second look, corrected himself to "pardon me, lady," and walked off shaking his head. And there were decorative bits in a few more films, but the news items were far more interesting.

Like the account of a gay New Year's

party a couple of years ago. Anita had poured herself into a black velvet creation, and made a dazzling entrance with every stitch straining for all it was worth. There then occurred a most electrifying display of seam-splitting. "Under the gown was just—Anita!" gasped one popeyed witness. Gathering up the remnants, Anita fled for cover, later to comment, "I like tight dresses but after this . . ."

Eventually she got her first starring role—as a harem torso-tosser in "Zarak"—and landed right in the middle of Britain's House of Lords. "A poster is now being plastered all over London," announced sixty-year-old Lord Lucas. "It shows the reclining figure, so scantily clad as to be vulgar, of Anita Ekberg, an actress." Obviously warming to the subject, seven Lords wanted to know "Who is Miss Ekberg?" Another member of the House, better briefed in the matter, volunteered that everyone has a different idea of good taste—"One man's meat is another man's Ekberg." The subject was speedily changed after that, and anyway, a studio spokesman had the last word. "What nature has given Miss Ekberg," he sagely exclaimed, "we cannot take away."

At about the time of her marriage to strapping British actor Anthony Steel, Anita decided to call it a day on this kind of publicity. Articulate and intelligent—called charming and sedate by those who know her well—Anita has perhaps been most vocal in her demands to be given a chance at dramatics. "Of course, I am very flattered that men admire me. If they didn't something would be wrong. But now I want to be an actress."

Cornell Borchers is Germany's finest entry in the international sweepstakes since Hildegard Neff rode to glory a few years back. Which detracts not a whit from little Marianne Cook, a fellow Rhine-

lander also under contract to Universal-International. (Marianne is co-starring with Rossano Brazzi and June Allyson in "Interlude" and Cornell Borchers has been teamed with George Nader in "Flood Tide.") Cornell has the blonde, blue-eyed Nordic appeal of Ingrid Bergman (to whom she is most often compared). She also reveals an innate dignity and personal warmth that have won many fans.

The actresses previously mentioned represent only a fraction of foreign-born talent now working in American films. Deborah Kerr, Pier Angeli, Jean Simmons, Leslie Caron, Audrey Hepburn, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Corinne Calvet—many of whom are now American citizens—are examples of ranking foreign-born favorites. British film queens Glynis Johns, Wendy Hiller, Kay Kendall, Joan Greenwood and Claire Bloom have either been in recent or upcoming releases. So too for French sirens Michele Morgan, Martine Carol, Brigitte Bardot, Jeanmaire, Nicole Maurey, Etchika Choureau (who taught Tab Hunter to appreciate French taste) and Barbara Laage.

What makes foreign stars seem more alluring than American girls?

Part of the answer lies in that little word S-E-X.

In Europe, sex is a part of life; in America it appears to be fast becoming one. Which perhaps explains why foreign filmmakers look on in helpless befuddlement when some of their products, having traveled freely all over the continent, run into all sorts of censor complications over here. For example, the sight of Sophia Loren flipping pizzas in "Gold of Naples" clad in a simple peasant blouse with a tendency to keep slipping off one shoulder revealing nice Sophia, was regarded with good-natured amusement and admiration by her compatriots. Over here, patrons seeing the

film gasped aloud. Another case involves the luscious French actress Martine Carol, who in a scene with Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Action of the Tiger," is seen diving from the deck of a sailboat in a bathing suit. Foreign audiences will see the same shot—without a suit. The reason? The situation didn't demand one.

The American preoccupation with certain anatomical elements as old as Eve completely defies analysis. In a couple of well-publicized cases, it borders on the absurd. But whatever it is it's been a boon to the respective careers of Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida, Diana Dors and Anita Ekberg. These girls' straightforward approach to the facts of life and casual exhibition of natural assets has been box office dynamite in a country where public mention of sex is still pretty much confined to those wicked washroom walls.

The foreign stars' appeal also lies in the allure of the mysterious and the unusual. And a decided plus is their general tendency—thanks to continental sex attitudes—to work for a more balanced combination of sex appeal and acting ability. In America, a beautiful girl who can act is something of a wonder. In Europe, with rare exceptions, it's par for the course.

What of the new crop of foreign stars? Variety commenting on their invasion of the U.S. says, "Yanks love 'em, if they know 'em." They are certainly getting to know them better than they ever did in the past. Perhaps the foreign stars will inspire the American lassies to touch up their glamour and do away with the jeans and leather jackets. To which many of the fans—male at least—say, "Hooray!" And I'm willing to bet American girls aren't going to take the current foreign-star invasion sitting down—not for long anyway. But until they do, foreign glamour girls never had it so good. THE END

NOW! EASIER. SURER PROTECTION FOR YOUR MOST INTIMATE MARRIAGE PROBLEM *Tested by doctors . . . proved in hospital clinics*



1. Antiseptic (*Protective, germicidal action*) Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (*Protection from odor*). Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything

it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenient (*So easy to use*) Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.



Tested by doctors • Trusted by women

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Mail coupon to: Dept. PH-78, Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Send Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IS JANET RETIRING?

(continued from page 55)

her down as a grasping opportunist. She was a girl who didn't miss a trick when it came to advancing Janet Leigh. I say, if she's retiring, a miracle has been wrought."

So, to get at the truth of all these stories, we went directly to Janet.

The Curtis home is a large, lightflooded house, standing on an acre of ground, up Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills. There, in the spacious living room, curled comfortably in a corner of a couch, shoes kicked off, the lady of the house hugged her knees and thought for a moment. Anyone who had known her before would have instantly noticed that, for Janet, this was quite a switch. The old Janet would have been jumping off the sofa, moving ashtrays, and keeping up a stream of chatter at the same time.

"I feel," she said quietly at last, "that I've learned the important balance between relaxation and energy. Don't misunderstand. I'll always be a busy person. What I mean is—I've learned to control me."

She went on to explain how this great change in her outlook on life has come about—a change that has turned a high-strung girl with a compulsive need to *do, do, do* that was so strong it sometimes made her physically ill, into a calm, completely different individual.

"Things don't happen overnight," Janet said. "Tony and I talked so much about our faults, the necessity for give and take . . . the million and one things that married people have to settle. I think the moment of truth comes after achievement. For instance," Janet went on, warming to the subject, "I have a compulsive desire to answer notes and telephone calls immediately. So I inflicted it on Tony. The minute he hit the house I was after him with a list of phone numbers. I'd keep after him until he made the calls. Sometimes he'd rebel and refuse to. I never learned from the consequences. Oh, we talked about it—analyzed it and I'd try. But I didn't really *want* to change. After all, my way was right. I was only trying to do what was right, wasn't I? Then slowly common sense seeped through my piety. So it was natural for me. That didn't make it natural for Tony. I was being irritating . . . not Tony. Me! That's when I decided to stop prompting and prodding. Instead, I'd give him the messages and forget it. When my attitude changed, so did Tony's. He started answering his calls in his own time. It was long after this became a pattern that I realized it had actually happened."

Janet's highstrung nervous energy and strong compulsive efficiency ran head on into Tony's easy-going, relaxed way of life when they married. They were aware of the difference in their respective personalities and "took steps." But it wasn't until the first big basic battle of blending was won that they both completely understood the meaning of *wanting* to—not talking about. Women all over the world sympathized with poor Janet's endless efforts to tantalize Tony's unique and exasperating appetite. It wasn't until Janet stopped trying that the balance was achieved. When Janet's whirlwind culinary capers slowed to a gentle breeze, Tony lost his yen for soda pop and jelly beans. Of late, he has been known to eat a full-course dinner with-

out casting one wistful eye toward the nearest hamburger heaven. In finding answers, she has also learned the ultimate importance of *reaction*.

"For years I have been cajoling, coaxing and wheedling to get Tony to buy a notebook to carry with him. For notes, telephone numbers and all the important jottings men jot. I would have gladly bought him one in solid gold if it would have helped. But no, he didn't need it. So I finally let go . . . skipped it. The other day he waltzed into the house with a black leather notebook. Explaining that he suddenly decided he needed one. I didn't even stutter when I told him it was a wonderful idea. That's my idea of the right reaction!"

Actually Tony's insecurity and lack of genuine confidence kept him from taking over the responsibilities of domesticity. His lack of security and fluctuating ego held him in a vise of indecision. Tony's stature as an actor began to seriously grow at about the same time they discovered that Kelly was on the way. The two events worked wonders. Afraid of financial responsibility involved in buying a home, he had always insisted on renting. When he and Janet returned from Europe after filming their respective pictures, "Trapeze" and "Safari," Tony decided it was time. It was time to believe in the future. It was time to buy a home. So they did. Once he got the hang of it, Tony started enjoying making decisions.

"We moved when I was five months pregnant," Janet remembered. "Tony took over. He made arrangements with the movers, the gas company, the telephone . . . all the million and one things that go into moving. Believe it or not, the Saturday we moved, I sat *quietly* in the middle of the bare living room and told the movers where the boxes went! No fuss—no bustle. I sat and Tony did. I was learning to relax. Resting and taking it easy were required at that time. I felt the need so I gave in to it.

"I suppose becoming parents makes a terrific difference with anyone," Janet smiled. "I know with us our whole lives began to center around our baby. For the first time in my life I didn't have a compulsive (there's that word again!) guilt feeling about work. Before if I wasn't working—earning my keep so to speak, I became nervous, fraught and guilty. For the first time in years I didn't even think about acting. I was merely thankful that I didn't *have* to do a picture because I'd never been so busy in my life. With Kelly of course all our household routines changed. Then we were still having work done on the house and . . . well, suddenly I understood the meaning of the term 'housewife and mother.'

"I used to be so bored when women would get in little huddles at parties and yak about their children. I always wanted to be with the menfolks talking business and sharing the pungent patter. Now! I'm the first to form the huddle and get in my licks on the life and times of Kelly. The scintillating side lights on 'other people's babies' send me home with a glow. Why, when I found out that one young couple, friends of Tony and me, were going to have a baby, I was over there immediately, instructing and advising like a professional midwife. It was a wonderful time," Janet sighed happily. "I learned so much about me . . . and living."

Janet is an intelligent girl. Intelligent enough to realize that egg-headed thinking must at times give way to emotional response . . . and no thinking. It was during her six months of just being with Tony and Kelly that she slowly became aware

that problems were evaporating. Sometimes silly things in *effect*. But the causes were not silly. They were little tell-tale flags of warning. Two individuals—strong individuals—still clinging to their own egos. Not yet learning the way to blend and still be personalities. Like their party patter. It was gay, droll, stimulating and sometimes hilarious. But each was on guard. Tension was behind their funnies. For sooner or later, one of them would make a very amusing statement . . . with a neat quick-silvered barb attached. Funny? Yes. But underneath was resentment. Resentment of something not discussed, or too much discussed . . . but resentment. As imperceptibly as a sunrise the habit and the tension evaporated. The need to hurt had disappeared. Simultaneously their moods met. Their attitudes changed because not orally, but innately, they *wanted* to reach a new plateau of living. Impatient to love and enjoy Kelly to the utmost, the conflicts that had been very vital became non-essential. Free from the battle of winning points in the game of matrimony, Janet began to readjust her way of thinking.

"It was about that time the rumors started that I was going to retire as an actress," Janet said. "Because of the rumors I started thinking seriously about the future. I decided very easily that first things came first. In my future Tony and Kelly will always come first. Having lost the guilty need to work, I looked at me objectively. I could of course retire. Then in ten or fifteen years I could be wailing like a fishwife at Kelly—I gave up my career for you. Now what are you going to give up for me?' That is plain old human nature. No, I decided. I like to work. It also keeps me stimulating and interesting with Tony. I don't want to turn into a vegetable. Tony's too vital and enthusiastic to accept that. That's when I decided on the balance. I will do two, at the most three pictures a year, but never on long locations away from Tony and Kelly. Where Tony goes—goes Kelly and me. As Tony was working in town on 'The Sweet Smell of Success,' I went back to work at Universal-International on 'Badge of Evil.' Reluctantly, I admit."

Orson Welles was the director of the film and Janet was soon caught up in the excitement of working with him. The picture itself was so off-beat and unusual that the acting challenge engrossed her.

"Adjustment from the life of a busy housewife to acting was quite a thing to see," Janet went on. "I had to start thinking differently about my duties. For the first few days I ran around trying to do everything the way I had before working. Let me say it did *not* work. The old desperate efficiency started taking over again. I became a nervous set of strings until I suddenly stopped and remembered I'd been through this before and decided on balance. So I calmed down. Systematically I figured first things first again. I started planning menus while in makeup. I answered mail at night. I kept things in one spot so I didn't have to run. The other essentials I relegated to days off and Saturdays. It worked. I was free of *things*. I had the mental serenity to drop the studio at the gate. I could dash up the stairs growling like an idiot (or a doting mother) to Kelly. It became a habit. Now if I don't go through all the insane noises of greeting, I'm sure she wonders what happened. Then Tony would come home, pick up his flute and come marching up the stairs playing a hot nursery rhyme and Kelly would light up like a pinball machine.

"After Kelly fell asleep I realized I was

right to work. Some nights Tony and I would both be so wound up in the day's work we talked for hours. Other times, it was just enough to be home, alone, tired and happy."

During those active months, they planned projects. Both were determined to paint the fence themselves when their respective pictures were over. They also were going to form a musical combo with Jackie and Jerry Gershwin, their best friends. Jerry played the electric guitar and Tony, with impatient enthusiasm started working on the flute. Jackie and Janet can't make up their minds among bongo drums, harp, piano or bass viol. The thought of Janet sawing away on a bass or sitting demurely behind a cello had them in hysterics. Tony even promised to take Janet to more movies. It seems her undying thirst for movies keeps him hopping. When they're working, the theatre schedules are either very early or very late. When you have to get up at five or six a.m., you can't go to the local flickers, see a double feature and get to bed by one. One night they went to dinner at a friend's home. Their host ran three movies that evening. Janet was absolutely delighted until her spouse informed her that orgy should last her for three months.

"Then all our projects went straight up in the air," Janet said happily. "Each of us received a script—individually. I liked it but turned it back saying I wouldn't do it unless Tony did. He did the same thing. It worked out beautifully. It was for Kirk Douglas' Bryna Productions and he wanted us both!"

The picture is "The Vikings" and will be filmed in Norway, Brittany and England. So Tony and Janet made plans to go abroad. "Tony and I decided when Kelly was born—where we go—she goes. We have reached," Janet said suddenly with a near look of smugness on her happy face, "a wonderful new plateau of living."

"Don't misunderstand. We're not dangling our feet off pink cloud number nine. We still have our fights. But they're different. Now we want to blow off the steam and get to the crux of the problem. Find out what's to be done and do it. Somehow it doesn't matter anymore who's right. The need is to blow up and get it over with. Any complaints? Sure. I suppose Tony has some too. He still forgets to tell me we've been invited to a party until the night we're due. Or he'll suddenly remember he's invited some people to dinner—the day they're due. But that's almost a joke now. We know we can always work it out. The only real problem," Janet explained with a satisfied grin, "is Tony's new efficiency. It sometimes runs into the household duties. This I don't like. If something goes wrong, he tries to fix it ('Yipes!') or calls someone, anyone, for repairs. As I have in my little black book tried and true competent people, this annoyed me. Until I realized that I wasn't home when these emergencies occurred. So who cares? It doesn't have to be my man."

Janet is fully aware that the plateau of understanding she has reached is but a resting place. Life is made up of levels of understanding—if one keeps wanting to learn. The Curtis couple have reached a little deeper into themselves in this year of decision.

Janet can look back now at the girl she used to be with no regrets. All that driving, and pushing, and striving, all the nervous energy she poured into trying to prove to one and all that she was good, or she was right—how unnecessary it was!

Looking back now, Janet says seriously, "I've found out that it doesn't matter if you're right or wrong. Sometimes it's a little worse if you're right." THE END

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY PRINTED PATTERNS



9007

9007—Cinch to sew this Printed Pattern! There are few pattern parts; no waist seams; just cinch with your favorite belt. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes just 5 yards 39-inch fabric

9091

9091—Save time, save work—sew this smart sun style in record time with the Printed Pattern. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards for contrast.

9064

9064—This willowy sheath dress is so new—so flattering to your figure. Sewing is easy with directions printed on each pattern part. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3 yards of 39-inch fabric.

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.

MADAME AUMONT

(continued from page 40)

I've selected gay tones for the draperies," Marisa was saying. "I like stripes and bright, happy colors. Men are rather conformist when it comes to decoration, but I like to dare. Of course, Jean Pierre and I talked it over beforehand, as we do everything. He was in complete agreement with me on all my suggestions. But, if he hadn't been, we would have reached a compromise plan. You see, we have tremendous respect for each other's ideas."

The utter simplicity with which Marisa made that statement emphasized the intense happiness glowing in her dark eyes at the mention of Jean Pierre's name. She pronounced it with a caress in her voice.

Marisa had been transformed. Beautiful she had always been, but had she always had the sparkle of animation in her eyes, the aura of self-assurance that has nothing to do with vanity? These are the sure signs of a woman in love, who is loved in return.

Pride of possession illuminated Marisa's face as she talked of Jean Pierre, and she was the first to admit she had changed. Until love invaded her life in the shape of this tall, blond charmer with the soft Gallic accent, she prided herself on her sense of independence and self-sufficiency. She was accustomed to look life straight in the eye, with rare objectivity and honesty. This gave her an inner sense of assurance, but heightened her outward timidity. A woman needs to feel loved in order to outwardly express confidence in herself.

"Marriage has given me a moral security and a goal in life," Marisa stated simply. "I used to be fiercely on my own. I kept my problems and thoughts to myself. Now I have someone to lean on, to pour out my heart to, to share all my thoughts."

"I used to be very independent, much more so than my sister." Marisa leaned back on the couch and curled her slacks-clad legs under her. Her expressive eyes, so like Pier Angeli's, and yet so distinctly her own, held a faraway look. "Before Anna was married, she used to leave all important decisions to my mother."

But I have always tried to solve my problems on my own. I had to. My mother was often away while Anna was making films abroad, and I had the responsibility of taking care of our house and our young sister, Patrizia. I used to take messages and keep track of correspondence and act as a sort of confidential secretary. Now Jean Pierre does all that for me." Marisa laughed gaily.

"Then I decided to try my luck at acting. It was not an easy decision. I had developed a prejudice about the profession that I realize now was most unfair. I used to accompany my sister to the set very often, and I would say to myself, 'What hard work this is! I could never do it.' Quite often the press hinted that I was envious of my sister's success. That is not true. I never felt that I was missing anything. I didn't want to be an actress. I wanted to study languages and travel around the world to see different countries and study their civilizations."

"I was always very pleased and flattered when our friends would say to me, 'You should be in the movies, too.' I had registered at UCLA and was taking my studies seriously. I was beginning to relax a little, because I thought I had found my true destiny. But when I was given the chance to have a film test, I couldn't resist. I had to meet the challenge and learn for myself if I had been wrong. And I soon discovered how exciting and stimulating acting is. I no longer had any doubts or frustrations about my career."

"Yes, everything was fine. My career was coming along very nicely. I had achieved more than I had ever hoped for in life. I told myself that quite often." Marisa stopped speaking and began twisting the gold charm bracelet that never leaves her wrist. This bracelet is symbolic of her film success, each of the charms representing one of her films.

"Yet, deep in my heart, I knew I was fooling no one, not even myself," Marisa said softly. "My success seemed futile, because I had nobody to share it with. Before I married Jean Pierre, I didn't know why I was working so hard or for whom. Now that I have him and the baby we are expecting, my life is full. I no longer consider it a burden I have to carry alone."

"I must confess that I had always had a prejudice against marriage just as I had

against acting," Marisa smiled, rather sheepishly. "And I was just as wrong about it. This misconception stemmed from my childhood. My father had always been very strict, as most Italian fathers are. He ruled us all with a firm hand. I love my freedom and independence, and I imagined that marriage would mean the end of it. I looked upon marriage as a form of slightly enlightened slavery, with the wife at the mercy of her husband's will, and all freedom of action impossible. Now I realize how terribly mistaken I was. Marriage can be a wonderful partnership between two people who love and respect each other."

"Jean Pierre and I each have our own responsibilities, of course, but we usually consult each other about them. He leaves all decisions about the house and servants to me, but I wouldn't think of making any changes without talking them over with him. And that's the way it is with everything—consideration of the other's point of view. We may have rushed into our marriage—our families thought we should have waited—but we were both so sure, we said, 'Why wait?' And we knew the responsibilities marriage entailed."

Marisa and Jean Pierre were first introduced to each other several years ago in Paris. He was appearing in a play, which Marisa had gone to see with Pier Angeli and a group of friends. Later they all went backstage to talk to him. The next day he called them up and invited the whole family out to dinner.

"I liked him instantly," Marisa recalled. "He was so kind and well-mannered and so ready with delicate attentions. And I was filled with admiration for his intelligence and talent. But I never thought of doing more than admire him. I never dared imagine he could be interested in me. I had the impression he thought I was just a little girl, and for me he was as unattainable as a star in the sky."

Three years passed, years in which the world was a witness to Aumont's brief idyll with Grace Kelly. It was January, 1956. Marisa was making "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" at 20th Century-Fox, and Aumont was in a picture on the same lot. But they didn't meet.

Then one night Jean Pierre went to a party where Pier Angeli and Vic Damone were also guests. Jean Pierre was seated alone in a corner when he saw Pier and Vic come in. He went over to greet them. "Where's your sister?" he asked Pier.

"She's home. She wasn't invited."

"Ah, we must do something about that," Jean Pierre said. "Please give me her phone number."

"I was posing for a portrait by an artist friend when he phoned," Marisa recalled. "I was in an awful mood, depressed and blue. I had been in the dumps for months. Boys bored me; all I was interested in was my work. I stayed by myself and avoided social contacts."

"Then the phone rang, and my whole life changed. At first I thought it was a joke, that Anna had asked someone at the party to put on a French accent to fool me."

"I didn't go to the party that night, but Jean Pierre and I talked on the phone for an hour. And I saw him for dinner the next night, and almost every night after that for two months."

"When he proposed—just eight weeks after we started going together—I couldn't believe my ears. Oh, I was sure. I had been for so long. But how was I to know he felt the same way?"

Jean Pierre was sure almost the moment he met Marisa. He saw in her soft brown eyes the same need for tenderness and understanding that he himself had felt



I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about *real* people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of *True Story Magazine*.

Tune in Every Morning to
"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

P "Twenty-four hours later, I had no husband, no son, no faith in anything." Don't miss "Mistake of Nature" in the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newsstands.

for so long, ever since the tragic death of Maria Montez.

That magnificent, volatile woman, whose memory is ever present in the person of their eleven-year-old daughter, Maria Christina, was as different from Marisa as it is possible to be. Spectacular and dramatic, her every gesture and movement made up a study in voluptuousness. Yet, oddly enough, Marisa, like Maria Montez, is a Gemini. Jean Pierre, who was born under the sign of Capricorn, is passionately interested in astrology. Not a day goes by that he doesn't consult his horoscope and those of Marisa and Maria Christina. He asked Marisa to marry him because he loved her, of course, but he couldn't have been more delighted when he discovered she was a Gemini.

Yes, Jean Pierre was sure, but he wanted Maria Christina to meet Marisa. He had promised himself that he would remarry only if his daughter approved of his choice. So he brought Maria Christina from New York, where she was staying with his parents. She and Marisa became fast friends almost instantly.

"Fortunately, I had plenty of experience with little girls Tina's age," Marisa was saying. "My baby sister, Patrizia, is just the same age, and I helped my mother to raise her. They are very different in character. Pat is soft and pliable, whereas Maria Christina is independent and stubborn. Whenever the two of them are together, they fight like wildcats, but they love each other." Tenderness crept into Marisa's voice.

"As soon as we were settled in the house, I outlined a program for Maria Christina to follow," Marisa explained. "It was not that she was spoiled, but she had been used to having her own way a lot. A man who raises a child alone usually gives in to her. Jean Pierre agreed with me that she had to have some discipline, and he left it up to me.

"The first thing I did was to get a governess for her, an Italian woman from Rome, who speaks perfect French. Tina was often lonely, when Jean Pierre and I were busy, and it's important for a child in her formative years to have someone as a companion. Her governess takes her to the Paris school she now attends, and picks her up later in the afternoon. She supervises her studies, and eats with her in the evenings, when I am in Paris at the theatre with Jean Pierre. And she sees to it that Maria Christina is in bed at nine o'clock sharp."

Like any lively child with a mind of her own, Maria Christina often took advantage of her freedom when she was alone. She ate whenever she felt like it and had no set hours for her homework. Jean Pierre never had the heart to chastise her. But Marisa is getting her out of these habits.

"On weekends, of course, Maria Christina is home all day," Marisa said. "One Saturday recently, she asked if she could have lunch with us. We usually lunch around three, as we sleep very late. I accompany Jean Pierre to the theatre most evenings, and we don't return from Paris until late. Jean Pierre, of course, said yes, she could lunch with us, but I put my foot down. I pointed out to them both that three o'clock was much too late for a growing child to have lunch. Jean Pierre readily agreed with me, and now he doesn't interfere with my efforts at discipline.

"Not that I believe in too strict training," Marisa added hastily. "My own severe upbringing has made me more understanding of the need for leniency with a child. I believe that children should respect the judgment of their parents, but that parents should respect their ideas, as



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)



For advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Wom.-August) 7

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S Picture (All Ages). Thousands paid by advertisers. Send one small picture. Returned with judges' report. Print child's parents' name, address on back. Spotlite, 8346-P8 Beverly, Hollywood, Calif.

\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE. Sewing Babywear—Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Mocassins! New Baby Sandals! No house selling! Rush stamped, addressed envelope for further details. Babygay, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

\$500 PAID FOR children's photos, all ages, if used for advertising. Send photo for approval. Free gifts. Returned two weeks. Advertisers, 6000-YH Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

\$2.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Crown Industries, 8507-B West Third, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

TOP PRICES PAID, cutting wanted items from your newspapers. Revealing Instruction, 10cl Economy, Box 768, Largo 14, Florida.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time, Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Ark.

EARN \$50 FAST sewing our precut products. Information 3c. Thompson's, Loganville, Wisconsin.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspaper Items For Publishers! Write, Newscraft, PW-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

\$100.00, \$300.00 MONTHLY Possible Preparing Mail At home (details 10c). Novelty, Box 78247, Los Angeles 16, Calif.

\$200. MONTHLY REPORTED, preparing envelopes. Revealing method, 25cl Economy, Box 768, Largo 27, Florida.

WIVES—INCREASE YOUR family income sewing babywear for stores. Write Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1678C, Glendale, Calif.

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-40, Chicago 32, Illinois.

HOMEWORKERS: ASSEMBLE HANDLACED precut mocassins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts, Los Angeles 46-B, California.

IF YOU WANT to earn money fast, I'll send you Free Sample Stocking of newest Stretch DuPont Nylons to sell at only \$1 a pair. American Mills, Dept. 615, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 TO \$500. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. WD-8, Omaha, Nebraska.

BUY IT WHOLESALE

BUY WHOLESALE! 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Gifts, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, Clifton 17, New Jersey.

HOME SEWERS OPPORTUNITIES

SEW APRONS IN your home, profitably. Write: Adco, Bastrop, Louisiana.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE GOOD MONEY In Spare Time without taking a job or putting in regular hours and without experience. \$50 to \$200 can be yours by showing Regal Christmas Cards to friends, neighbors, co-workers. So unusually beautiful they sell on sight. Write for Free Christmas card album and sample boxes on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 75, Ferndale, Michigan.

MAKE \$50-\$75-\$100 again and again. Show friends New Idea Christmas, All Occasion boxed assortments, gift wrappings, gift items, Personal Christmas Cards 50 for \$1.50 up. Profits to \$1.00 per box. Bonus. Write for Free Starting Outfit, Sensational Free Offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington A-88, Mass.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif., Dept. 1678H.

SELL BEAUTIFUL PERSONALIZED Xmas Cards. 100% Profit Deal. Evergreen, Box 842, Chicago 42, Ill.

MONEYMAKING OPPORTUNITIES

\$300 MONTHLY POSSIBLE mailing circulars. John Hall, 1265-C Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED PAINTING Novelties. No Selling. N. Roland, Vincentown 1, N.J.

GUARANTEED HOMEWORK! IMMEDIATE Commissions! Free Outfits! Hirsch, 1301-12 Hoe, New York City 59.

\$35 WEEKLY PREPARING envelopes. Instructions \$1. Refundable. Adservice, Spring Valley 151, New York.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 7004 Diversey, Chicago 35.

EXTRA MONEY PREPARING Mailing Postcards, Selling Products. Victoria Sales, 1815-R Meyers, Lombard, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 60-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. XC74, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144W, Station E, Atlanta, Georgia.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-WP, Omaha.

STAMP COLLECTING

CANADA—NEWFOUNDLAND COLLECTION including early issues, commemoratives, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. Plus set of unused British Colonies. Plus large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10c to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. PC, Toronto, Canada.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

HIGH PAYING JOBS: Foreign, USA. All trades. Travel paid. Information. Application forms. Write Dept. 21B National, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

AMERICAN, OVERSEAS JOBS, high pay, Men, Women, Transportation Paid, Free Information, Write Transworld, 200-W West 34, New York 1, N.Y.

INSTRUCTION

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL at home, spare time. No classes. Diploma awarded. Write for Free catalog. Wayne School, Catalog HCH-46, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

ADVANCE ROYALTY

\$100.00

SONGWRITERS

TO THE WRITER OF BEST SONG SELECTED EACH MONTH

Send songs, poems, records, copies furnished. Let us help you be a success.

★ HOLLYWOOD TUNESMITHS ★

1609 Vista Del Mar, Dept. D, Hollywood 28, California

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting... send Poems today. Any subject. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made.

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1



Life is thrilling
when you're a **BLONDE**
Be a fascinating golden-top—today!



At drugstores
 everywhere
 75c and \$1.00
 plus tax

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

well. A home atmosphere of harmony and mutual love is the essential factor in the development of a child's personality. The rest is of less importance."

Marisa's serious expression faded and was replaced by a soft smile as Jean Pierre strode into the room. He bent over the couch and kissed her on the top of her head. She reached for his hand and laid it gently against her cheek. "I'm going down into the village for the papers," he said. "I'll be right back."

As he leaned to kiss her again, a plaintive voice came from the doorway. "And me?" cried the voice. We all turned our heads. Maria Christina, a startling image of her late mother, threw her schoolbooks on a chair, and leaped into her father's arms. He hugged her tight. "And me?" cried Marisa. Jean Pierre freed one arm and gently lifted Marisa from the couch where she had been sitting. For the next few minutes the three of them hugged and kissed each other and danced around in a heart-warming display of Latin exuberancy. Jean Pierre finally extricated himself from his two ardent women and waved a hasty goodbye.

Maria Christina gave a graceful little curtsy (as all wellbred French children do) to Marisa's guest, and announced that she was going to change her dress. Marisa agreed that that was an excellent idea, as we were having a grownup conversation.

"She's quite a child," Marisa said, looking after her affectionately. "She loves clothes, and we have great fun going to Paris to pick them out. Then in the evening she models them for Jean Pierre. We did have a serious dispute about her hair. She wanted a pony-tail, but she's not at all the type, and I talked her out of it."

Maria Christina suddenly stuck her head into the room. "Now you're not to eavesdrop," Marisa cautioned her.

"Oh, Mummy, I'm not listening to you," the child answered. "I just wanted to know if Papa remembers he has to cut my hair today."

I looked questioningly at Marisa, as she answered the child, who, satisfied with the reply, immediately left us alone.

"Yes," Marisa answered my unasked question with just a trace of tears. "I see you noticed that she called me 'Mummy.' She started that spontaneously about three weeks ago. She used to call me 'Marisa.' Of course, Jean Pierre has noticed it, too, and neither of us has made any comment on it to her. I'm very touched. And she's so excited about the baby. Of course, she wants it to be a boy. Every day she asks me, 'Has it moved today?' and if I should say, 'no,' she gets very worried and says, 'I hope nothing has happened.'"

Marisa and Jean Pierre also hope it will be a boy, and they have his name already picked out: Jean Claude. If it's a girl she will be named Ariane. They want the child to be born in the United States, so it will be an American, as Maria Christina is. That is why they are returning to Hollywood this summer, where Jean Pierre will probably make the new version of "Gigi."

The Aumont household is trilingual. Maria Christina and Jean Pierre speak English as well as they do French, and address each other in both languages. Marisa's French has vastly improved by lessons and her association with Jean Pierre's French friends, and she prefers to speak in that language for practice. Their servants are Italian, and Maria Christina is learning Italian. "She corrects my French, and I correct her Italian," Marisa explained. Maria Christina knows a smattering of Spanish also, as she spoke it as a baby with her mother.

The memory of Maria Montez is very

much alive in this house in Malmaison, where she left the stamp of her powerful personality. Her picture is beside Marisa's on Jean Pierre's desk in his attic workroom, and on Maria Christina's night table, next to her father's and Marisa's. "I encourage her to remember her mother," Marisa said quietly. "We often look over family albums together, and she is very proud of the fact that her mother was a beautiful woman and a famous actress."

Marisa sometimes has a mental struggle between her childhood training, which deemed that a woman's place is in her husband's shadow, and her own natural instincts for expression. But Jean Pierre is understanding, and she usually ends up by getting her own way. "We've had no serious disputes since we've been married," Marisa said. "If we're both feeling moody, we avoid each other until it's over. If one of us is in a real temper, we talk it out together."

"We do have occasional discussions about clothes," Marisa laughed. "For one thing, he thinks I have too many, but then doesn't every husband? I like to follow the latest fashions, but he disapproves. He thinks I should wear only things that suit me and forget about current styles. He likes me to wear close-fitting clothes with belts, and I like my things loose. Of course, during my pregnancy I have no other choice, and I'm delighted. One of my favorite outfits is a coat-dress I designed myself. It's loose-fitting. When Jean Pierre saw it, he insisted I have a belt made to match. But when he's not around I take the belt off."

"We don't always agree about his clothes, either," Marisa grinned. "I usually go shopping with him, but one day he bought some sport shirts by himself. They were awful, so gaudy and loud. He agreed with me and took them back."

Soon after Marisa and Jean Pierre were married, he asked her to cut her hair. "With your delicate little face, you should wear it short and chic like a Frenchwoman," he told her. So she had it cut close to her ears. "I must say it's easy to keep up, but I feel so shorn," Marisa sighed. "I prefer it just a little longer. Jean Pierre has finally come round to my way of thinking, and I'm going to let it grow a bit."

Marisa and Jean Pierre share a love of music, painting and the theatre. She respects her husband's superior knowledge of these subjects, and she listens wide-eyed when he talks about famous people. Having been a noted international star for over twenty-five years, he knows many personalities in the literary and entertainment field, and he has introduced them all to Marisa. But, with the exception of the Laurence Oliviers, who are Aumont's best friends, most of their intimates in France are from outside the industry. They include Jean Pierre's boyhood friends or buddies from his Army days, or members of his family. He and Marisa are very close to his brother, who is a movie director in France.

Marisa is an enthusiastic tennis player, Jean Pierre dislikes sports. But he patiently goes to watch her play, as he did recently when she had a match with Sir Laurence Olivier. His only hobby is writing plays, and it's one at which he is a success. He's had several produced in France and America. He and Marisa talk over his ideas before he begins working, and she takes real interest in both his hobby and his acting. During the run of "Amphitryon 38," Marisa attended the play almost every night. When she wasn't out front, she waited for Jean Pierre in his dressing room, to have supper with him.

Marisa has a determined nature, whereas Jean Pierre is rather easygoing. "I get tense and upset over minor things," Marisa said, "but Jean Pierre talks me out of it and shows me how unimportant they are. I also have a jealous nature, but I have learned to hide and control it. I know that without mutual trust and confidence a marriage will never work."

Marisa has succeeded in the dual role of wife and stepmother, despite her youth, because of her common sense and mature judgment. These are characteristics that also served her well when she was single and had to make decisions about her career. Now that she is married to a successful actor, she doesn't hesitate to draw upon his fund of experience. He, in turn, is pleased that she seeks his advice.

"I don't bother Jean Pierre about the business end of my contracts. I have a business manager who takes care of that," Marisa explained. "But I do consult him about scripts."

Marisa and Jean Pierre were in Paris last year, spending the last part of their official honeymoon with Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, when Marisa received the script of "The Midnight Story" from Universal.

"I liked the story very much," Marisa recalled, "but I hesitated about accepting it. Jean Pierre had to stay in Paris to work out production details of the new play he had written, and he wouldn't have been able to go with me to Hollywood. I didn't want to leave him."

They talked it over, and Jean Pierre convinced her to do the film. "Good scripts are so rare," he told her. "It would be a pity to turn down this chance. This is our life, show business, and occasional separations are among the sacrifices we have to make. We might just as well get used to it. Besides, what are two months when we have our whole life before us?"

Marisa recently obtained her release from her Hal Wallis contract, and now she is free to take picture engagements anywhere. Since Jean Pierre divides his professional activities between Hollywood and France, Marisa will do the same, although she says that she would like to remain in Hollywood for a few years and really concentrate on her career. When they were first married, Marisa thought of giving up acting, but Jean Pierre was against the idea. "It would have been a shame to deprive the world of such a bright talent," he told me. "Besides," he added with a laugh, "I've made fifty-seven pictures, and Marisa's only made eight. She should have a chance to catch up."

"I'm certain I can keep on with my work without neglecting my husband and home," Marisa said. "But if I see any signs of my marriage being threatened because of my work, I shall give up acting. My idea of happiness is not based on fame or financial security or success, but on love. It is the sole reason for a woman's existence, the answer to everything she wants." Marisa's voice softened almost to a whisper. "Love is so precious to me that I don't like to discuss it out loud, any more than I pray out loud."

But Marisa's whisper can reach the ears of the one person who has the right to hear her, Jean Pierre. "For me, she is Juliet and Portia, Ophelia and Scarlett O'Hara, Peter Pan and Antigone, all wrapped up in one," he says. "And yet she is so essentially herself, with her secrecy, her poise, her mysterious charm, her depth—in spite of her youth—her intelligence, her kindness, her honesty."

She is all this. And she is also a woman who is in love. THE END

MILLION \$ REBEL

(continued from page 45)

on Broadway I spent three years as a perennial understudy. I was always there to loop in if the star broke a leg.

"Anyway I went on, and I can remember it as distinctly as though it were happening right now: the glorious sound of the applause. The marvelous, fantastic sensation of having *everybody* looking at me and nobody but me. I went through the poem again. More applause. I was starting the third time when mother came on quietly and hauled me offstage."

Joanne bounced around into a cross-legged position, laughed and shook her head, making ripples down the long length of her beautiful blonde hair which was combed the way she wears it in "Three Faces of Eve."

She wore a pair of snug, black velvet matadors trimmed in scrolled gold braid, a very feminine but unfrilly white blouse, no makeup except for a touch of red on her lips and the barest trace of a "doe-line" under her lower lashes.

"I'm always changing my mind, contradicting myself. I guess it did start with that. From nursery school up. I did Shakespeare at nine, the nun in 'A Comedy of Errors.' I liked that because it let me look sweet and sad and got the audience's sympathy."

"Then we moved from Thomasville, Georgia, where I was born, to Mariana, and I discovered the most wonderful thing. They had a Junior Little Theatre. It was marvelous. I had found a home. We did 'Pirates of Penzance', 'Little Women'—all the kid plays. In 'Penzance' I played the old, old pirate and had a wire coat-hanger for a hook where my hand was supposed to be. They wanted me to play the ingenue, but I scorned the whole idea. I was an *actress!*"

Joanne threw out her arms in a theatrical flourish that was a mixture of a rock 'n' roll fling and Balinese exoticism.

"But in school I was a good student. I learned fast. I made A's without effort, except in math—in mathematics I'm still stupid. I'm certain no one will believe this, but I think I studied well because I was shy. I didn't get along at all with girls and schoolwork came easily and quickly, so the only outlet I had was doing plays. I figured that would make everybody like me and admire me."

"In the beginning that was the only purpose I had for acting. Then when I was fourteen and right in the midst of that near-hysterical phase of a girl's life, the

change to adolescence, we moved to Greenville, North Carolina.

"Men have always influenced me. Women never do. And at Greenville High School I met a man whose faith and understanding in me is something for which I'll be forever grateful. There just aren't words adequate enough to tell how much it meant for me to meet Mr. Albert MacLain, the head of the drama department."

"He is the one who re-introduced me to drama, to acting as being an art form rather than a silly young girl's search for escape. I had never thought of acting in creative terms. I was just getting up on the stage and having a ball. But once Mr. MacLain explained the purpose of the stage, my whole attitude changed. He was the first to realize that I was really interested and gave me his time and his knowledge."

"So I played the leads in all the school productions, 'Junior Miss', 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' a lot of them. And then this grand man produced 'Joan of Lorraine,' just so I could do Joan. Oh, the way I repaid him for that favor! It's probably the first and only time in the history of the theatre they had a Joan with long hair. But it was also time for the Spring dance and I said I'd be darned if I was going to cut, even for Joan."

Putting her head in her hands, Joanne's expression turned sad. "Gee, that was a mean thing to do, wasn't it?"

"But it was a terribly tricky time in my life," she continued. "My parents had just divorced and if it hadn't been for Mr. MacLain and the way he generated my interest in drama, I don't know what would have happened to me. I never had dates. I wanted them. But the boys avoided me. I liked to talk about art, books, literature, opera (I got an album when I was nine) and the boys thought I was a screwball. It made me very unhappy. And you know, in a way I was punished for not cutting my hair because of the dance."

"I was sixteen, and I decided to invite, like a silly kid, the biggest football star in the school. I think he accepted because I was tall. (That was another problem I had, towering over the other girls.) This boy was big, literally. He was six-foot-two, but it made me look good. He was the most, the richest boy, the best-looking and as I said, tall. Gosh, he was tall!"

"As the dance drew nearer, my excitement was almost unbearable. For once in my life I was going to be the belle of the ball. To help things along, Mother agreed to make my gown."

"Now this was just about the time strapless evening gowns had become stylish, and nothing would do for me except that."

Mom agreed again. She made the dress because we didn't have very much money.

"And really, it was a gorgeous gown. Except for one thing. It was very loose in the bodice. Somehow, neither Mom nor I gave this particular defect the attention it deserved."

"By the time I got to the dance I realized I was going to have a very uncomfortable evening. The bodice kept slipping—down!"

"The orchestra started the music and in complete, absolute girl-gushing pride, I stepped out on the floor with my king-sized hero."

"I put my arms up to reach around those shoulders."

Joanne closed her eyes and pursed her lips and crossed her arms against herself.

She nodded slowly. "Yes, it happened. The top of the dress fell down."

"There I was. A moment ago in pride, now swallowed in shame and embarrassment, wishing the floor would swallow me."

"But the most horrible part came next. My friends—and I use the word loosely—just stood around and laughed. They roared at the tragedy of all time."

"I ran to the ladies' room and cried for an hour. I knew I had to come out and dreaded it. From somewhere I got the courage to reappear. I walked to a corner of the dance floor and sat quietly, hoping I would die very soon."

"Then came another shock. My big, tall date had deserted me and was dancing with another girl. He wouldn't even look at me."

"Yet this was the night I learned that men, no matter what they do, are still the most wonderful people in the world. An older boy, he was twenty-one, came over and asked me to dance. He didn't know it, but he made the most wonderful rescue since St. George slew the dragon."

"He danced with me the rest of the night. The dress behaved: He wasn't tall! At the end of the evening he asked me for another date and I accepted. A week later I discovered he was considered the biggest catch in town."

"Two weeks later he gave me his fraternity pin and we went steady for six months. A disaster had turned into the romantic coup of the year. It really made me in high school. I still have such a fondness for that boy, I must say. I remember him as the kind of person who could sense other people's problems in an instant. I wonder what became of him?"

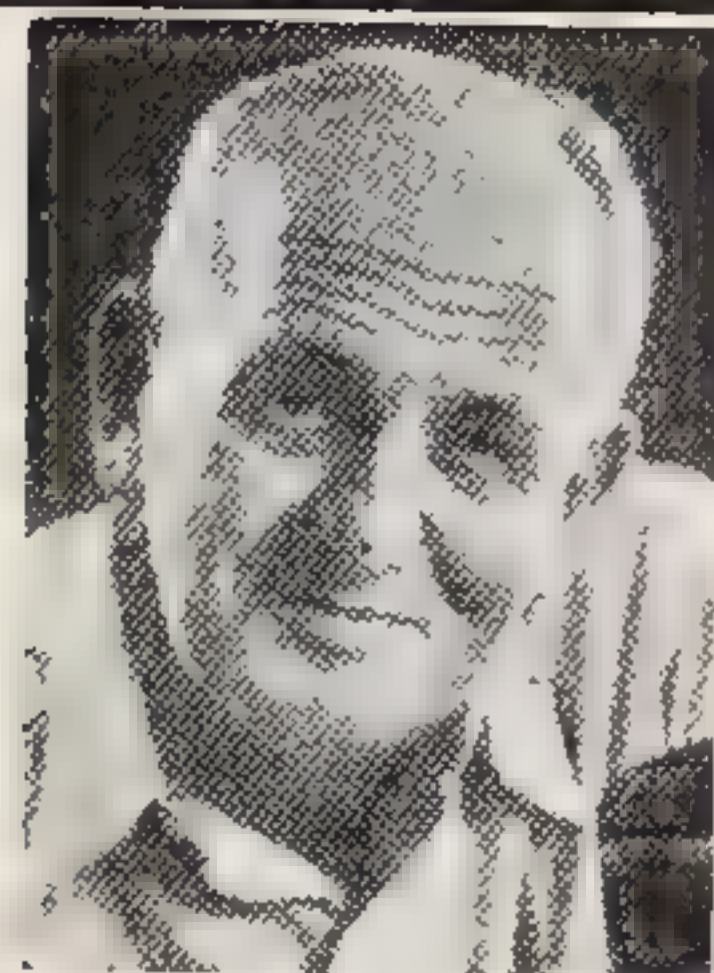
"We separated because I wanted to act. It took a great deal of my time. I'll admit that I didn't permit anything to stand in my way. I developed a young and ambitious ruthlessness of purpose which isolated me from many of the activities most girls enjoy in high school. But I have no regrets."

"And when Mr. MacLain became head of the Greenville Little Theatre, one of the best in the South, it was wonderful. The group had its own building, everything. We did what were for me very professional plays: 'I Remember Mama,' 'Years Ago,' a lot of works by the best playwrights."

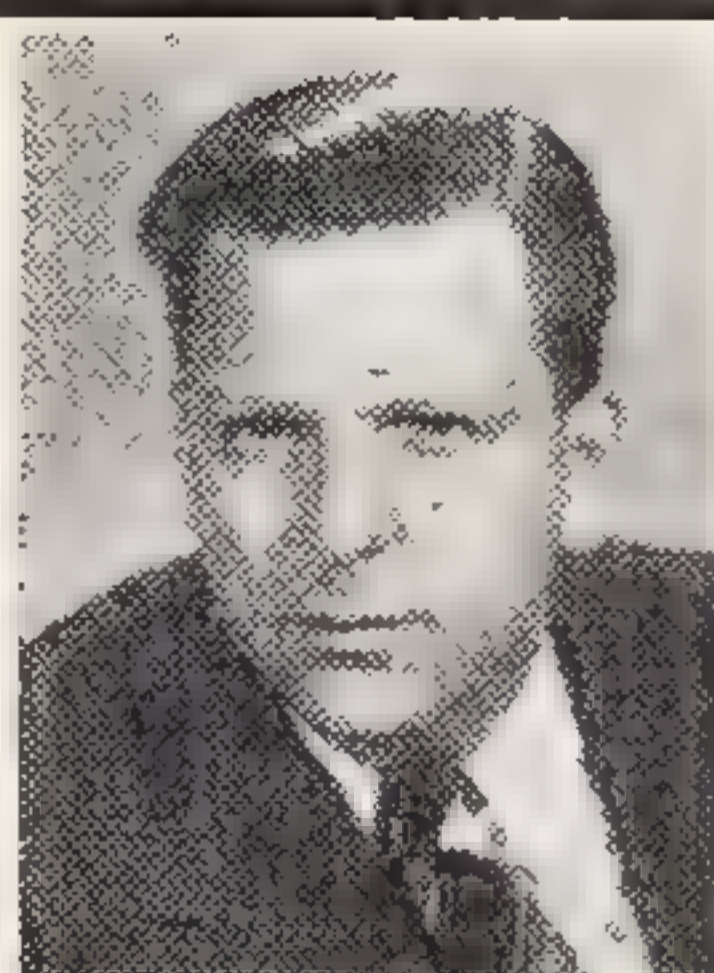
"I was graduated from school at seventeen. I wanted to go to New York to act, but Daddy wouldn't let me. So I went to Louisiana State University instead."

"And the first thing I learned there was that Daddy had been right! He'd objected to my leaving for New York because he didn't feel I was ready to take care of myself. I may sound like a disobedient daughter, but honestly, my father has been an endless source of encouragement, counsel and wisdom to me. Dad is very Southern. To him, I'm still a little girl. He calls me by that name and the idea that I've grown up is very strange to him."

"As I recall it now, I think when Dad refused me, I was grateful. I wanted des-



HEATER



LEWIS



PETTITT



KENNEDY



HURLEIGH



VAN



MUTUAL NETWORK'S EMPHASIS IS ON NEWS—

And here are some of the voices who'll air that news—on the hour and the half-hour from 7 a.m. to Midnight—seven days a week!



at last...
a deodorant talc
that
gives you
all-over
body
protection!

april showers
deodorant talc

The smart woman's new beauty secret... April Showers Deodorant Talc used freely under arms, around waist, on feet... all over. Fine quality imported Italian talc combined with odor killing Hexachlorophene protects where ordinary deodorants never do. Only 50¢, plus tax.

perately to go, but I was afraid. His refusal was a kind of relief. I didn't know a soul in New York and I had never been farther North than Washington, D.C., when I was six. I knew nothing about the North and if you've ever been South you know that there's a world of difference between the people.

"So it was at L.S.U. that I realized how immature I was. But of course I immediately became involved in the school's drama department. It was good for me and I loved it, but I longed for a social life. I was really too young for college at seventeen. I found I was entirely on my own, eight hundred miles from home. I know now I had been too well-protected.

"I couldn't get used to the fact that for the first time in my life I was totally dependent on myself. Whether I went to class, whether I studied—all the things I could have breezed through in high school were suddenly personal responsibilities. I cut classes like crazy in the first semester, never studied, but still somehow managed to get fair grades.

"The most depressing part of that time was the sorority I got into and then found out fast that I wanted no part of it. They were the worst variety of snobs—bigoted, foolishly vain, uninspired and subject to every imaginable kind of prejudice."

Joanne rolled over on her stomach and battered one of the cushions with her fists. "Oh! What a bunch!

"My membership became a crisis one night when we had all the girls who wanted to join come over one evening for inspection. I saw one girl I knew. She was a gentle, sensitive person and I'd never known her to speak unkindly to anyone.

"I said to the members, 'What about Marianne?' At the question, they looked first at me, then at Marianne. I asked, 'What's the matter?' Then one of the members said, 'We couldn't possibly invite her. Don't you know her father runs a chicken ranch?'

"I stood up, walked out and never went back. I still owe them fifty dollars for dues. I'll never pay it.

"And could you guess what those girls do now? They put out a bulletin once in a while and they include me as one of their well-known members. It's the most hypocritical thing I've ever heard of. I feel sorry for all of them. What little lives they'll lead."

Joanne stood up and walked over to the window. Impulsively she pushed her hair from the back of her head up and over and let it fall in front of her face. "It's wonderful to have long hair again and feel womanly."

She came back to the sofa, sat down and continued.

"I got involved with a whole parade of boys at college. We'd go steady for a little while, they gave me their pins and we'd exchange pledges of undying love. Two weeks later we forgot each other.

"Sometimes I think that the only thing I learned in college was how to take care of drunks and stay sober myself. I got sick on liquor a couple of times and quit. And since I was usually the only sober one at a party, I learned expertly how to take care of the others. I'm only speaking of the students I knew. There were others I'm sure who educated themselves and left school as better people. But the group I got with just didn't impress me very much.

"Maybe that's why women don't interest me. The right kind of man can add so much to a woman's life that I think we should all forget about each other and concentrate on the opposite sex.

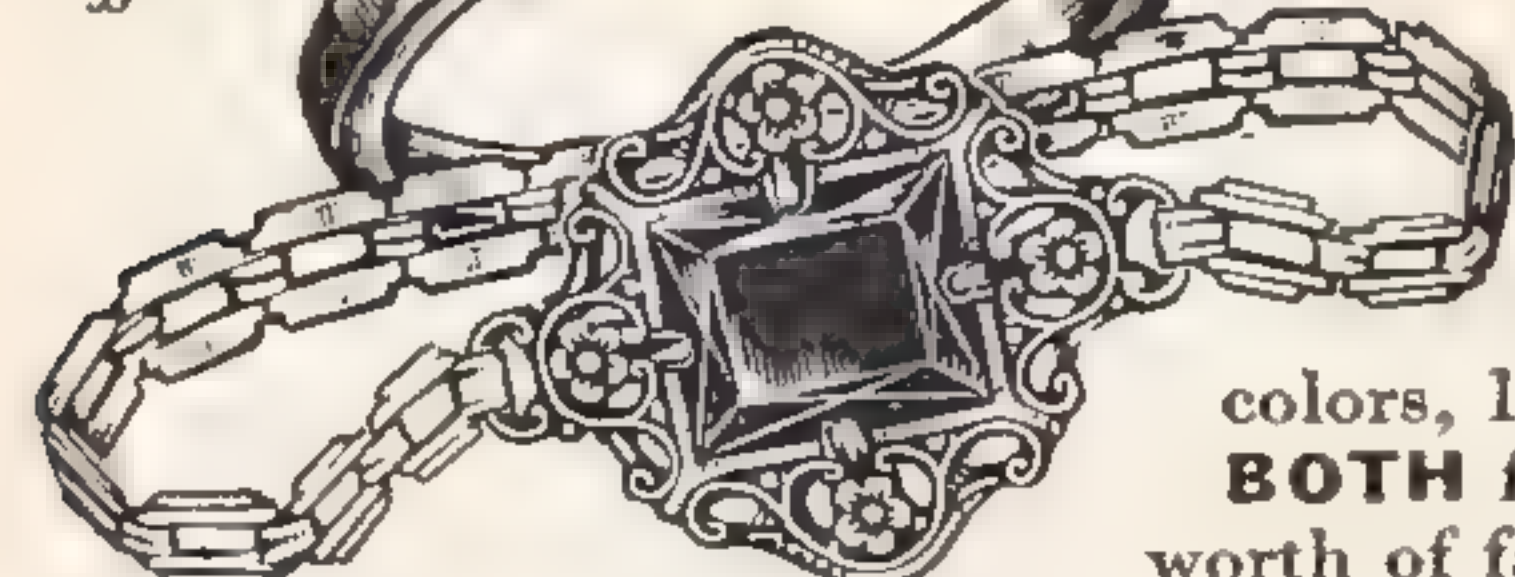
"I guess the sweetest man in my whole life is my brother Wade. He was just the opposite of what most boys are to sisters. He never got angry with me when we were kids, never scolded me. I cannot

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO PAID

CASH PAYMENTS made for children's photos, all types, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. by national advertisers. Hundreds selected every month for use in advertising. Send 1 small photo for approval. Print child's & mother's name, address on back. Also 2 **FREE** gifts for photos selected. Returned 2 weeks. **No obligation.** **AD-PHOTOS, 6087-HH Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.**

Ring and Bracelet SET

"Special Offer"



RING is 1/40 10k R.G.P. tailored, scroll shank and mounted with simulated emerald fine cut cushion stones in all 12 regular Birthstone colors. The Bracelet that matches also is in the same Birthstone colors, 14k electroplate.

BOTH for selling \$2.00 worth of famous Rosebud Products. Order 4 Rosebud Perfume to sell at 50¢ OR 8 Rosebud Salve or 8 Tholene Camphor Ointment at 25¢.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 18, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper and my position is well-paid." Write for

FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity." Approved for ALL Veteran Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CM-118-01, Washington 7, D. C. 41st Year.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches

on **DOUBLE-WEIGHT** Paper Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of a group picture. Original is returned with your enlargement.

76¢

Send No Money 3 for \$1.75

Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. Pay postman 76¢ plus postage—or send 79¢ with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer. **Send your photos today.** Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 37-K, Princeton, Illinois



SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc. GIVEN TO YOU FREE!



Thousands of famous products to choose from—furniture, fashions, silverware, china, draperies, etc. You get \$50.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today: Popular Club Plan, Dept. L931, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. L931, Lynbrook, N. Y. Send Big **FREE** 276-Page **FULL-COLOR** Catalog

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name **Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

remember him ever being unkind. And he took care of me. He let me go everywhere with him. What a wonderful brother!

"After college father still didn't want me to go to New York. I said, 'I'm going!' and got a job as a secretary. If there's a prize for the world's worst, I claim it. I lost checks, money, misfiled the complete recorded history of one company and was an utter clerical failure. But I wanted to earn enough to get to New York.

"Then, all of a sudden, Daddy was transferred to New York City! He had been an English teacher. Now he's a vice-president at Charles Scribner's publishing house in charge of textbooks.

"In New York I went to drama school for two years and learned a lot. At the end of that time, I told Dad I wanted to go out on my own. He objected. I said I was going anyway. He said that, financially, I could only expect the usual allowance, sixty dollars a month. I got a cold-water flat for twenty dollars a month and lived on the rest. You can do it. For breakfast a nickel hot dog, a nickel cup of coffee. Lunch the same. Dinner, my roommate and I hoped for dates who could feed us.

"One day I heard that 'Robert Montgomery Presents' wanted a girl to play the young lead in 'Penny.' I auditioned with a hundred others.

"That script! We read and read and read and read! Finally, the choice came down to a girl named Chris White and me. When it was my turn I was tired and angry at having been kept all day. But I still wanted the part. So I threw away the script, kicked off my shoes, (I'd heard that Barbara Bel Geddes did that very successfully at auditions) and did a whole scene from memory. I got the part. From then on I've worked steadily on TV and in the movies." To prove just how steadily: 20th showcases Joanne in "Down Payment" at about the same time as her Eve role.

What about Joanne's reported intentions of marrying actor Paul Newman once he's divorced?

Joanne shook her head. "I don't understand why people think Paul and I are anything more than buddies. I go out with other men. Nobody mentions them as possible husbands. I certainly won't. I have no intentions of marrying yet, anyhow. Seriously, I like my life now.

"A few days ago, on the set, I took out a cigarette. There were fifteen grips and members of the crew ready to light it for me. A few months ago I lit my own. Frankly, I like the change. I like the attention. I like the excitement. I get a lot more respect in Hollywood than I did on Broadway, but the stage is where I really want to be successful.

"And I don't think I'm ready for marriage. In the first place, I can't take criticism as well as I should. It used to throw me into a panic. It doesn't any more, but it still makes me unhappy. That attitude wouldn't be good in a marriage."

She threw her hands back and let them hang limp behind the sofa.

"Oh, why does a girl have to marry? I know I'm going to marry someday, but right now there are five men I like. If I marry one, I'll be so unhappy without the other four!"

Hollywood may fascinate Joanne. But right now this girl, though she doesn't know it, is fascinating Hollywood.

We had been talking for nearly three hours. The sun was already down and a slight wind had come up. It would be dark soon.

"Night's coming," Joanne said. "That's a nice time for me. There's something peaceful about evening. And you can think about tomorrow. I wonder what will happen to me tomorrow?"

We didn't answer. Who can tell? THE END

it
whispers...

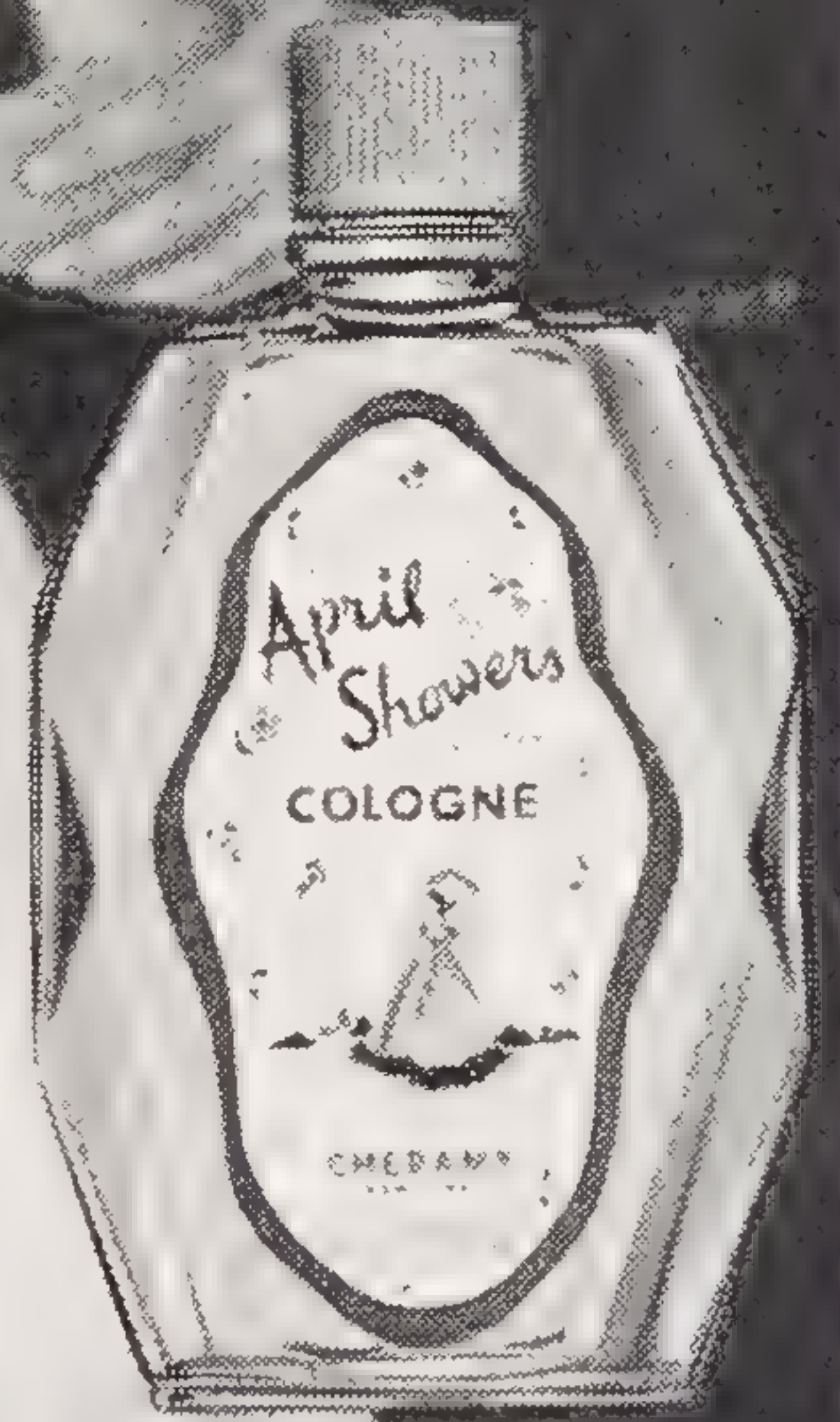
"come
closer"

april showers

COLOGNE

What could be lovelier?...

a balmy summer evening, a secluded terrace and ... him. And don't forget your April Showers Cologne surrounds you with an aura of loveliness! Splash it on from tip to toe. It's priced for lavish use in both 79¢ and \$1.00 sizes, plus tax.



FREE MATERNITY

ILLUSTRATED STYLE CATALOG—Economy-
Priced Maternity Fashions. Dresses, Sep-
arates, Sportswear, Bras, Girdles, Lingerie.
WRITE TODAY—CRAWFORD'S
Dept. 35, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.

\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Photo



Yes, up to \$500 and more PAID if used for
TV, Calendar or Magazine Ads. YOUR CHILD
has same opportunity. Send ONE small photo
for approval. Print child's and mother's name
and address on back. Returned in 2 weeks
with report. (Ages 6 mo. to 18 yrs.)
NO OBLIGATION. (Established 1946)
HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. AH
8346 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

SONG POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your poems today for free
examination!

J. CHAS. McNEIL, (A. B. Master of Music)
510-MG So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.



FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time train-
ing covers big choice of subjects. Friendly
instructors; standard texts. Full credit for
previous schooling. Diploma awarded.
Write now for FREE catalog HH-49
(Div.)
WAYNE SCHOOL Utilities Inst.)
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois



Want to Banish Wrinkles?

'Bye-Line Skin serum can help you do it—also crepy
throat! Yes, it's really true. 'Bye-Line must make
you look 2 to 10 years younger in 10 days, or
YOUR MONEY BACK. Not a peel, mask or temporary
cover-up, but a genuine youth restorer. This is
no false promise. 'Bye-Line is absolutely safe, even
for super-sensitive skin. Simple, speedy, pleasant,
and non-greasy oil treatment. Not sold in stores.
No C.O.D.'s. Send exactly \$1.12 for trial size, air
mail in plain wrapper to: Age-Less Cosmetics, Inc.,
Dept. Z, 54 Albion St., San Francisco, California.

BEAUTIFUL GLOSSY DARK ROOM PHOTOS of Any of Your Favorite Stars

PARTIAL LIST

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| James Dean | James Arness |
| Tab Hunter | Frank Sinatra |
| Tony Curtis | Pat Boone |
| Clint Walker | Pat Wayne |
| Marilyn Monroe | Doris Day |
| Robert Wagner | Guy Mitchell |
| Roy Rogers | Debbie Reynolds |
| Teresa Brewer | Eddie Fisher |
| Elizabeth Taylor | Bobby Driscoll |
| Rock Hudson | Billy Gray |
| Natalie Wood | Rory Calhoun |
| Richard Egan | Tim Considine |
| Guy Madison | Jeff Hunter |
| Kim Novak | Jane Russell |
| Sal Mineo | Janet Leigh |



John Saxon



Hugh O'Brian

Your choice of any listed . . or
write in names of stars
not listed.

3 Photos 25c 6 Photos 50c
12 Photos \$1.00

POSTAGE: First Class 25c extra.
Air Mail 50c extra.

NEW RELEASES
Tony Perkins
Dave Stollery
Ricky Nelson
David Nelson
Sherry Jackson
Rusty Hamer

FREE: Catalog listing of over 1000 Stars.
FAN PICTURES UNLIMITED Dept. 188
Box 36473, Hollywood 36, California

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY SON, SAL!

(continued from page 36)

say, his baby face shining. "I want to be accepted in show business."

He was eleven then, and as for his career, that was as far as it went. His heroes were Joe DiMaggio and Fred Astaire. He didn't care about clothes at all. Any old pair of dungarees and a T-shirt would do. He was inclined to be shy with his friends and because he had two older brothers, he always considered himself just "the kid brother." Even when I gave children's parties for him, Sal would say, "Mom, why make all this fuss for a little guy like me?"

Well, that's all gone. It started going when Sal was fifteen, just beginning in pictures. Now, he's eighteen, and his attitude toward his heroes, clothes, friends and even his family is entirely different. It all came home to me one evening, the last time he came home from Hollywood.

I was putting the supper dishes away when Sal came in and sat down at the kitchen table. He didn't say anything. He didn't come over and tease me, the way he usually does, by pulling the bow on my apron open or decorating my head with a potholder. He just sat. I knew he had something on his mind, so I just waited for him to come out with it.

Finally he said, "Mom, I haven't really hit it yet."

I could see this was one of those times when a mother ought to give her son her whole attention. I hung up the dish towel and sat down at the table opposite him.

"Why, Sal, of course you have," I said. "Look at your name on all the theatres. Look at the thousands of fan letters you get every week."

But Sal only shook his head. "No, Mom, I haven't proved it to you and the family. I haven't reached the top."

I knew what he meant, and I didn't press my point anymore. I listened while he told me, with that dead-serious expression on his face again, how much he wants to do, how much he wants to develop as an actor, how he hopes some day he can become a fine director as well as an actor. It gave me a little twinge to realize that he isn't my little boy anymore. He's grown up. But at the same time, it gave me a good feeling to know that he hasn't stopped growing. He's still aiming.

Yes, the days when he used to rave about Joe DiMaggio and practice Fred Astaire's dance steps on the kitchen floor are a thing of the past. Now, Yul Brynner, Spencer Tracy and Lee J. Cobb are his idols. He watches these mature actors with their individual styles and he realizes how far he can go, too. "I'm a greenhorn compared to those fellows," Sal often tells me. "They're polished. They're great!"

And actresses! When Sal was eleven, girls were just people to be ignored. "Only sissies pay attention to actresses," he'd scoff. That's different now! He adores Ingrid Bergman, Anna Magnani and Elizabeth Taylor. And I can tell how carefully he studies their performances, because he'll come home and describe one of their scenes to me, right down to the smallest facial expression!

I like to hear talk like this from Sal, because when he admires others so much, I know he hasn't grown too big for his britches. Not that I ever thought he would. I know my boy too well for that. But I can tell you, it's a real comfort to a mother to know her son hasn't gotten a swelled head, when he gets so much flattery from so

many people, the way Sal does.

But when it comes to clothes, oh how he's changed! When Sal began getting a toehold on Broadway he began to take a little more interest in his personal appearance. But actually it wasn't until he made his first movie, "Six Bridges to Cross," that he grew particular. He noticed other actors around him were always well-groomed and neat, and he suddenly began to worry about his own clothes.

It gave me quite a start when he came home after making that picture, and said to me, "Mom, do you think I can afford to have a tailor?"

"Yes," I said, trying to hide my surprise. "You're earning enough."

At first, Sal grinned happily. Then he frowned. "But I want Vic and Mike to have a tailor, too."

"No, Sal," I pointed out. "Your brothers aren't actors. They don't need custom-made suits. You do."

That's when Sal started to improve his dressing habits. Not only did he become neater, but he developed an excellent sense of taste. I don't go shopping with him any more. Sal knows how to manage by himself. He selects ties and socks which will match or blend with his suits. He buys sports shirts, slacks, belts so that he can mix them effectively. Today, whether he's lounging around home or attending a party, my son is always smartly dressed.

But I know Hollywood has done it. A few years ago, any old suit would do and if it hadn't been pressed Sal wouldn't notice. Now, Sal's constantly meeting fashionably dressed stars and producers and, of course, he's been influenced by their appearances. He's become so fussy that he not only keeps every garment in tip-top condition, but he separates his wardrobe in two closets—one for his best clothes and one for his sports clothes. The only thing that hasn't changed is his favorite color. It's still blue.

In the past, Sal played with kids his own age. Now he likes the company of older boys, twenty or even twenty-five. There's a reason for this, I believe. Sal has become more mature than the average boy of eighteen. He's had to adjust to directors and fellow actors twice his age. He's living and working in a man's world. Why wouldn't he want older companionship?

His friends nowadays are the friends of his older brothers, Vic and Mike. They're college boys, mostly. A bunch of them will gather in our living room, and they'll sit around by the hour, just talking about anything and everything, and throwing jokes at each other. Sal's always full of questions, especially if he's just come back from being out in Hollywood. He wants to know what they're doing, and all about their plans for their careers. And when they tell him, he's all ears. I think I know why. Because he spends so much time with people in the movie business, he's not able to have much time with people in other walks of life, and he misses that. Sal wants to get to know all kinds of people as well as he can. He often tells me, "You know, Mom, I have to get to really know people. You can't play a part well unless you know how the character is in real life." And besides that, I think Sal enjoys these "bull sessions" with the boys so much because with them, he's no movie star but just one of the fellows.

It's strange, but when my son was on Broadway, he never talked about his work with his pals. Maybe he wasn't quite sure of his career yet and wanted to be known just as one of the gang. But lately, I've noticed that when one of the fellows asks, "Sal, do you have to study your roles a long time?" Sal is happy to explain his work. And the other boys listen at great length. They must admire Sal's progress

and the way he's handled his career, because they often ask him for advice.

When I say Sal spends more time with older boys, I don't mean that he's turned his back on the younger ones. Far from it! One day not long ago, I went downtown with him. He had some business appointments—he's been awfully busy with the new records he's been making—and when we came out of a recording studio, there were about eight young boys, fourteen or fifteen years old, who spotted Sal and crowded around him. We were late for our next appointment, but Sal stopped to talk to them, right there in the middle of the street. When I finally managed to catch his eye and hustle him off to a cab, one of the boys called out, "When can we see you again, Sal?" "C'mon out to the house," he yelled back, "All of you, anytime."

I've always made a habit of entertaining my children's friends at home. When Sal started acting, I often suggested he ask people he worked with up for dinner. Sal would always make a face and say, "Aw, Mom! Why go to all that trouble?" Today, when a director or a producer wants to talk about a script with Sal, my boy is delighted that I'm ready to entertain his guests. "It's nice and friendly that way," he's often remarked. "People enjoy a good, home-cooked dinner and when everybody's relaxed, it's much easier to talk over business. Besides, that's the way they do it out in Hollywood."

Hollywood, again! But I'm not complaining. I'm only pointing out Hollywood's influence on Sal. It's done a lot for my son—a lot of fine things. When he was younger, little incidents and unexpected setbacks used to upset him. Sal is very sensitive and it was hard for him to accept disappointments like losing out in a play or someone else getting a television role he wanted. But in Hollywood, he's found out this is part of the game. Not long ago, I heard him say, "You can't win all the time." At first, I was surprised. Then I realized my son has learned to be philosophical about show business and not allow setbacks to annoy him.

Sal has learned also to be cautious. This, I feel, is too bad, but I suppose it can't be helped. There was a time when he listened to anybody and believed whatever they said.

The change came when Sal was out in Hollywood one time and had two weeks of free time, when he didn't have any work to do, or any lessons. He decided to just take a look around, and see how other people in the business did things. Now, Sal's a boy who doesn't miss much. And some of the things he saw, a few times when he could see that actors were being used and pushed around by selfish people for their own profit, really opened his eyes. "Mom, I was shocked," he told me when he came home. "I just wouldn't have believed that people could act that way."

These days, Sal knows that's all too true, unfortunately. Certain people are constantly approaching him for selfish reasons. Sal has built up a name, and that name means money in one way or another. There are people who ask Sal to appear on their television shows free; others want him to endorse their products; some are anxious for Sal to help them get into pictures; others think they can make a fortune by signing Sal to an exclusive contract.

In order to protect himself, sometimes he's had to become hard, even impolite in refusing. Sal wasn't that way two years ago, but of course, he wasn't famous, either. "The minute I find out somebody wants my friendship for a business angle," he tells me now, "I drop them."

His brothers help Sal to see the pitfalls,

too. They're always on the lookout for him, and they've often seen dangers that they've warned him about. Mike has been traveling with Sal lately. Sometimes, the three boys will sit around the kitchen table until two o'clock in the morning, hashing out Sal's problems.

Thank goodness, Sal hasn't changed with his family! He continues to ask advice from all of us—his parents, his older brother, even his little sister. We still have our same family discussions around the kitchen table. And Sal has never felt because he's a star and making more money than the rest, that he should tell us what to do. When a career problem comes up—should he do a certain movie or sign a certain contract—he wants us all to talk it over. Sal listens to what everyone has to say. We always end up with everybody agreeing on one decision.

Of course, Sal has a great many more problems than he had before. Success is coming so fast. His roles are bigger, he's earning more, his popularity is rising. He has to be careful which step to take next. When the problems are not too important, he discusses them just with his brothers, Vic and Mike. Certain problems he takes to me or to his father. But the vital ones continue to rate a family conference. And when well-meaning producers and agents invite Sal to talk over his affairs with them, Sal politely refuses, explaining he'd rather ask and take advice only from the Mineos.

Like any mother, I'm aware that Sal has a brand-new problem—girls! I understand, because I've seen my older boys go through this early stage. Of course, with Sal being out in Hollywood so much, where nearly every girl is a breath-taking beauty, I fretted a little at first. *Maybe, I thought, he'll fall into a puppy-love romance, and take it too seriously. Maybe he'll even get married!*

"You don't have to worry about me and girls," Sal told me one day. "I've talked about girls and dating to Vic and Mike. They've set me straight."

"What did they say?" I inquired.

"Just to play it easy," Sal replied. "Date, enjoy yourself, but don't give a girl a chance to get serious. As for me," Sal said, looking very sober, "I'm not even going to think about marriage until I'm twenty-nine or thirty."

I breathed a grateful sigh of relief. Nevertheless, Hollywood *has* changed Sal and the girl situation. When he was sixteen, he would phone a pretty girl for a date and not always be accepted, either! Today, Sal has more dates than he can handle. In fact, the girls are always calling *him!* So we worked out a system. I often answer the phone and repeat the girl's name so Sal can hear it. If he frowns and shakes his head, I tell the poor creature he's out. If he nods and takes the phone, I know it's somebody he likes.

Sal doesn't prefer older girls, the way he prefers older boys. He's said to me, "You know what, Mom? A girl of eighteen is a lot more mature than a boy of eighteen!" I'm sure this is no news to any mother who has a daughter. Somehow, girls do have a way of growing up more quickly than boys. So Sal has no problems in that respect.

He does like to date girls outside the business, rather than actresses. "It's more likely they'll be simple and sincere," he says. And of course, he likes them because he doesn't want to go on a date and wind up spending the whole evening talking shop!

Even the places Sal takes his dates are different. It used to be swimming or the movies. Now, it's a glamorous premiere or a big party or dancing at some smart night club. I don't mind the change. This is part of Sal's life. Not only can he afford



Beautiful Complexion

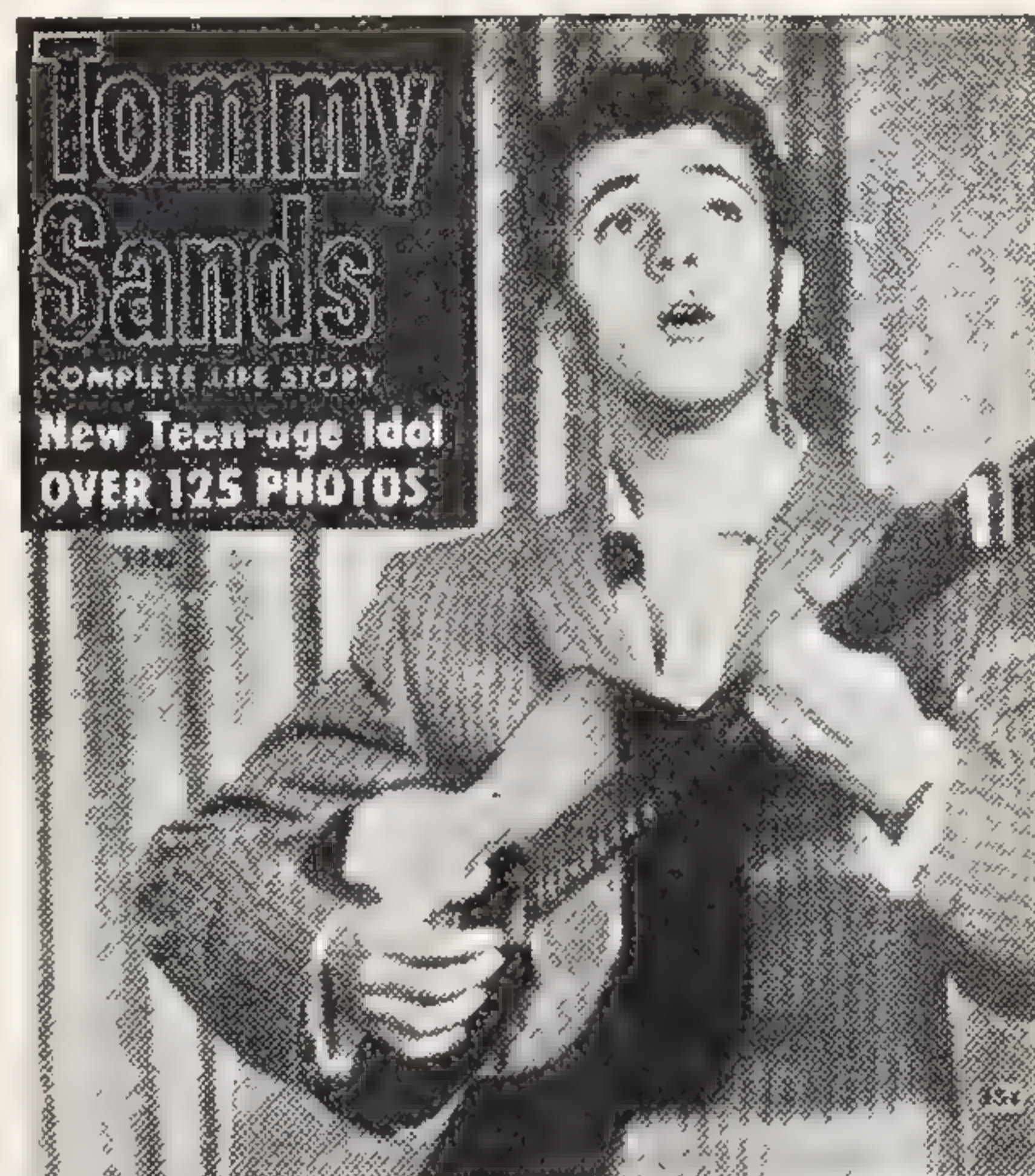
S H E E R M A G I C

by Campana

This creamy liquid beautifier is very quick and easy to use and produces a beautiful effect on your complexion.

39¢ and 79¢ at better drug and all variety stores

is Tommy Sands the new Elvis?



WILL SANDS REPLACE ELVIS PRESLEY?

Now—for the first time—the complete Tommy Sands story.

NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—35c

If your newsdealer has sold out, use this coupon.

BARTH HOUSE, INC.
205 E. 42 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
SIRS:
I ENCLOSE 35c. PLEASE RUSH THE NEW TOMMY SANDS BOOK TO ME.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE.... STATE.....

it, but I feel he *should* take girls out to nice places. Hollywood has made the difference.

Hollywood also demands a lot from a young star. Once, Sal had plenty of spare time. At the present, it seems every minute is crowded. Before my son went into pictures, he would sleep nine or ten hours every night. Now, he sleeps eight. He made "The Young Don't Cry" for Columbia, and "Dino" for Allied Artists, one right after the other. His days are packed—appointments with photographers, magazine writers, studio representatives. At night, he sits up late reading scripts and contracts.

Other things, too, take up his time. Exercising. Entertaining. "I've got to keep developing my body," Sal says. "Mom, have you ever seen Bill Holden or Tony Curtis in bare-chested roles? They look great! I've got to have a good, strong chest. Nobody's going to hire a scrawny kid for a tough part." So every morning, Sal's in the back yard lifting weights, doing push-ups. By the time he's twenty-one, I think he'll have the broadest chest in Hollywood!

Two years ago, a dozen or so luncheons and dinners in restaurants covered Sal's business entertaining. Now, he's more or less obliged to invite his Hollywood associates out once or twice a week. "You're considered a cheapskate if you don't," he's explained to me. But again, that means more hours out of Sal's busy schedule.

Until recently, Sal enjoyed sketching and painting and really was quite good at it. However, this year, he appeared on a tv show in which he experimented with playing the drums. What happened? Sal became so enthusiastic, he dropped his interest in art, and moved a full set of drums into our small living room! He's even taking lessons. Last week, when the house was jumping with rhythm so much that

all my best china was rattling, he just yelled over the racket, "Don't worry, Mom! You never know when I'll need this talent in some picture."

It seems everything about Sal at the moment is directed toward his career. Once, he loved to play baseball. Now, he cares only about water skiing and horseback riding. Yul Brynner taught him the water sport and gave him his first pair of skis. And there's horseback riding. Sal used to ride occasionally in New York, but he's taken it up in a big way in California. He claims every actor should know how to ride well and cites dozens of movies in which the stars have had to leap on a saddle and gallop away. "I want to be ready," he explains, "if some director asks me to ride a horse."

In January, when Sal came back from California, he cornered me and declared, "Mom, I want to buy a new home, a big place we can all be proud of." Well, I know our old house in the Bronx isn't very grand, but it's been comfortable and adequate for a good many years. When I started to protest, Sal stopped me. "No, Mom," he insisted. "I'm making good money. I want you to have a beautiful home. It's the least I can do for you."

An eighteen-year-old talking! Well, we called in an architect and figured out costs. Finally, I agreed to the project if Sal and the family each shared fifty per cent of the price. Construction is now under way and sometime later this fall, we'll have a lovely, new place. It's being built in Pelham Manor, a ten-room, split-level, ranch-style home with a playroom, a large lawn and a swimming pool in the back. I think it'll look every bit as glamorous as anything Sal has seen in California!

Sal hasn't changed in everything. And I'm glad. He still loves good music and is forever toting home new albums. He still

reads his favorite adventure stories and biographies whenever he has the opportunity, just as he enjoys attending hit plays and fine movies. But he's also a great one to roughhouse with his brothers and his pals, playing boyish pranks and cracking jokes. Nothing tickles him more than to sneak unrecognized into a movie theatre with his gang, sit up in the balcony, whistle when the shapely leading lady comes on the screen, shout, "Watch out!" to the hero and hiss the villain.

And Sal's appetite—that hasn't changed, either.

"Mom, what's for supper tonight?" he'll ask.

"I thought maybe you and your brothers would like to eat out," I sometimes suggest.

Then Sal makes a face. "You know I hate to eat out!"

"How about a pizza?"

Sal smiles from ear to ear. "Wonderful!"

He still seems to prefer my Italian cooking to anything he can get in a restaurant. His favorite menu, particularly for a Sunday-night snack, consists of vegetable soup, a piping hot pizza, salad, fruit and coffee. When he's finished with that, he always leans back and grins, "You're the best cook in the world!"

I guess, above everything, I'm most pleased that Sal continues to attend church regularly. I believe he has the most sincere sense of gratitude for the success and happiness he's received. Quite a few years ago, I gave Sal a little medal. Even in the roughest movie scenes he plays, I've often caught sight of that medal dangling around his neck. I don't think he ever takes it off. I don't think he ever will. Things like this mean a lot to a mother.

Yes, Hollywood has changed my son. But not in any way to give me a single gray hair! THE END

DON'T SELL NATALIE SHORT

(continued from page 53)

only accomplished the difficult transition from child actress to top star, she has become one of the most controversial personalities in the film colony. Her numerous boy friends, her hectic "romance" with Elvis Presley, her flamboyant behavior, her flashy cars, her minks, have brought down a deluge of criticism upon her pretty little head.

"Natalie Wood?" sniffed a well-known actress. "No, I don't think she'll be able to take stardom."

But director Nick Ray said recently, "Don't sell this girl short. There's a lot more to her than you'll see in the beginning."

"To my surprise," said Marsha Hunt, "she turned out to be utterly professional while we were working together."

"Natalie acts girlish and goofy sometimes," said a close friend, "but when she's got something important to do—important to her—nothing stops her. *Nothing*. Her ambition is almost frightening."

These three people who spoke in her favor know Natalie well. Nick Ray directed Natalie in "Rebel Without A Cause," the picture that marked her emergence from pigtail parts. Marsha Hunt appeared with her in Warner's recent "No Sleep Till Dawn." The third girl, who prefers to remain nameless, has been one of her closest friends for three years.

All three are in agreement on one point: the question of whether or not Natalie can cope with stardom is all but

academic—in the mind of Natalie Wood.

"When Natalie wants something, she gets it," says Bob Wagner, one of her steady escorts.

The truth of that is borne out by Natalie's campaign to get the part of *Marjorie Morningstar*. More than a year ago, when she heard that Warners' had bought the book, she went out to a bookstore and got a copy for herself. By the time she read the description of the heroine—a small, fragile, dark-haired girl with luminous eyes—she knew she was physically perfect for the role. It was then that her campaign began to roll. She had to come to New York a couple of times in the summer of 1956 to make personal appearances for two of her pictures, "The Burning Hills" and "The Girl He Left Behind."

During those visits, she sometimes would vanish off the face of the earth in the afternoons. The publicity people assigned to escort her were frantic. They couldn't imagine where she was going. And when they asked her about it, she would say nothing.

Natalie actually spent the time wandering around the streets of New York's Upper West Side, the scene of Marjorie's young girlhood. She went into stores and supermarkets, minding her own business but listening carefully to the people's speech and watching their mannerisms.

Back in Hollywood, she read the book again with new understanding. Then she began to practice Marjorie's mannerisms in her conversation with friends. "Some of us," said Wagner later, "got pretty sick of it. 'Lay off the Marjorie bit, will you, Nat?' we used to say."

Natalie refused to stop. "I'm going to be Marjorie," she said to friends, "wait and see."

She achieved an astonishing transformation. The old gamin haircut gave way to longer curls. She acquired a New York accent. She rattled off sentences that were, in their own way, as perfectly imitative of Upper West-Sidese as Carroll Baker's Southern accent was perfect in "Baby Doll."

Thus it came as no surprise to anyone when Natalie finally was picked for the part. It was no surprise to Natalie, either. "There isn't any doubt in Natalie's mind but that this part will be the one that will make her one of the greatest stars of all time," says a young man who has taken her out frequently. "The only thing that's ever bothered her about stardom is—*when?*"

Certainly few people in Hollywood ever have appeared so bound, driven, dead-set and determined upon making a mark. "Natalie would do anything for publicity," one of her critics has remarked.

So it would appear, at first glance. Last October, a columnist commented on her as follows:

"HOLLYWOOD IS TALKING ABOUT: The way Natalie Wood gets into every act where she can be sure of some publicity, even posing with a California college boy 'kidnapped' by his classmates."

A few weeks before, Natalie had been on a plane bound for New York. Also aboard was a college boy who had been forced to make the trip by some of his pals as part of a fraternity initiation. At the New York airport, reporters were waiting for the victim. When they spotted Natalie walking off the same plane they commandeered her. She was obliging and kissed the boy for the photographers; next morning her picture was all over the New York papers.

"I just happened to be there," she heat-

edly said later. "I never saw the boy before, and I haven't seen him since. I didn't 'plant' him on the plane. I didn't even know who he was or how he happened to be there until we landed at the airport and some photographers introduced us and asked me to pose with him. I was only trying to be pleasant and cooperative but the columnists made it look like the whole thing was an elaborate plot staged by me to get myself in the papers."

It would appear that Natalie is the sort of person who just seems to gravitate unintentionally toward newsprint. Her widely renowned romance with Elvis Presley began as an honest mutual attraction between two young people. Could Natalie help it if the wire services from coast to coast echoed with the stories? Natalie was very sincere in her friendship with Elvis. As to its publicity value to her, she dismissed it with a shrug and a "who needs it?"

"This boy," she said, "makes me feel like a little girl." Her eyes were wide, and she sighed gently as she said it. It was very effective. For a while people were convinced that Love Had Come At Last to Natalie.

Then, abruptly, the romance was no more. Elvis was out with others; so was Natalie. In Hollywood in April, she told friends she had been forced to give him up because of the publicity. She said this with a straight face, and they believed she meant it. But probably she enjoyed the publicity while it lasted. Because in April she was gadding about with Nicky Hilton, who has never been noted for his ability to keep off the front pages.

"Nicky," she said, "is sweet."

But more interesting than whether or not Nicky Hilton Will Find True Love is what makes Natalie Wood tick and whether or not she is going to find personal happiness along with artistic success and if so, how she is going to do it.

Some of the answers to these questions are supplied by a friend who has known Natalie for more than a year. "I am occasionally appalled by her behavior," he says, "and sometimes bewildered by it, but I am completely fond of her. Under that bright little face is an interesting, if immature, mind. When I first met her, I was bored. She impressed me as another mass-produced Hollywood star, brittle as a plastic toy, with the emotions of a wind-up doll. Then, after an hour or so, some of the coating began to fall away, and after two hours, I became genuinely interested in her. As a person, she shouldn't be underestimated."

For another thing, Natalie possesses notable courage and candor. She does do many things for the sake of publicity. She does whatever her studio asks her to do for this reason. But she is not so overwhelmingly sold on the worth of publicity as to let false reports about her go uncorrected.

For example, one day last year, a columnist printed an item saying that Natalie had gone out to dinner with John Ireland, who at the time had just separated from his wife, Joanne Dru. The facts were that Natalie had been out for the evening with one of her regular escorts, Dennis Hopper, and another couple, and that Ireland had joined the party briefly. Natalie says, "I was furious. John Ireland! I'd never even met him until that evening. I called the writer. I told her it wasn't true. 'It's libelous,' I said, and I carried on for about an hour. Finally, she was as angry at the man who gave her the item as I was—he was a press agent for the restaurant."

Most young actresses comport themselves in interviews as though they are walking on eggs. But Natalie is frank and she is refreshing for that reason alone.



NATIONAL BELLAS HESS FALL & WINTER CATALOG

Bargains Galore for You and Your Family

See hundreds of smart fall fashions in glowing colors. Designed in New York and Hollywood, style capitals of the world. Select from an exciting array of dresses, coats, shoes and accessories . . . fine home items . . . all first quality and offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere!

Shop by mail, and join the millions who save by buying regularly from the bright colorful National Bellas Hess Catalogs. Your choice of three convenient ways to buy: CASH, C.O.D. or CREDIT. Everything in our catalog is absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not delighted. Our 69th year.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS
247-88 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, the new National Bellas Hess Money-Saving Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Here's the easiest way to make extra money in spare time! Just turn the pages of our handy album and 41 beautiful new Christmas Cards spring to life! Friends buy on sight. New **MAGICOLOR** cards pay you \$65 profit on 65 boxes. Big variety of personalized cards, \$1.00 assortments, novel gifts. Profits to 100% plus extra cash bonus. **24-hour service.** Write for **FREE** Album, and samples on approval, plus **FREE** Gift Offer. **SOUTHERN GREETINGS, Dept. 31-D**
478 N. Hollywood - Memphis 12, Tenn.



FREE! Art Talent Test

Find out, free, if you have talent worth training for a commercial art career. Take simple Art Talent Test at home. Devised by professional artists. Contributed without obligation by world's largest home study art school. Forty years' art teaching experience. Mail coupon today.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 7397
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please send me your Talent Test, without cost or obligation. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

County _____ Occupation _____

A young actor friend of Natalie's recalls an incident that points up her frankness. "Natalie was only fifteen," he said, "and we were going out on a date. I said, 'Where do you want to go?' She looked at me and said, 'Look here, I'm tired of saying where I want to go. If you don't make up our minds for us, I'm never going out with you again.'"

There is another quality about her that stands out—her strength. In the eyes of some of her friends, the dominant aspect of her personality is her capability and her almost masculine will.

"This girl," says Barbara Gould, a young actress who appeared briefly in "The Girl Can't Help It" and who is currently working at 20th Century-Fox, "does *everything* by herself. She takes charge of any situation she happens to be in. Once we were going to Mexico on a holiday. I dreaded it—I didn't know Natalie very well then, and I was sure all the arrangements would be up to me. I was very much mistaken.

"Natalie did *everything*. She was so efficient, I could hardly believe it. And she's like that all the time. She handles herself and her entire family like a woman three times her age. She is so capable in any situation, it's astonishing."

Natalie has been the major factor in the support of her family since she first became a child star in pictures. "Not only that," another friend adds, "but Natalie *runs* that family. She is the boss. The publicity people give the impression that she is just a starry-eyed, wide-eyed teenager, but actually she has the acumen of a diplomat and the financial mind of a Univac machine."

That is not quite true. Natalie is actually rather casual about her personal finances. She frequently is caught without mad money. At other times, she becomes extravagant, as she admits frankly. "I go on these great kicks," she said one afternoon. "Whatever I like, that's what I do. For a while, everything in my life was horses. I even wanted to be a veterinarian. Before that it was ballet—I was determined to be the greatest dancer in the whole world. Then, for a while there, I was on a pink kick. Everything in my life was pink—my clothes, the drapes and the bedspread and the rug in my room, even a pink poodle. Now it's all black. I wear black all the time. I don't know what it is about me that makes me want to go the whole way. At eight, I knew more about horses than most racehorse owners; at ten, more about ballet than most dance directors. Whatever I do, I do it completely. I'm not satisfied with a little."

"Does that include sex, too?"

She laughed. "I discovered sex at the age of three."

That isn't quite true. Actually, she was thirteen when she began going out with boys. Her parents protested her wearing lipstick and silk stockings, but she was determined to act grown-up off the screen. Her first date—she doesn't remember the boy's name—was with a young college student who drove her from her family's house down the street to a drugstore, where they had an ice cream soda. Come to think of it, her first date was a good deal like her present dates. She still likes sodas, and seldom if ever has a drink of anything stronger. "Why drink? If I drink, I'm bound to feel bad and I won't be able to work the next day. If I don't work, I'll be unhappy—and look at the money I'll lose for the studio, not to say myself!"

This businesslike attitude is quite typical. In all business matters, she displays a shrewdness that amazes people who have been with her when she has been

caught without any walk-around money. Last October, dining with a friend, she said she was considering changing her representative and becoming the client of a new agency. She had been dissatisfied with the way her agent had been handling her affairs. Now, this is a chronic occupational disease that afflicts all Hollywood actors and actresses at one time or another, but it was especially important to Natalie because at the time she felt she was on the verge of several important decisions and she wanted a sharp, shrewd bargainer working for her.

"I don't know why she thinks she needs an agent," one acquaintance said. "She's her own agent. When she's bargaining, she can be as tough as Irving Lazar." (Irving Paul Lazar is perhaps the most successful literary agent in Hollywood, a man known for the fabulous prices he demands from studios for his clients.)

Another acquaintance says Natalie always gets what she wants. With that surprising candor of hers, she allows the truth of this statement. "I never had an allowance," she has said, "but I always got whatever I wanted. At eight, I got a typewriter as a present for finishing a picture. At nine, I wanted a microscope, and I got that. Then I wanted a pogo stick, and I got that." She paused, and some of the determination came through. "But," she said, "it was *my* money."

Still, there is a paradoxically meek side to her nature. In her relations with her parents she often seems like a typical teenager. Her mother frequently waits up for her to get in at night and, on a date, when the evening begins to wane, Natalie glances frequently at her watch. "I don't like to worry my mother," she says, "she might be waiting up." Such times provide the only opportunities she and her mother ever get to talk. Usually Natalie is out of the house early in the morning and stays away all day long. Her life is a full one. When she is not actually working on a picture, she is reading scripts or going off to interviews with directors or studying, studying, studying. And when she is not working or studying, she is carrying on a social life that would make the Duchess of Windsor's engagement calendar seem barren.

Natalie has been on dates, during the past few years, with virtually every eligible male in Hollywood, young or old, successful or aspiring, brilliant or tiresome. Her mother has not always approved of her choice of escorts. Nor has the studio. That has made little difference to Natalie, who since a tender age has been living a life that is almost exclusively her own.

Or so she would like to think. In many ways she is a rebel without a cause. She has not yet found out what satisfies and rewards her personally. In this respect she resembles millions of her contemporaries all over the world. Marsha Hunt has said, "She's terribly sure she won't 'get it all done' before she's twenty," and in that statement may lie the clue to Natalie's personality at present. She is still far from grown up; she has the same self-doubts and anxieties that badger all teenaged girls—and on top of those, she has a terrible earnestness about her career, a dedication that gives her very little time for serious introspection.

"Sometimes I think I understand myself, sometimes I don't," she confided to a friend one day. "For the past couple of months I've been trying to find out what it is I really want—and I'm more confused than ever. It's this way—one week I hate Hollywood and the phony life here, and the parts I play, and the people I go out with and even the palm

trees and the sunshine. I think I'll die if I don't get out of it.

"Then something will happen—I'll get a new part, or meet a new boy, or something else nice will occur and bingo! I love Hollywood, I love the people, I even love the smog."

She paused. "I don't know which side is the real side. I don't know which me is me. Sometimes I want to chuck my movie career and go and work on the New York stage. That might be more satisfying. And yet I like the idea of being Natalie Wood, the movie star. It's really fun. I don't know if I would enjoy being a nobody in a bit part on the New York stage."

Natalie had been offered the part of the young girl in "The Diary of Anne Frank," the Broadway hit play. She wanted it very badly but her movie contract made it impossible for her to accept. Susan Strasberg won the role, and Natalie had been deeply disappointed (but she is hoping to have a crack at the part when the film is made).

"As I see it, the main thing I have to find out now is what every young girl has to find out—what satisfies me and makes me happiest. Maybe it's working in pictures, maybe it's doing something else. Maybe—although I doubt it—it isn't acting at all.

"Meanwhile, I'm restless, moody, and unhappy . . . well, part of the time, anyhow."

Despite her inner torments, Natalie is certain of one thing. Right now, she is planning to be the best actress she can be. On the set of "No Sleep Till Dawn" she won the respect and admiration of such seasoned performers as Karl Malden and Marsha Hunt by her professional behavior. "She was always letter-perfect in her lines," Marsha recalls, "and she was always on time and ready. She went through all the scenes as though she had been acting all her life—which, come to think of it, she has."

Malden said, "She's a fine young actress. I enjoyed working with her."

People have been saying that about her since she was small. The first person who said it was Irving Pichel, the director, who discovered her when she was four and living in Santa Rosa, California. Actually, Natalie discovered Pichel. The director was there on location, making a movie called "Happyland" with Ann Rutherford and Don Ameche. Natalie's mother went to watch the shooting one day and took Natalie along. While the mother was absorbed, Natalie went off by herself.

"I always used to do that," she says. "I don't know why. I always made friends with strangers, on trolley cars, in department stores, everywhere. It's a wonder I wasn't kidnapped or something."

Some sixth sense must have prompted her to make friends with Pichel. She walked right up to him, climbed up on his knee, and began telling him a story and sang a song. Pichel was entranced. He thought she was the most appealing child he had ever seen, and told her mother so. "I will find a little part for her in the picture," he said.

Natalie's mother was dubious, and that night, when her father heard about it, he was even more dubious. He was not certain he wanted the child in a picture. The only one who had no doubt whatever about what she wanted was Natalie. She begged and pleaded and even began to cry and kick and scream. She got her way.

Watch for the second and last part of Natalie Wood's exciting life story in September Photoplay, on sale August 6.

GEORGE NADER

(continued from page 43)

group of dogs and horses modeled in clay, marbles and more marbles, three skull caps with bottle tops riveted on them and a rock collection with a sprinkling of dried lizards!

Memories are made of such stuff as this, and that garage incident was a reminder that time and maturity have wrought many changes for my son, George Nader, Jr. Today he is the man we visualized when we inherited the responsibilities of parenthood—meaning the care and concern that he'd have to survive when put on his own without discrediting himself. We tried to raise a gentleman. We think we did.

Until his college plays we never expected George to be an actor. I don't think he planned on it. He was more interested in writing short stories, and I still wish that at least one story could have been printed for the public. Looking back, I suppose there was an early indication that George was destined to act. I remember an incident when he was about three. We had gone on a family picnic and returned home, happy but exhausted.

His mother finally succeeded in getting George through the business of his nightly bath. But when it came time for us to hear his prayers, he was obviously bored with the same old routine and came up with a new twist. By drawing his lip back over his teeth, he created an illusion of a toothless old man and piously recited, "Now I lay me down to sleep!" An act like this sprung at the end of a pretty hectic day was too much. Before we burst with laughter—we hurriedly left the room!

This last Easter, George invited sixteen members of our large family over to his new house in Sherman Oaks. During the conversation one of his aunts remarked: "It doesn't amaze me so much that George has become an actor—it amazes me that he lived to become an actor!" This started us all recalling the different children in the family and the scrapes they'd gotten into. George outdid them all in the childhood art of "living dangerously."

From the beginning, instead of walking he always ran. It's still a characteristic today, which accounts for his going after and getting anything he needs and wants. I recall a Sunday at his grandmother's house when dinner was announced. George was playing tag with his cousins. The playing ended abruptly when he did a sensational but unscheduled skid and nose-dive from a stair landing—smack into the very center of the dining room table! Although his mother began as the type who faints at the sight of blood, she ended up more expert at bandages than the average doctor or nurse.

Being an only child, George had to be kept busy to stay out of trouble, we realized. So we tried to give him every advantage we could afford. When we found he liked the piano, he took piano lessons, and with coaxing he will still sit down and play a duet with his mother. George took to making puppets in grammar school; he

Now—so easy to be a blonde again!

Actually simpler than setting your hair!

If your hair was born to be blonde—and isn't—or if you're a brunette with blonde ambitions, Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is for you. It's a home hair-lightener designed to bring out all the hidden gold in your hair...make you as blonde as you were born to be.

Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use; simpler, in fact, than setting your hair. No messy mixing. No complicated testing. No worrisome timing. And Light and Bright gives you genuine "color control"!

Light and Bright works so gently, so gradually, you don't have to worry about getting too blonde too fast. Each time you use Light and Bright your hair gets a little lighter,

a little brighter. When you reach just the color you want, you stop.

Light and Bright contains no ammonia. It's formulated with a special built-in conditioner. Wonderful, the way Light and Bright makes you a true, *natural-looking* blonde again...with lovely shining-soft hair! And once this gentle home brightener has brought to light your real bloneness that mousey look is gone for keeps. Your new golden look won't wash out, won't fade. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only \$1.50 plus tax for Light and Bright at cosmetic counters.



Play Right Away!

ANY INSTRUMENT

Now it's EASY to learn ANY INSTRUMENT—even if you don't know a single note now. No boring exercises. You play delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY—from very first lesson! Properly—by note. Simple as A-B-C. You make amazing progress—at home, in spare time, without teacher. Only few cents per lesson. 900,000 STUDENTS, including Lawrence Welk.

FREE BOOK Shows how easy it is to learn music this modern way. Write for it. No obligation: no salesman will call upon you. U. S. School of Music, Studio A208, Port Washington, N. Y. (59th successful year).

Hair Elegance For You...

Sta-Rite Cushion Tip

"WORLD'S SMOOTHEST BOBBY PIN"

Give your hair the sophisticated look by using Sta-Rite Cushion Tip...the bobby pin that won't pull on the hair or hurt the head. Sold at all beauty aid counters. Send 10c for hair styling charts...authentic techniques of famous hair stylists.

STA-RITE Ginnie Lou, Inc. Shelbyville, Illinois

FREE! Large Studio Portraits Of Any of These Favorite Movie, Radio, TV, and Recording STARS!!

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Tab Hunter | Sal Mineo |
| Elizabeth Taylor | Rusty Tamblyn |
| Marlon Brando | Eddie Fisher |
| James Dean | Grace Kelly |
| George Nader | Rock Hudson |
| Natalie Wood | Doris Day |
| Tony Curtis | Guy Madison |
| Audie Murphy | Marilyn Monroe |
| Pat Boone | Elvis Presley |
| Richard Egan | Rory Calhoun |
| Bill Campbell | Robert Wagner |
| Theresa Brewer | Hugh O'Brian |
| | John Derek |
| | Roy Rogers |
| | Kim Novak |
| | Debbie Reynolds |
| | Perry Como |
| | John Saxon |
| | Jeff Chandler |
| | John Wayne |

FRECKLES

Do freckles prevent you from being beautiful? Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream today. It gently lightens and leaves the skin smooth, soft and clearer. It is more than a freckle cream. Thousands of girls, women and men all over the world have used it for years. A good complexion always adds a charm to your personality.



Write for free "Time for Beauty," the new booklet with many beauty suggestions.

THE STILLMAN CO.
DEPT. 84, AURORA, ILLINOIS

On Our Cover
Next Month
TOMMY SANDS

PLUS! FREE Catalog, listing over 1000 Stars! Just send us the names of your favorite stars. Be sure to enclose 10c for postage and handling of EACH photo that you order. Limit 10 to a customer. **STUDIO PHOTOS** Dept. 187 Box 36631, Hollywood 36, Calif.

NEW RELEASES!

- ★ Tim Considine
- ★ Clint Walker
- ★ Pat Wayne
- ★ Paul Newman
- ★ Ben Cooper
- ★ Jeff Hunter
- ★ Tommy Sands
- ★ Tony Perkins
- ★ Sammy Ogg
- ★ Billy Gray

liked chemistry in high school; so we bought him a chemistry set. Later on, when he became interested in photography, we managed a darkroom and equipment so that he could pursue this hobby to his heart's content.

If we made a promise, we always fulfilled that promise. As a result, George always knew where he stood. Parents have to be careful never to break a promise, because this mistake is heartbreaking to a child. George never had to surmount domestic problems. Our home was always open day and night for his friends, and there were snacks in the icebox and bottles of pop. We treated our son like an adult from the time he could reason. At high-school age he was given his own latchkey, so that he could come and go as he pleased. By putting him on his own, we believed he'd survive if he got into scrapes. If he did, we never knew, because he never came home running. We still wouldn't know, because George has his own quiet but forceful way of working things out. He refuses to burden or bore others with what concerns him.

It always pleases us when people comment on George's adaptability and his easy manner with everyone, including strangers. This served him well during his stretch in the Navy. For an actor especially, it's a most important asset. George has always liked to share with others. While we were glad he was growing up with what you might call "a highly developed social instinct," there were times when he carried it a bit too far.

Times like playing in a muddy creek with friends, then bringing them all into the house all dripping with mud and insisting upon them using his mother's dainty guest towels. Other times when he emptied the contents of his piggy bank, to treat the neighborhood kids of all ages at the candy store. At moments like this, his mother and I were left with the vague feeling that we hadn't quite gotten the message of thrift, as such, over to him!

Although George was an actor eight years before he signed with Universal-International, he has never been driven by impatience or frustration. As a result, he's been able to keep a sane perspective, and the coordination of his maturity is beginning to pay off today. Maybe it's taken a little longer, but he can play any role within his physical limitations and be thoroughly convincing, too. George knows this, but he is *not* conceited. He is self-confident, and that's quite different. It's very heartwarming to witness the faith he has in his

own future, and his enthusiasm about his current work in "Flood Tide" and "The Female Animal."

It's true that we've lived here for many years, but we've never had any curiosity about Hollywood. Naturally we'd be there in a flash if George needed us, but until we visited the "Joe Butterfly" set recently, we had never set foot on a sound stage or lunched in the studio commissary. I don't believe, therefore, that I am qualified to judge any actor but my own son.

But I would like, if I may, to venture an opinion. Those actors who bid for attention with unorthodox dress and defiant attitude must be devoid of humor. We've always tried to have a sense of humor about life and look on the positive side of things. Both my wife and I feel that dwelling on gloom, misfortune or past unhappiness is merely time wasted. Throughout the years I've been happy to see that George thinks along these lines, and I know it's saved him from much unnecessary anguish. With the many pressures of his career, it helps to be able to look on the bright side.

There was a time, for example, when my wife was to have a very serious operation. George was living at the beach, a spot where he developed his love for swimming, which was the chief means of building up his muscular body. He was extremely tanned and bleached to a tow-head by the sun and salt water. In his haste to get to the hospital, he didn't stop to shave, he wore faded dungarees and a red and orange striped beach shirt. His mother made mild comment.

The second morning following the operation, George appeared at the hospital impeccably dressed in his new tuxedo. He held a bunch of flowers under one arm and a box of candy under the other. At sight of him his mother's near hysterical laughter made the nurse throw him out immediately. When she was out of danger and a little stronger, my wife said to me: "That visit from George was better than any medicine. His wonderful humor made me feel that all was right with the world again!"

I could recite endless incidents when George chose to apply humor instead of rancor. Although we were far from rich, it wasn't necessary for George to work his way through college. We saved for that. But my theory was that he should work for extras, like his first car when he was a freshman at Occidental. He clerked in a grocery store to pay for it. Then there was that time he got a job at Bullock's, to

earn money for Christmas presents.

There were and are two things that bore George. Mathematics—and wearing hats. From the beginning he almost refused to learn anything about Math, and, like most younger Californians, he wouldn't be caught dead in a hat. Bullock's regulations insisted that all sales persons must wear head gear. With his God-given aptitude for accepting that which cannot be changed, George merely borrowed my very formal-looking Homburg—which was a couple of sizes too small for him! With a twinkle in his eyes, he would gravely place it on top of his head just before entering and leaving the store.

Generally speaking, George may give the impression of being a passive person. But he's capable of kicking up a storm after weighing the issue against the results and deciding whether a fight would be worthwhile. After he had enlisted in the Navy, they allowed him to graduate from college. Then they gave him another year of communications training at Harvard and he went right into active service from there. I never heard him complain, because it was his duty and expected of him. George has retained this same direct and realistic approach to anything he undertakes.

Naturally we would like to see George surrounded by his own family. The reasons are obvious. Besides, while he can do almost anything, he can't darn socks! Seriously, knowing George as only a father can know a son, I know he'll marry the right person at the right time. He'll make a wonderful husband, too. Love of home is instilled in him deep. Simple things like good old-fashioned "sings" appeal to him; he enjoys canned soup as much as pheasant under glass; and his sense of responsibility has the strength of Gibraltar.

The first time we saw George in a picture, he was with Jeanne Crain in "Take Care of My Little Girl." If anyone expected me to rave, they were mistaken. George didn't have enough to do to rave about, but I am indeed proud of what I see up there on the screen today. You know, when he became an actor, George said he was going to keep his name. This was fine with me, except I wasn't about to change mine! So I had to learn the hard way *not* to say, "This is George Nader" in making business calls. It always started a chain reaction.

I remember particularly well one incident of this kind that happened when I had a business appointment with a man at his home one day. When I walked into the living room, his teen-age daughter was standing at the phonograph, going over her record collection.

I said, "Hello. I'm George Nader." Her head shot up, and she covered the distance between me and the phonograph in one bound, face flushed, eyes gleaming eagerly. Then she stopped short, looked me over, and drooped visibly.

"You must be mistaken," she sighed disappointedly. "George Nader is a movie star!"

"I'm aware of that," I answered. "Our names happen to be alike."

"Oh," she said. "Please sit down. My father will be here in a minute." And with that, she went back to her records.

"By the way," I asked casually, "how do you like the actor, George Nader?"

She straightened up, and rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. A dreamy, faraway look came over her face. For a moment, I wasn't quite sure whether she'd heard me, or this was an entranced state caused by the latest calypso record.

Then she sighed deeply and breathed softly, "He's the most!"

George's old man got a great kick out of that, I can tell you. THE END



This photo of George Nader's mother and dad, lunching with him in the U-I commissary, is a rare one. They make it a rule to try to stay out of the spotlight

WATCH THIS MAN!

(continued from page 50)

clicked, the bulb flashed—and Tony lashed out with a powerful kick that sent the camera flying. The fracas that followed was broken up by two passing policemen. Tony was taken to the police station.

He was charged with battery, and pleaded guilty. Two other charges, of malicious mischief and disturbing the peace, were dropped. Up for sentencing, Tony was confronted with his past record—a conviction for petty theft and two drunk arrests. He burst into tears.

"Your honor," he sobbed, "I don't know if robbery is the right word. Maybe you won't believe it in this day and age, but I was hungry . . . I took a sewing machine from a theater in San Francisco where I worked . . . I wanted to hock it and get some money. It was Christmas time . . . I had the idea of some day returning it, but I got caught."

The judge delayed sentencing. "I had intended to grant summary probation in this case," he said. "However, disclosure of the defendant's past activities places an entirely different light on matters."

For Anthony Franciosa this statement did, indeed, put a different light on matters. At the same time as he was sobbing out the story of his past in court, he was being hailed as the greatest acting find in years, and an electrifying new personality, as a result of his work in a very difficult role in 20th's "A Hatful of Rain."

Now his triumph had a bitter taste, as a result of outbursts, past and present, that he was unable to control. Why? What was there in him that made him in one moment the epitome of charm, in the next an immensely talented, serious actor, and in the next, the person one of his closest friends sums up with a shake of the head and the words, "Wild, wild, wild?"

At first meeting, Tony Franciosa doesn't strike you as being an explosive, or even a highly colorful personality. His approach is direct and intimate, buttered with warm Italian smiles. Yet just beneath the surface lies that inner disturbance that may break out in tearing up a telephone book—or attacking a photographer. Perhaps, behind this side of Tony can be found some hidden fears and guilts that cause him to lash out at a world that has been very kind to him, a world that he tries very hard to understand. Perhaps this is the clash of a very gifted, too-sensitive individual against the harsh reality of that world. He is a man searching to find himself. And, in the past, that search has not been easy.

Tony, whose real name is Anthony Papaleo, was brought up in New York's East Harlem district, one of the city's many little neighborhoods. Like all people who came from Italy, Tony's family left it physically, but not spiritually. They brought the true feeling of the old country with them and they instilled that way of life in the hearts of their American-born children.

He was raised by his mother and two aunts, in the friendly seven-room apartment in the three-story building where he was born. An uncle and his grandparents shared the apartment, and there was always plenty of activity in the Papaleo-Franciosa household, much laughter, sometimes tears which all shared. Often his mother's sister who lived across the street with her seven children would join them for what Tony calls "A Franciosa Feast."

The neighborhood was tough enough to teach Tony that he had to be able to defend himself, often with his fists. Many times, he got his ears boxed by the older kids for stepping out of line. He always

promised himself to get back at them. But such experiences left no bitterness.

"My childhood was one big laugh," Tony says. "As I look back on it, I think I constantly laughed and had a good time and really enjoyed myself. Actually, one of my big problems in school was that I'd usually get hit by my teacher for being devilish. 'What did I do?' I'd say. 'I didn't do anything. I was just having a good time,' I'd say." He still honestly believes that man's most noble virtue is the ability to have a good time.

With his highly developed flair for enjoying life, there was little room left for school studies. Except for basketball and photography, Tony wasn't enthusiastic about school, to put it mildly.

When he finally emerged from the galling confines of the halls of learning, he was a big, happy hulk of high spirits and animal energy with no place to go. Until then, his most exciting excursion into the great world outside East Harlem had been a visit to Times Square at the age of thirteen. So he made a beeline for the Great White Way and all its glories.

It didn't turn out to be very glorious. After irksome stints in the Times Square environs as messenger boy and dishwasher, he turned to more lucrative—but just as irksome—jobs as an awning installer, printer's "devil," and welder. He soon had enough of that. So off he went to see the world, as a steward on the S. S. *President Cleveland*. But alas, a steward's life was not what it's cracked up to be. He saw the sights of Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan and China through a dirty porthole.

Back in New York, restless and at loose ends, Tony found his way into the theater quite by accident. One night he joined a friend who was going to investigate the possibilities of getting a part in a YWCA play that was being produced. While at the auditions, calamity-prone Tony was talked into taking a part in the play.

For the first time in his life, a strange feeling of inadequacy began to set in during the first rehearsals. He noticed the other actors seemed to know what they were doing, but he didn't. Not only had he never seen a play before, he had never even been in a theater. He decided to find out what this acting was all about.

He bought a ticket to see Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The dynamic Mr. Ferrer entranced him completely. It was the most thrilling night in Tony's life.

From then on Tony went to the theater alone. It was a special thing, going to see a play, and he didn't want anyone to break the spell for him. The night he saw Judith Anderson in "Medea," he was so strongly affected that he ripped his handkerchief to shreds. After he left the theater, he walked for three hours before going home, thinking about the greatness and power he had just witnessed. The theater did something to Tony that nothing else could do, and it frightened him a little.

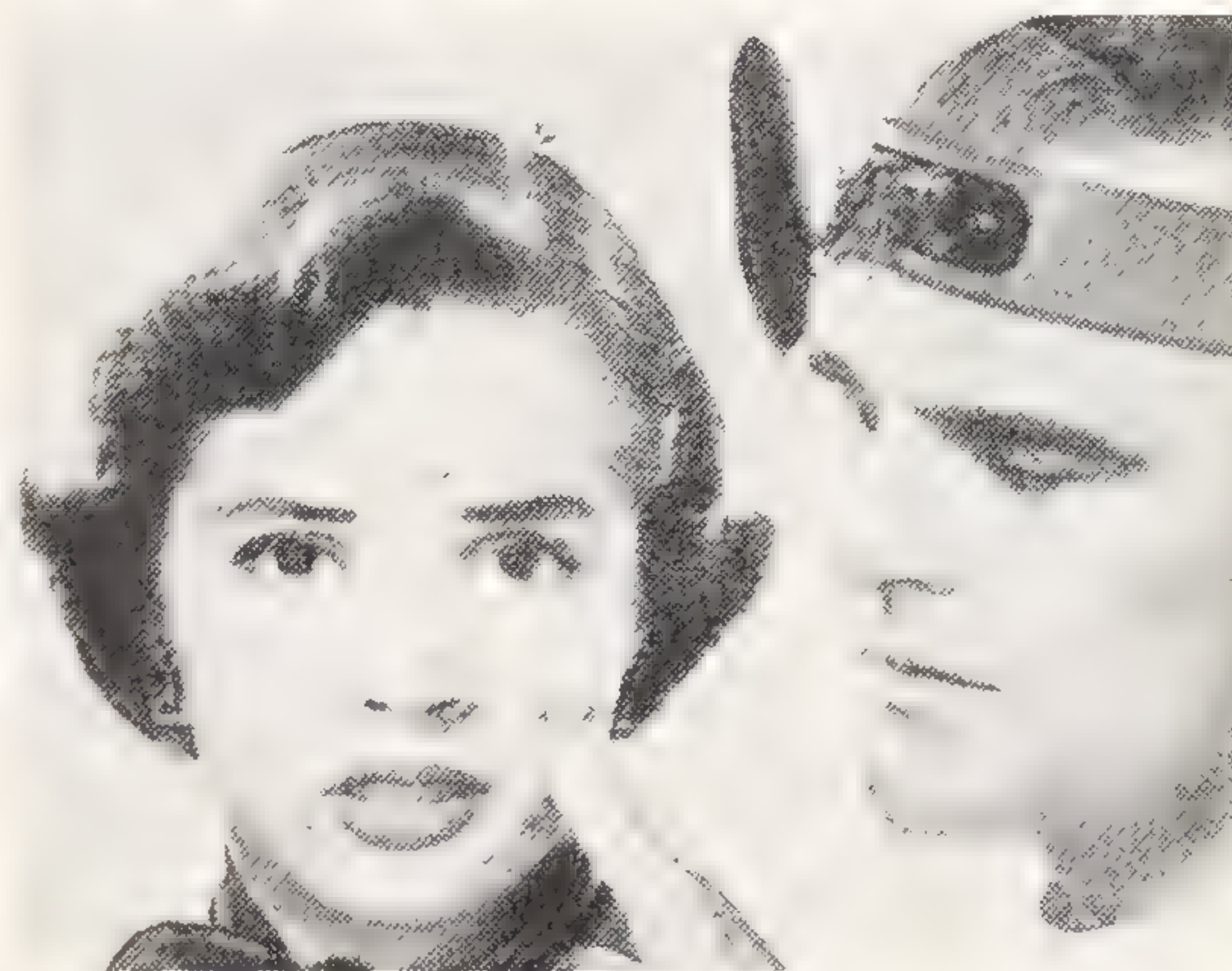
His family couldn't see him as an actor at all. Undaunted, Tony began to study with a dramatic coach and joined Off-Broadway, Inc., a group dedicated to experimenting with plays and actors. Then, as a result of his performance in the off-Broadway production of Gertrude Stein's "Yes, Is for a Very Young Man," Tony was awarded a four-year scholarship to Irving Piscator's Dramatic Workshop. With the scholarship for ammunition, he broke the happy news to his family. With typical Italian warmth, they immediately whipped up another huge "Franciosa Feast" to celebrate.

Although his family was now filled with faith in his theatrical future, Tony found it hard to share their sentiments. Feeling that old inadequacy again, and realizing that he had missed a great deal in terms

New! Clearasil Medication

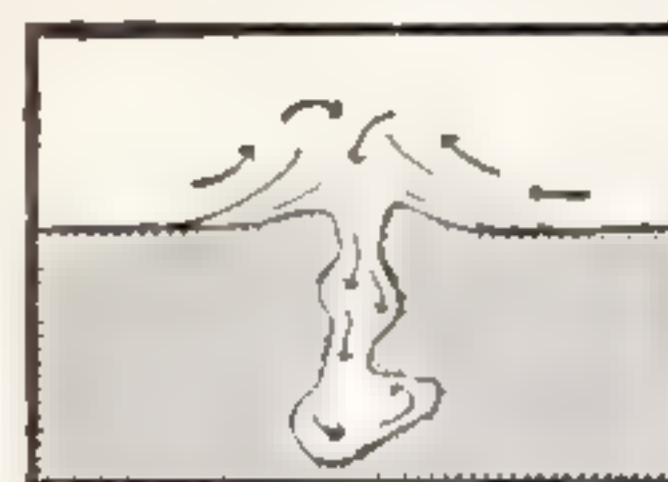
'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

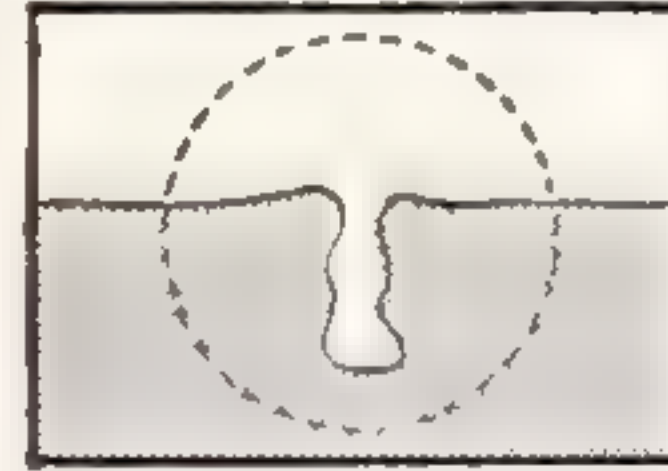


At last! A new-type greaseless medication especially for pimples that really works . . . as proved in skin specialists' tests on 202 patients. 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

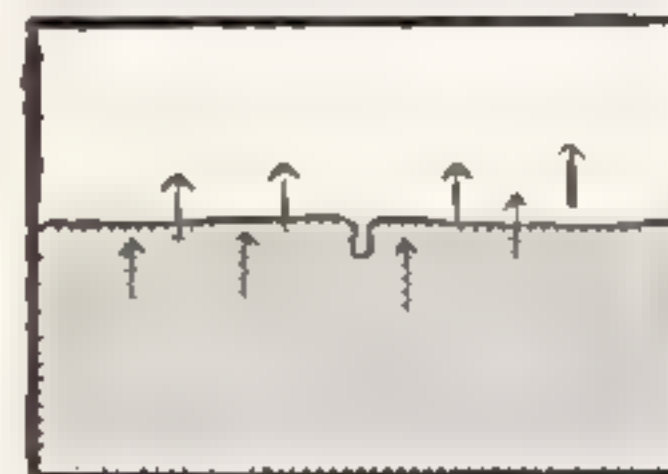
3 MEDICAL ACTIONS WORK FAST



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . kera-tolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

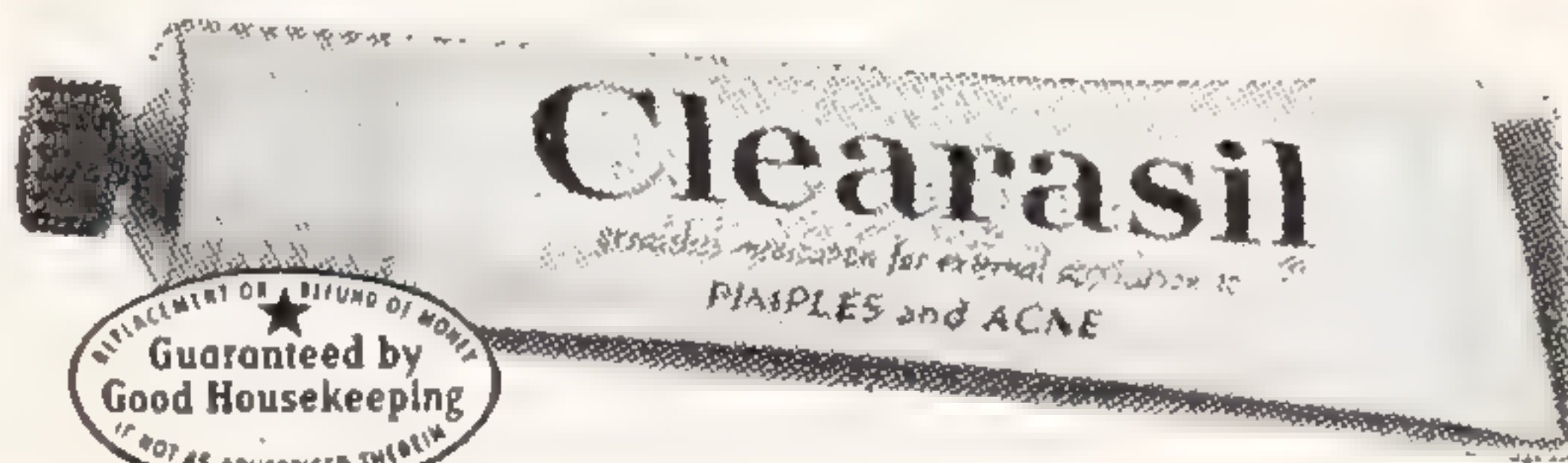


2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

FLOATS OUT BLACKHEADS too, with normal washing! CLEARASIL will work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Get CLEARASIL today, **only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

Rip Van Winkle Couldn't Sleep with Nagging Backache

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, large size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

of education, he set about to educate himself. Almost overnight he changed from Good Time Tony to Anthony Franciosa, Dedicated Actor. And he shut himself off from the world for a time, becoming a recluse.

The Franciosa high spirits never waned, but he acquired a new sort of seriousness that for him was strange indeed. As he learned more about life and the world in which he was living, his personality began to change. Gradually he began to understand some of that power and excitement he had experienced going to see great plays with great artists. Inside him, emotional forces he had never tapped were being unleashed, and he found himself living more intensely than ever before.

Now, Tony had always had a very appreciative eye for any shapely member of the opposite sex. From the first awakenings of manhood, girls had become his favorite hobby. Other than eating spaghetti, dancing and sleeping, there wasn't anything Tony enjoyed more than girls.

His joy knew no bounds when he discovered that a life in the theater brought with it plenty of contact with especially pretty girls, a delight which he pursued with the single-minded fervor of a kid let loose in a candy shop. In no time, he gained himself quite a reputation among his friends as a lady-killer.

But, once in an exotic New York bistro called the Port Said, Tony's bravado with women was put to the test. One of the club's sensuous "belly dancers" was performing. As is the custom, the dancer began to flaunt her act before Tony, more to irritate his date than to entice him, most likely. But Tony, the unabashed lady-killer, was so embarrassed by the incident that he flushed to the tips of his ears.

"Let's get out of here," he muttered, bolting up from his seat.

"Sh! Everybody's looking at you!" his date hissed, tugging at his sleeve. But it was all she could do to keep him from running out of the place.

After a stint with the New York Repertory Theater, Tony left the city to join the Players group at Lake Tahoe, California. There, in the wild country and freedom of the lush California mountains, Tony stretched his cramped limbs and prepared to work hard and, as always, enjoy himself.

And, to be sure, among the players in the group that summer there was a sweet, reserved, gentle young girl named Beatrice Bakalyar. She was from the mid-West. She was strongly attracted to Tony Franciosa, and vice versa.

Beatrice was not the kind of girl one chases around dressing rooms, so Tony

wooed her tenderly. It was a very young love, possibly the first real love for both of them, and it was the most important love they had ever known. That they were from widely divergent backgrounds and of enormously different temperaments never occurred to them. And they were married.

The first months were everything they had hoped for. But, back in New York, the endless demands of an actor's life began gnawing at their serenity.

Tony passed auditions at the Actors Studio and began to study with new fervor. He snared several parts in off-Broadway shows and, in general, life was too crammed with progress and study to devote too much time and attention to marital adjustments.

A strong need developed within him: the need to share the intensity of his dedication to the theater as a way of life. Unfortunately, he began to feel that he could no longer find fulfillment for that need within Beatrice. For her part, Beatrice was not prepared for the double adjustment—first, to an entirely new life in the strange big city; second, to a man who was rapidly changing from the carefree actor she had met in a summer stock company into an intense creative artist with whom she was finding it more and more difficult to communicate. The inevitable happened: they separated.

For a while, Tony suffered overwhelming guilts. Perhaps it had been entirely his inadequacy. Perhaps he could have done more to make the marriage work out. But soon, with a heavy dose of work and the distraction of pretty faces around him, he immersed himself in his career again.

Several of the actors at the Studio had been working on scenes from an unproduced play called "End As A Man," which has since been brought to the screen as "The Strange One." A young producer, Claire Heller, decided to present the play off-Broadway, and set about casting it from the people at the Studio. For her lead she chose the intense young Ben Gazzara; for the secondary lead she chose William Smithers; and among the supporting players she cast Tony Franciosa in a choice part.

When the actors were called back to work after the first break during rehearsal, Tony was missing.

"Where's Franciosa?" the director demanded. Shouts of his name brought no response. The crew searched the theater. No Tony. Finally, somebody spotted him, right on the stage, curled up on one of the handy bunks used in the military school set, snoozing blissfully. Thereafter, when-

ever Tony was wanted for a scene, somebody went and pried him off the bunk. Tony still sees nothing unusual about this—rest periods are for rest, aren't they?

In spite of Tony's slumber parties, the show was so successful that Miss Heller decided to move it into a Broadway house. There the critics gave their full approval and the cast settled down for a long run. When Bill Smithers left the cast to fulfill another commitment, Tony stepped into his role, Marquales, the second lead. Tony was so impressive in the part of the boy with a conscience that the producers of another play about to be done on Broadway, "Wedding Breakfast," snatched him for the lead. The dashing role of the romantic lover was right up Tony's alley. With two Broadway credits under his belt, Tony Franciosa was on his way to becoming an important stage star.

But, unknown to him, there was another force working in his life. Miss Shelley Winters had seen "Wedding Breakfast" and had been so impressed by the production that she contacted the producer. "I want to do a package of that show in summer stock," she said. The arrangements were made, and that summer Miss Shelley Winters starred in a summer stock production of "Wedding Breakfast" with an exciting young actor named Anthony Franciosa.

Shelley soon found out what all his friends have learned: it's impossible to resist this fellow who's as natural and friendly as a big St. Bernard.

Shortly after they met, they spent an evening together. Shelley offered to drive Tony home in her car. But, always the perfect gentleman and, even more, the Man, Tony instructed her to move over. "I will do the driving," he asserted masterfully, and Shelley dutifully obeyed.

After several blocks in which Tony practically ran the car onto the sidewalks, came within inches of hapless pedestrians, and petrified Miss Winters, she shouted for him to pull to the curb and stop.

"What's the matter with you?" Shelley demanded angrily, "Are you crazy? What're you tryng to do, kill us both?"

Tony smiled with the innocence of a little boy out to make a big impression and admitted bashfully, "I've never driven a car before."

It was no time for reproaches or anger. What could she do but promise to give him driving lessons? Secretly, of course.

Gradually, Shelley began to fill in the emptiness for Tony. His long, lonely night walks grew shorter, as they began to spend more time together. Less and less Tony would frequent the dance halls and ballrooms, where he would go to dance with some girl who didn't know and didn't care what was troubling him. Now, there was Shelley. She cared.

It has been said that Shelley Winters "discovered" Tony Franciosa. Actually, the situation was slightly reversed. When Michael Gazzo's startling new play, "A Hatful of Rain," was set for production on Broadway, Tony was signed for the part of Polo, the faithful and helpless brother of a dope addict who, through his very love for his addicted brother, was contributing to his destruction. When he got the good news, Tony realized that this would be the part of his career, this at last would be the perfect showcase for his talents. Immediately he rushed the news to the one person who would understand what that meant to him, the one person with whom he could share his happiness—Shelley.

Shelley read the script and decided she would like to do the small role of the brother's wife in the play. Tony pointed out that the part was not star material and that she would be foolish for taking it. But, Shelley was determined that he dis-

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

(1) _____

(1) _____

(2) _____

(2) _____

I want to read stories about:

(1) _____

(3) _____

(2) _____

(4) _____

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1) _____

(4) _____

(2) _____

(5) _____

(3) _____

(6) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll
Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

8-57

cuss it with the producer and the author. Tony took the idea to the men who made the decisions. As soon as Shelley was signed to a contract, the show's backers doubled. "A Hatful of Rain" opened with great praise for her performance and raves for Tony. Because of a script Tony brought her, Shelley Winters was a star on Broadway.

Not long after that Tony got a call from Elia Kazan for a strong role in his production of "A Face in the Crowd." No sooner had Tony finished that, when he was cast in the lead opposite Jean Simmons in M-G-M's "This Could Be the Night." When 20th Century-Fox decided to make "A Hatful of Rain," they bargained for Tony to recreate the role of Polo in the film version of the play. Almost before the picture was completed it was agreed around Hollywood that Tony Franciosa was sure to be a strong contender in next year's Oscar race.

Despite his recent brush with the law, on the whole Tony enjoyed himself since coming to Hollywood. Unlike the sulking, introverted actors who profess to dislike parties and night clubs, it is Tony's aim to do everything he had not done before, and as a matter of fact, he finds parties quite enjoyable. Parties give him an excuse to dance with pretty girls, eat delicious food to his heart's content, and sleep as long as possible the next day.

"You know," he analyzes, "Hollywood is pretty much like I thought it would be, especially as far as movie making is concerned. I like it, but I think a lot of time and concentration is put on the wrong things. Too much concentration is spent on the technical aspects of movie making, instead of spending more time with the actor." But then, he always was a typical legitimate stage actor at heart.

Maybe it is the old feeling of inadequacy, or merely an insecurity about his career, but whatever it is, there is still the wide-eyed humility in him that his friends have always known.

One day, he had spent many grueling hours in rehearsal for an NBC telecast. He was exhausted and irritable, when a group of fans stopped him in the lobby. Instantly, he was all smiles and warmth, as he signed autographs and answered questions for over a half-hour. "You know," he said wonderingly after they'd gone, "I just can't get over the fact that people recognize me and want my autograph."

But, perhaps from the same self-doubts, perhaps from the torment of some inner struggle of Tony Franciosa versus the world that he has yet to resolve, the uncontrollable, violent temper is his still.

His love for Shelley has not modified it. On the contrary, their romance has been marked by one tempestuous scene after another.

When Tony first went out with Shelley, he found it hard to adjust to her strong independence. One night, after she had walked out on a date with him because of a disagreement, he stormed into a restaurant, spotted a girl he knew slightly, grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the restaurant, and shoved her into a cab. The poor girl was afraid to utter a word. Tony directed the driver to the supper club where he and Shelley were to have dinner with friends. The moment they arrived, his ugly mood evaporated. He became the most courteous, thoughtful escort the girl had ever seen. All went well, until Shelley called him at the club. In a few minutes, he whisked the girl out of the club and deposited her at her home before the evening had barely begun.

It seemed that as the romance heightened, Tony's tantrums became more violent. In many of the scenes from "A Hatful of Rain," he can be seen wearing a

wrist strap on his right arm. It would seem explainable, since he plays the part of a man who has a job as bouncer in a rough bar. In truth, however, that wrist strap was a necessity, brought about when Tony's temper flared dangerously a few days before filming was to get under way.

After another disturbing phone conversation with Shelley, in which they reputedly had another slight disagreement, Tony's anger started to rise. For a few minutes he smoldered and boiled inside. As he walked past the San Moritz Hotel on New York's fashionable Central Park South, he exploded. He bashed his fist through a large window of the hotel, severing an artery in his wrist. He would have been in serious danger from loss of blood had it not been for a window washer who was nearby and who quickly applied a tourniquet.

The severe wound had not healed by the time filming was to start on "Hatful," so the wrist strap was devised to disguise the bandages and scar.

"The world is still a mystery to me," confessed Tony recently. "Whenever I'm trying to figure somebody out, someone might describe me as moody. I don't feel moody, but I think I'm inclined to be preoccupied."

Although his preoccupations might appear slightly violent, as preoccupations go, Tony is right about the moodiness. His temper tantrums are short-lived, and rarely does he slip into long or serious fits of depression, or moods of any duration. Once he has it off his chest, he seems better for it and back to his charming self quickly.

His marriage to Shelley was quiet and dignified, with no Hollywood hoopla. Using their real names, Anthony Papaleo and Shirley Schrift, they were married by a Justice of the Peace at Carson City, Nevada, and no one recognized them. Shelley wore a simple white lace dress, with a blue sash and white accessories. Tony had her wedding ring specially made—in the shape of a wishbone, in diamonds and platinum, to match a gold wishbone ring he wears on the little finger of his left hand.

"We'll go to Acapulco for a two weeks honeymoon after I finish 'Obsession,'" Tony said. "We'll rent a house for a while, because our plans aren't definite. I'm not sure whether we'll live in California or New York."

Even to their closest friends, Tony Franciosa and Shelley Winters seemed like an unusual pair. But, strangely enough, they are very much alike. Their romance was bumpy, and there is no reason to suspect that it will change just because they are married now. But those who know them can't help feeling they are so much in love and need each other so badly that they will never part.

As one friend put it, "Maybe, behind all the noise, they've got something to envy."

Will this new life with Shelley help him to bury the bitter memories of the past, and overcome more volcanic explosions in the future? It's doubtful. Such problems are not so easily resolved. Whatever it is that spurs him to violent and compulsive actions, whatever brings out the warmth and charm and joy of life that draw people to him, these forces are inherent in his basic nature. They cannot be changed overnight. Only years of adjustment may modify them.

But there is one thing that will go a long way to giving him the peace and security he needs so badly: the knowledge that out of all the inner torment and strife he has emerged as the fine creative artist that, above all else, he truly wants to be. No matter what trouble lies in the past or in the future, nothing can ever take that away from him.

THE END



"Dark-Eyes"

PERMANENT DARKENER for the hairs to which applied
FOR LASHES AND BROWS

- NOT AN ANALINE DYE!
 - 1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 to 5 WEEKS!
- Takes just seconds to apply...stays on 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking...and it will not harden or break them! "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF, and SMEARPROOF!

25c
SEND TODAY
for
TRIAL SIZE
NO DELAY—
your trial order
shipped in 24
hours!

\$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores.

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-87
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for
TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.
check shade: ☐ Light Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Black

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

FREE! HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO OR NEGATIVE
Just to get acquainted we will make you a FREE professional silk finish 5 x 7 enlargement of your favorite photo or negative. Please include color of hair, eyes and clothing for prompt information on our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Please enclose 25¢ for handling and mailing. Limit 2. If you do not wish your enlargement hand colored a black and white enlargement will be mailed with your original. We will pay \$100 for a photo selected bi-monthly to be used in our advertising. Offer is limited to U.S.A. only. Send your favorite photos or negatives today!
HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, DEPT. E-12
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc. GIVEN TO YOU FREE!



Thousands of famous products to choose from—furniture, fashions, silverware, china, draperies, etc. You get \$50.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today: Popular Club Plan, Dept. L930, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. L930, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Send Big FREE 276-Page FULL-COLOR Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

STARS HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T BEAT

(continued from page 56)

were called "box office poison" and bluntly invited to leave. How could these stars weather the storms that have permanently floored others?

Sam Goldwyn lavished all the wizardry at his command on Anna Sten, but the public wasn't buying. Luise Rainer collected two Oscars for her second and third film roles, became the talk of Hollywood, and shortly thereafter disappeared from the scene. Today it's doubtful if most moviegoers know who she was.

So what special qualifications do some stars possess who have taken the count, yet come up from the canvas to fight their way back to the top?

There are probably as many answers as there are people, but individuality certainly stands high on the list.

Individuality and Katharine Hepburn seem to go hand in hand. After being fired and rehired (or just plain fired) from her first nine Broadway shows, Kate scored a hit as an Amazon queen in "The Warrior's Husband" ("I never made a hit until I was in a leg show," she once cracked), and was promptly signed by David O. Selznick for "Bill of Divorcement" with John Barrymore. The screen test was a good example of typical, non-sense Hepburn thinking. "I've seen too many girls make screen tests with juveniles, only to have the juveniles hired," she concluded. Consequently, the actor playing opposite her sat hunched in a huge chair with his back to the camera while the Hepburn assets got full play.

Traveling west via train, some steel filings flew into her eye, refused to leave, and by the time she reached Pasadena, the offended eye had swelled to menacing proportions and its mate was inflamed to a vivid red, exactly matching the color of her hair. Blue suit, pancake straw hat and freckles complete the picture. "Ye gods," muttered the late Myron Selznick, the actress agent, to his companion as they met Kate at the train. "Did we stick David fifteen hundred for this?" Hollywood took one look at Kate's bizarre ways and unique wardrobe and promptly labeled her a phony. (Among other things she preferred slacks, convinced that putting her legs up after a meal was a great aid to digestion.) Kate helped things along. An interview for fan-magazine writers ("they asked a lot of asinine questions so I gave them asinine answers") produced this interesting information—Q. Are you married? A. I don't remember. "Publicity?" she barked at a much-nettled RKO press department. "Not for me—none at all!"

Establishing a friendship with Kate was never the easiest thing to do, but the pattern eventually became clear. Return the invariable opening barrage, fire salvo for salvo, stand your ground and hope for the best. Her introduction to longtime pal George Cukor is a good example. Ace woman's director Cukor was scheduled to handle "A Bill of Divorcement," and invited Kate to have a look at the costume designs. Still clad in the blue suit and pancake straw hat, Kate sniffed disdainfully at them. "Not quite the sort of thing a well-bred English girl would wear, I'm afraid."

"No?" inquired Cukor. "And what do you think of what you're wearing now?"

"I think it's very smart."

"Well I think it stinks!"

Under Cukor's expert guidance—and with co-star John Barrymore alternately

teaching, teasing and swearing at her—Kate scored a personal triumph. Then began a rigid pattern of hit or miss. If she had a part that was suited to her own unique personality, it would click. "Morning Glory" (remade this year as "Stage Struck") won Kate an Academy Award, the first of seven Oscar nominations to date. "Little Women" won her plaudits—so did "Alice Adams" (directed by George Stevens, another longtime pal), "Stage Door" and "Holiday." The remaining nine films, out of the fourteen she made before 1940, were flops—from distinguished failures like "Mary of Scotland" to out-and-out lemons like "Break of Hearts."

It was in 1938 that Kate was labeled "box office poison" and RKO barely bothered to conceal its displeasure. Having flopped on Broadway and flopped in Hollywood, Kate bought out of her contract (at a total cost of \$220,000) and went home to Connecticut to think things over. Down to the Hepburn home came playwright Philip Barry. In the usual tradition of Kate's lasting friendships, their original association had been a good omen. Having been given the ax during the tryout of a previous Barry play, Kate had gotten him on the phone and laced into him with no holds barred, freely spicing her tirade with some colorful little words (at the use of which she is no slouch). Barry was livid. "They're right about you," he shot back. "Nobody with your vicious disposition could possibly play light comedy! I'm glad they threw you out!"

He had some ideas for a play that he thought might be right for her. As Barry outlined the plot, Kate became enthusiastic, and in the eventual writing, he tailored the role to her measurements. With script in hand, and 25% of Kate's money invested, they made ready to roll. Having had three previous flops, Barry was in something of the same position as Kate, but "The Philadelphia Story" put them both back in business. The film version was one of the finest comedies Hollywood ever made, and Kate has not had any really serious career trouble since.

Her next film co-starred her with Spencer Tracy. "You're a bit shorter than my usual leading men, Mr. Tracy," was the Hepburn appraisal at their first meeting. "Don't worry, Miss Hepburn" was the cool reply. "I'll soon cut you down to my size." Needless to say, they've been staunch friends ever since, did their eighth co-starring stint in 20th Century-Fox's "The Desk Set."

As far as Kate is concerned, phony glamour can still go climb a tree and publicity is still something to be avoided whenever possible. And under certain circumstances she is still no great picnic to work with. But this is Hepburn. And she is still most adept at playing proud and unyielding women suffering agonies from within. "Summertime" and "The Rainmaker" were two recent examples, and boxoffices the country over played a merry tune. As far as the public is concerned, no one is about to holler "Stop the music!" for a good many years to come.

Like Katie, Susan Hayward also has a strong career drive. But in a town where basic career drives are regarded as basic equipment, Susan's really has stood out.

Born Edythe Marrener, a native of Brooklyn, she had enjoyed some success as a model before being summoned to Hollywood by Selznick in the great search for a *Scarlett O'Hara*. As an eventual reject for the great "Gone with the Wind" part, she was in the same company as Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Bennett, Jean Arthur, Bette Davis and a slew of others.

Which was just dandy—except that

they all had careers and she didn't. Broke and dejected, she was on the point of leaving Hollywood when Warners offered her a tentative contract. Five months later, Susan had posed in a wide variety of cheesecake but she had yet to appear in a film, and Warner Brothers let her go. Six lean months passed and then she got a small feminine role in Paramount's otherwise all-male "Beau Geste." How she handled it was a vivid indication of things to come.

The great day of shooting arrived. This was the golden moment she'd prayed for. "Roll 'em," ordered director William A. Wellman, and Susan proceeded to give it everything she had. "Cut!" screamed an astonished Wellman. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed, thunderstruck. "They've sprung a red-headed Bette Davis on me!" A long-term Paramount contract followed, after which Susan sat around on her hands and was advised to "be patient." What happened next has two versions.

According to one, she was out on a tub-thumping jaunt for an up-coming Paramount product. It was an exhibitor's convention, and Susan had just spoken her pretty little piece and sat down. With a gallant gesture, the gentleman next at the microphone inclined in Susan's direction and wondered something about "why we don't see this pretty girl in more pictures." That was as far as he got. Susan rose to her full five-feet-three-and-a-half and flung down the gauntlet. "Perhaps," she challenged, fixing an unwavering eye on the studio representative, "you'd like to tell these gentlemen why they don't see me in more pictures!" The other version has Susan grabbing the mike and launching into a hard sell for herself. Whichever was the case, things began to happen after that.

She was loaned to Columbia for "Adam Had Four Sons," in which she made something of a sensation as a lusty wench. Then began the long climb to stardom in a succession of pictures. Some of them were fair to good: most of them were fair to awful. Perceiving the fine talent that was slowly developing, Walter Wanger placed her under personal contract. As a lady lush in "Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman," she hit the big time. It brought her the first of four Oscar nominations (the others were for "My Foolish Heart," "With a Song in My Heart," which also won a Photoplay Gold Medal award, and "I'll Cry Tomorrow"). Shortly thereafter, Darryl Zanuck, of 20th Century-Fox signed her at a fantastic figure to a seven-year no-option contract.

At that point, she had definitely arrived—now she could afford to relax that intense career drive. But if anything, things got more intense. There was a stormy Brooklyn upbringing for one thing. And all those turkeys she had struggled through—that wasn't going to happen again. Other memories rankled. During the making of one film, she was supposed to be knitting. The star of the picture shot a suspicious glance at Susan's knitting needles, and turned to the director. "What is she doing with those things?" demanded Miss Big Shot. "Knitting," was the reply. "Not in my scene she isn't!" And she didn't.

Other times when good Hayward footage wound up on the cutting room floor because it made Gloria Gorgeous look sick by comparison—that wasn't going to happen again, either. Even as a series of good pictures took her to the top, Susan began jealously guarding her career as if there were no tomorrow. Intermittent marital explosions didn't help either. Her behavior completely baffled one co-star, whom we'll call Joe Smith. "One day it's 'Hiya, Joe'—the next day it's 'Mr. Smith.'"

I can't figure that Hayward girl out."

As each time she went up for an Academy Award, and failed, rumors of her unpopularity in Hollywood grew stronger.

Then, what little personal happiness was left blew up, in one of the messiest, most relentlessly publicized divorces Hollywood ever saw. Lurid, ugly details were ladled out in a never-ending procession of stories. "Serves her right," chorused a body of cast and crew members who had felt the stinging lash of the Hayward tongue. She had few defenders, and when another affair landed her on the front pages, it must have seemed as if her whole world was caving in. Her suicide attempt revealed the depths of desperation at which she had arrived, and shocked all Hollywood. Finally, mercifully, everyone shut up.

Then "I'll Cry Tomorrow" was released. She didn't win an Oscar, but there were other awards, which hailed her, and rightfully so, for making the grade as a top-flight actress. The Cannes International Film Festival gave her its annual prize as the world's best actress. And the public signified its emphatic approval by making "I'll Cry Tomorrow" the fifth Hayward flicker to gross over four million dollars.

Since then there's been the so-so "Top Secret Affair," remarriage, and a subsequent vacation from Hollywood to think things over. She's still young, an actress in top form whose best years may lie ahead. With so much unpleasantness behind her, she may choose to sit it out awhile before returning. Or she just might retire permanently. The decision, quite naturally, is hers.

Although innumerable people have pointed out that glitter and glamour are by-products of a career—not ends in themselves—hundreds of youngsters still throng to Hollywood with starry visions of their names in lights uppermost in their minds. To some people, swimming pools, mink, dazzling premieres and the like are still synonymous with a movie career. They have apparently never heard of Spencer Tracy.

After a sensational stage success in "The Last Mile," Fox brought him to Hollywood, launched him in a torrent of "B" products. Even then his work held the promise of better things.

Three years after he arrived, however, everything went haywire. A devout Catholic and a married man with two children, he nevertheless went off the deep end. Possibly discouraged by a career that was going nowhere, he "went Hollywood" with a vengeance—extra-marital fling, the bottle, the works. The Bad Boy of Hollywood, they called him. Unruly and sullen, he would disappear for days at a time. These things are mentioned because 1) when Photoplay published the original story, Spencer was candor itself, as he has been in all of his press relations and 2) out of all this emerged a fresh awareness of himself as a person and as an actor.

M-G-M picked up the pieces, started him as leading man for their glamour queens. With "Fury," that searing study of mob violence, came his big chance. While the fans were still raving over that one, Spencer won new laurels as the kindly priest in Metro's "San Francisco." He had hesitated to play that part.

"I'm a Roman Catholic and you know the thing that happened not long ago. I wouldn't have the *crust* to play a priest," he told director "Woody" Van Dyke. "I'll make you eat those words," was Van Dyke's reply. And he did. With "San Francisco," Spencer hit the top, and two Academy Awards in the next two years—for "Captains Courageous" and "Boys Town" (as Father Flanagan)—clinched it.

Film favorites being human, the saying "Into each life some rain must fall" applies to them as well as to anyone else. Some of them have had veritable floods—but it's never stopped them. They all possess the ability to pick themselves up off the floor and get going again with a minimum of self-pity. Two tenacious examples are Ingrid Bergman and Joan Crawford.

Nineteen fifty-six will go down as the year of the grand reconciliation—the year that Ingrid Bergman and an adoring, still-loyal American public finally got together again. That second Academy Award voted her last March added the final touch. She had emerged triumphant from a scandal of truly international proportions.

For many years, to people everywhere, the depth of her artistry spoke more eloquently than words. Then came scandal—and disgrace.

"They put me on a pedestal—they thought I was a saint," she wept pleadingly. "I'm not a saint; I'm just a human being." But as America's uncrowned royalty, film stars had certain obligations. And one of them was to set an example. Unfortunate, but there it was.

Nor did the affair end in one screaming blast of headlines. It was to drag on, with intermittent intensity, for seven long years. Other stars had been involved in ugly scandals, had either perished in the angry fires of public condemnation or been exonerated. But not Ingrid. For her there was not so much anger as the baffled hurt of a love that had somehow gone wrong. To those who condemned, that hurt ran deep. But they still loved her.

A constant flow of newspaper and magazine articles, plus numerous items in the columns, never let the matter rest. Once it was brought into the U.S. Senate. Last summer, tv's Ed Sullivan was caught in a withering crossfire of controversy about it which, to judge from repeated statements, upset him more than his near-fatal automobile accident. In January, Ingrid decided to call a showdown.

The New York Film Critics had awarded her their annual prize for her performance in 20th Century-Fox's "Anastasia." She had chosen to accept it in New York—thus ending a seven-year, self-imposed exile. "They will probably have some questions to ask," she commented upon boarding the plane in Paris. "Well—I will have the answers." Flying over the Atlantic, what must she have been thinking as she prepared to open this new chapter in her life?

Thinking perhaps of another trans-Atlantic trip, when she had first been brought to America from her native Sweden by David O. Selznick, star-maker supreme. He had expertly guided her career, from her debut in "Intermezzo" through "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Casablanca," "Spellbound" and others. "Gaslight" won her an Oscar, but all her portrayals were equally vibrant.

Then she left Selznick, and her career began to slide downhill. Inferior material was largely to blame. She left for the stage, won awards as Joan of Arc. The film version—a ponderous, creaky affair—was chiefly distinguished by her inspired performance. Restless and dissatisfied in Hollywood, Ingrid looked to Europe where the new realism was all the rage in films. That, she told herself, was something she might like to try. Eventually, she got her chance.

Now it was seven years later, and the plane was landing in New York. Ingrid walked down the ramp to be greeted by a wave of joyous affection she had not

YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD

PSORIASIS

For 24 years psoriasis sufferers have learned that Siroil tends to remove unsightly external crusts and scales. If lesions recur, light applications of Siroil help control them. Siroil won't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on 2-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

My thanks to

SIROIL

**AT ALL
DRUG STORES**

Write for NEW FREE BOOKLET, written by REGISTERED PHYSICIAN. It answers 30 most-asked questions about psoriasis.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC.

Dept. M-88 Santa Monica, Calif.

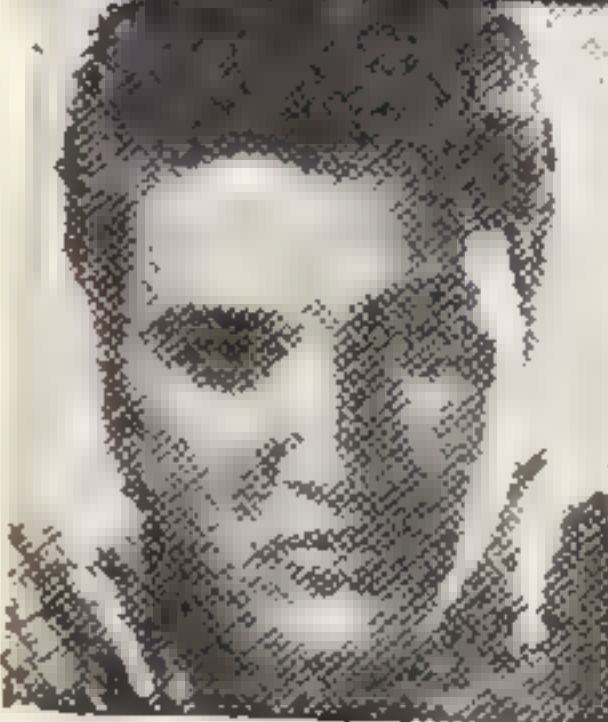
Please send me your new free booklet on PSORIASIS.

NAME _____ Please Print

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

**631 MOVIE & TV
STAR PICTURES 25¢**



EXCITING NEW COLLECTION!
For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie and TV stars! A super-duper offer!

FREE Home addresses of over 165 stars and birthdays of 300 with order of your favorite stars!

Send 25¢ to
DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 864
Box 947, Church St. Annex, N.Y. 8, N.Y.

**TROUBLED
WITH
UNWANTED
HAIR?**

MAHLER'S INC.
DEPT. 607-K
PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

You needn't be! Now you can remove unwanted hair forever—in the privacy of your home—with the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands of women who have discovered how Mahler destroys the hair root permanently! By following our instructions you, too, can learn to use the Mahler safely and efficiently! Positive money-back guarantee! Act today!

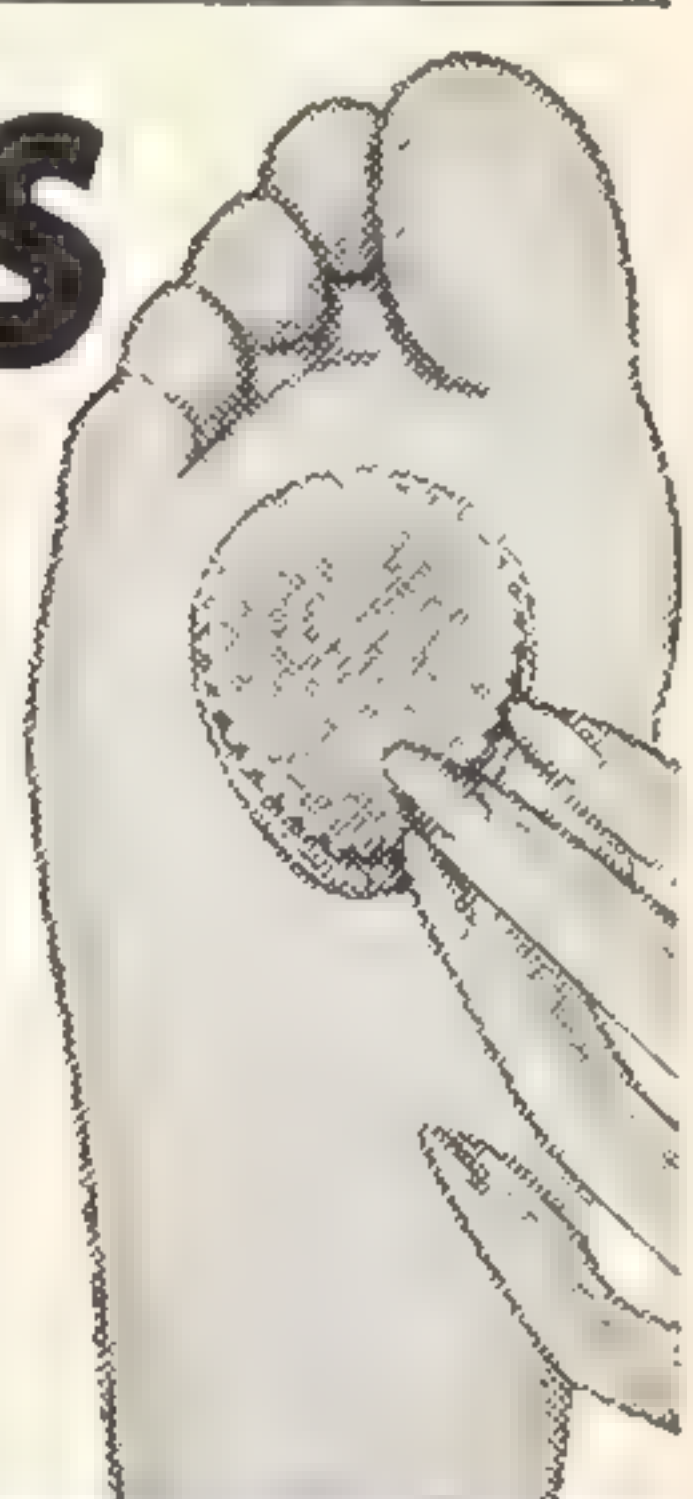
Send 5¢ for illustrated 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty!"



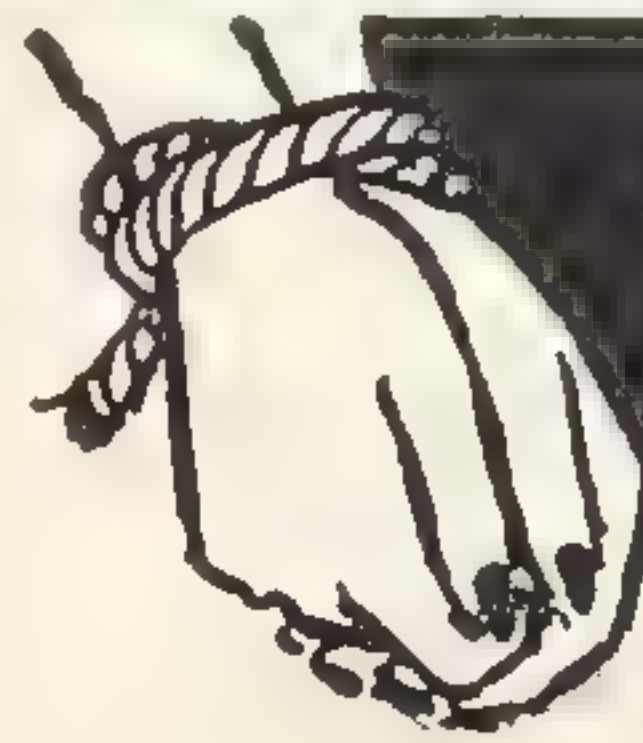
Callouses

**Pain, Tenderness, Burning
Are Quickly Relieved**

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



HANDS TIED?

**—because you lack a
HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

• You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

OUR 60TH YEAR

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. HC53

Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Complete Canadian Courses available. Write American School, Dept. HC53, 6083 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.

known even at the height of her previous popularity. After all the bitter words, the pros and cons, rationalizations and sizzling emotions, Ingrid's personal behavior was finally recognized for something it has always been—a private matter of conscience.

Joan Crawford, both personally and professionally, has more than once picked herself up off the mat and kept going. "The Movie Star de Luxe, the rags-to-riches Cinderella, the Lady Bountiful gowned by Adrian," a columnist once wrote of her, "I have always felt that the greatest performance of Crawford's career is Joan Crawford." It is true that with her tremendous consciousness of the responsibilities and obligations of film fame, Joan has maintained a glamour facade perhaps unexcelled by any other star. But there is much more to the Crawford story than glamour.

Joan Crawford is truly one of the genuine marvels of show business—and not simply because her career is now in its thirty-second year. No other favorite has commanded such a large and loyal following on the basis of such inferior material. Of the seventy-two films she has made, only a small percentage have been un-mixed blessings.

When success came in "Our Dancing Daughters," she personally answered every fan letter, stamped and mailed them all herself. Further, she drove around Hollywood and environs snapping pictures of marquees on which her name twinkled brightly.

The Thirties brought film appearances opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Franchot Tone—Joan's first and second husbands. Both marriages ended in heart-break and divorce. There were also eight co-starring stints with Clark Gable, and some tart critical opinions that she was nothing but a glamorous clotheshorse. The 1938 article on "box office poison" listed Joan, along with Katharine Hepburn and others. Ironical it is that some of her best work—in "The Women," "Susan and God" and "A Woman's Face"—was done after that.

But the handwriting was plainly on the wall. In 1943, having joined Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer only a year after its formation, she left at the termination of her contract. "I left by the back gate," she remembers. "I loved M-G-M—it was home. But I longed for challenging parts and I wasn't getting them. There were top executives who thought me all washed up." They were not alone.

Warner Brothers signed her for two pictures, shaved her former salary by two-thirds, and gave her a bit in their all-star "Hollywood Canteen." After reading and rejecting dozens of scripts, she voluntarily went off salary. Then producer Jerry Wald came up with "Mildred Pierce"—James M. Cain's intense novel of mother love betrayed—which Wald thought might be right for her. Michael Curtiz was assigned to direct, and his account of the association, in the Curtiz tradition of fractured English, remains a classic.

"She was the underdog; she was down-beaten. A famous ex-star trying to fight her way back. When I start working with her, she has terrific mannerisms, thick lip rouge, big shoulder pads, and eyelashes so thick you can't see her eye. I tell her throw away everything you have brought from other studios all these years. Even throw your lines away. You will be down to earth. She listen, she do it. Only a talented and honest actress would have listen to me."

She listened—and got an Oscar. The fifteen films she has made since have followed a similar pattern. "Possessed" was

a triumph; "Humoresque" and "Sudden Fear" were solid hits; the others were mainly average or inferior, and a few are best forgotten. Soon she will be seen opposite Rossano Brazzi in Columbia's "Golden Virgin"—a property which other top actresses eyed before Joan snagged it for herself.

None of the indestructibles achieved overnight stardom—if indeed such a thing really exists. All served rigorous apprenticeships which perhaps explains why, after having won their spurs, they fought a little harder than most to hang on to them. No better example can be found than John Wayne.

Marion Michael Morrison was John Wayne's name until ace action director Raoul Walsh spotted him on the old Fox Studios lot. He had served two seasons there in the prop department, and worked under John Ford on a couple of films—an association that was later to come in handy. At this particular time, 1930, Walsh was casting an outdoor epic entitled "The Big Trail." The director took one look at Morrison's impressive six-foot-four two hundred pound frame, plus his shaggy locks (he had intended to get a haircut that evening) and promptly cast him in the leading role.

Out went the glad news—another unknown given the chance of a lifetime. Re-

dubbed John Wayne, clad in western duds with a ten-gallon hat, and with hair still creeping down over his collar, he was sent out on a cross-country trek to publicize the picture. John said "shucks" and "beggin' yer pardon, ma'am" in all the right places and the newspapers gave him plenty of space. Another unknown had shot into prominence—a new star had been born. Only that's not quite the way it worked out. He made two more films, in one of which the boys' basketball team played the girls' basketball team for a snappy grand finale. Less than a year later, under the headline "Ex-Prop's Flash Fades," *Variety* printed the sad news: Fox had dropped its option on his services.

What next followed were so many quickie westerns at various studios it's almost impossible to get an accurate count. (Of this period, Wayne has remarked that he sometimes felt as if he were "sleeping in the saddle.") John Ford came to the rescue with "Stagecoach." He was determined that Wayne would play the hero, *Ringo Kid*, and proceeded to sell this notion to his dubious producer, Walter Wanger. Wanger agreed to make a test, and when the results were shown, got even more enthusiastic than Ford.

When "Stagecoach" was released in 1939, everyone got enthusiastic. "A new personality on the Hollywood scene," heralded several wide-awake reviewers across the country. There was another well-received picture with Ford—"The Long Voyage Home." Then the Hollywood leading ladies began the "everybody gets John Wayne" era. There were three appearances opposite Marlene Dietrich; subsequent films cast him with Joan Crawford, Jean Arthur, Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert and several others. It was step number one on a slow, steady march to box office supremacy.

1950's "Sands of Iwo Jima" gave everyone a jolt. Not only was it a slam-bang war drama, but it contained some unexpectedly fine acting by none other than John Wayne (he received an Oscar nomination). He had never been under any delusions about his acting ability, had repeatedly and publicly given credit to co-workers like Ford for the success of his films. Like his box office appeal, his acting ability just grew.

"Sands of Iwo Jima" was the third of eight Wayne films (so far) to gross over four million dollars. The next year he took over as the King of the Box Office, has remained among the top moneymakers ever since.

As robustly rugged as Wayne is Gary Cooper, with a touch of Sir Galahad—everyone's ideal hero—noble, virtuous, gallant and courageous. In a country where notoriety and sensationalism grab the lion's share of publicity, simple decency is still nothing to be knocked lightly. Gary Cooper's thirty-year reign at or near the top of the box office solidly backs that contention.

Gary Cooper's first years in Hollywood were no picnic. He seemed one great gangle of arms and legs, blushed frantically during love scenes (fled from the set one day), and writhed with self-consciousness. But he brought a singular gift to Hollywood—the ability to keep his mouth shut when it would do the most good. Fellow actors warmed to him immediately—he made such a good listener.

Next month *Photoplay* will bring you the second installment of this three-part article, with the end of Gary's story and another great cast of indestructibles including James Stewart, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Clark Gable, and other long-time favorites.

WHERE TO BUY

PHOTOPLAY

FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 67-70, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning Photoplay, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Jeanne D'Arc dress

NEW YORK, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
ST. LOUIS, MO. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
WASHINGTON, D. C. Frank R. Jelleff
or write, Jeanne D'Arc
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Junior First dress, sheath and jacket

HOUSTON, TEXAS. Foley Bros. Dry Goods
NEW YORK, N. Y. Oppenheim, Collins
or write, Junior First, Inc.
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jonathan Logan dress and jacket ensembles

DETROIT, MICH. Crowley's
HOUSTON, TEXAS. Foley Bros. Dry Goods
MIAMI, FLA. Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
ST. LOUIS, MO. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
or write, Jonathan Logan, Inc.
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Madcaps velvet toque

Write, Madcaps Company
28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Theodor of California Calf box bag

Write Theodor of California
347 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHICH IS FOR REAL?

(continued from page 59)

fans even in the top sidewalk bleachers.

Gary Cooper had just begun a speech for the benefit of tv-viewers when Jayne's acrobatic feat took place. From then on, Gary was left talking to himself as cameras swung out to grab the more spectacular show in front.

When everyone from the P.T.A. to the Hollywood press criticized her next day, Jayne, a little girl with a big heart, was "utterly bewildered."

Now opinion is divided in Hollywood as to Jayne's motives for these antics. As one columnist suggests, Jayne has it made. She's already established in Hollywood. From now on, vulgarity can only react to her own discredit. And Jayne's much too nice a person to reap such a harvest.

One Hollywoodite offers the explanation that the famous Monroe calendar gave Jayne an objective she's been desperately trying to surpass. If not in quality at least in quantity.

Another insists Jayne has been sold an outdated bill of goods on how to take Hollywood by storm. "Be seen constantly and spectacularly. Grab the spotlight on all occasions and hold on to it. Never give up."

In both these theories there lingers a grain of truth. But the impelling and compelling motive lies in a sort of mixed-up dream about Hollywood that Jayne has nourished through the years.

At the age of five she set her sights on movies. The exigencies of fate—such as marriage and motherhood—got in the way, but in those intervening years, Jayne's dreams of Hollywood, fed by longing and hoping, took on a sort of Alice Through the Looking Glass perspective where people behaved in a peculiarly odd fashion, long, long, long outmoded.

For instance her ambition to be a "star." So, as far as Jayne is concerned, let those who will pursue the methods of the Actors Studio or the gloom of Dostoevski. Let others wear sweat shirts and blue jeans. Neurosis, psychosis and mental explosives. It's all just fine with Jayne, just fine.

Only let her ride down Wilshire Boulevard in her pink Jaguar with Lord Byron, her great Dane, by her side. Let her wrap herself in snow white pelts and live in a mansion with solid gold everything. Let her lead her ocelot down Sunset Boulevard on a diamond-studded chain wafting "Jungle Gardenia" as she goes. Let cameras click and strong men "no not Mickey, my goodness" tremble with desire.

To Jayne, that's being a "star." Her dream. Her goal. And every move she makes in public, every pose, every antic is dedicated to that great and glorious day when glamorous stardom comes to Jayne Mansfield. And never mind about the logic of it all.

All that she is and all that she has is dedicated to her dream.

Nothing has been left to chance. The works of old masters have obviously been studied over and over. Such "old masters" as Marie Wilson, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Marilyn Monroe, to name a few.

Her conversation drips with imitative reflections of all she has gleaned.

Of Mickey, she says, "Don't think Mickey is only just muscles. He has plenty of muscles between the ears, too." A typical Marie Wilson observation if ever there was one.

With a low bow to Zsa Zsa Gabor she twits, "I didn't come to Hollywood to get

engaged. I came out here to be a star."

"In New York," Jayne says, "I went out with Oleg Cassini and lots of counts and dukes and princes. All shorter than I was."

"They don't give you many presents, either," she confided. "Well, one did offer me a string of camels. But who can exercise with a camel?"

And, of course, she's so right. With Mickey nearby, who would want to?

Jane met Mickey at the Latin Quarter in New York where, as "Mr. Universe," he was appearing in an act with Mae West. During the performance Jayne turned to her escort and said, "Please, I'll take a steak for my dog and that one on the end for myself." "That one on the end" was Mickey. They've been engaged ever since.

Jayne's divorce becomes final on October twenty-third and of her marriage to Mickey, Jayne says, "I'm not going to be rushed. But when I do get married it won't be any elopement like my first wedding when I was seventeen. I'm going to have a big reception. The swimming pool will be filled with pink champagne. Jayne Marie will be my flower girl. Everybody I love will be there. So will all my cats and dogs, wearing big ribbons."

Now, Mickey and Jayne have a fine arrangement. Between his movie jobs Mickey lays bricks in the patio and builds dog houses for the pets. The new pink one for Lord Byron is almost as large as Jayne's own house. A real beauty. It's Mickey's job, too, to bathe the seven dogs while Jayne whips up separate mink collars for each. Pink mink, breath of spring mink.

The "pink" craze, one suspects, has to do with Kim Novak's lavender binge, so obviously does it creep into the conversation. And over a lunch table with Jayne, strange and wonderful things do have a way of creeping in. For oddly enough, Jayne's fanciful make-believe of "glamorous stardom" includes everyone and everything around her and the interviewer is gradually seized with the idea that somewhere along the line time has slipped a cog and we're back again with Gloria Swanson on a tiger-skin rug.

Like the detailed account of her Friday-evening routine.

With no morning call the following day, Jayne explained, she takes endless time in preparing a luxurious bath of soft pink bubbles. Into this is poured a bottle of pink champagne, maintained at room temperature, naturally. After the bath pink powder is applied profusely and donning last spring's white mink coat—which is now used as a bathrobe—Jayne glides to her bed with the pink mirrored headboard made by Mickey with his own two hands ("so beautiful it makes you feel like a star"), and gracefully slides between jet black sheets.

"The pink powder and the black sheets—"

"Now Jayne," I protested, "this is enough—"

"I have pictures to prove it," she argued. "I can prove every word of it."

She has documents to prove her title of "heiress," too. While the sum fluctuates from \$92,000 to something 'way beyond, the fact remains that through her paternal grandfather Jayne has come into a fancy sum which, she assured us, will be poured into her campaign for Movie Star of 1957 on the Glamour platform.

At a drop of interest, Jayne will take you on a verbal tour of her latest home—a wonderful journey across inlaid floors, through rooms enveloped in walnut, even to a built-in table, and indoor fountains. Through endless servant quarters—

"Where would you get so many servants?" I interrupted. She paid no mind.

WE LIKE **PAT BOONE**

because we think he's great!!



DO YOU
LIKE HIM?

if you do—

We invite you
to join our

PAT BOONE FAN CLUB

Membership \$1.00

(No Dues or other costs)

All Members will receive at absolutely
no additional cost the following—

1. 8 Wallet size photos of Pat Boone, pin-up, intimate, sport, etc.
2. One 8 x 10 Portrait, suitable for framing.
3. One 8 x 10 Candid with his first record that sold over 1 Million.
4. A beautiful Membership Card.

JOIN TODAY — NOW!! LIMITED MEMBERSHIP
Pat Boone Fan Club Dept. 816
Box 36469, Hollywood 36, California

Amazing Opportunity To Earn Spare-Time Cash!

Rush name and address today for
FREE money-making information:

Subscription Agents Division

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS

205 E. 42 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

SHORTHAND IN

6
WEEKS

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 120 words per minute. No symbols, no machines: uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write and transcribe. Low cost. Over 350,000 graduates. For business and Civil Service. Typing available. 34th year. Write for FREE booklet to:

© 1957

Speedwriting
Dept. 308-7, 55 W. 42 St., New York 36

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS**

(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

USE **DERMOIL**
MAKE THE ONE
SPOT TEST

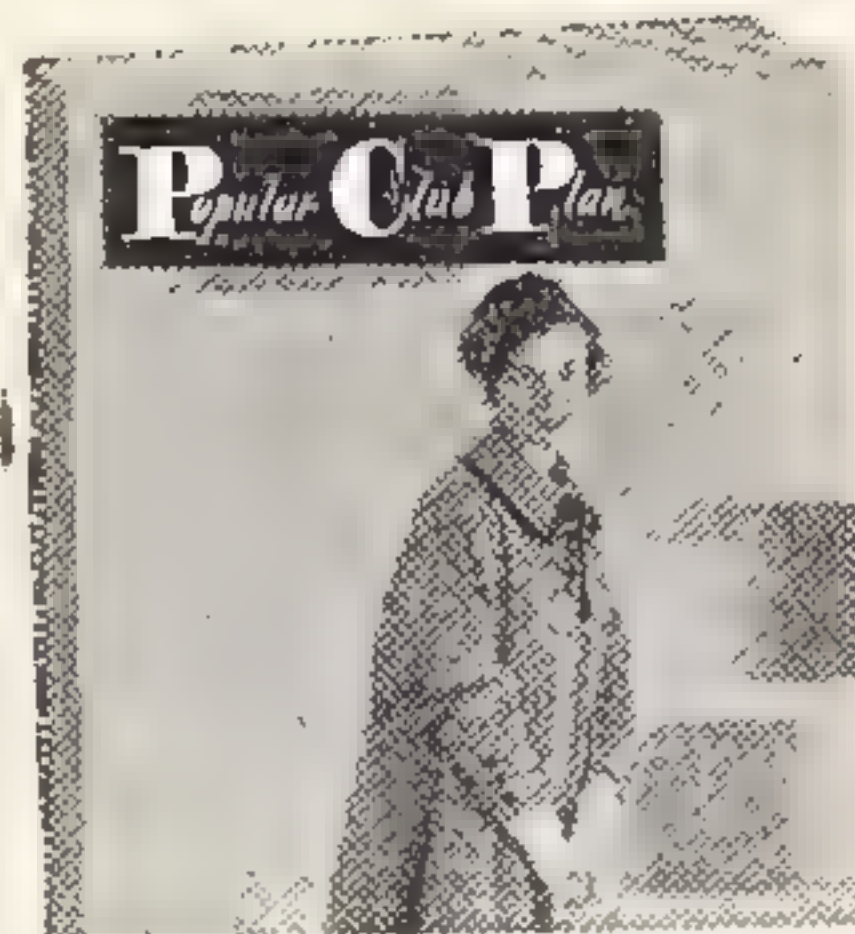


TRY IT YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for FREE book on Psoriasis and DERMOL. Send 10c for trial bottle to make our "One Spot Test".

Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. TRY DERMOL. Amazing results reported by many grateful users for 24 years. With DERMOL it is possible that ugly scaly patches on body or scalp may be gradually removed and the annoying itching relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft as the redness is reduced. Many doctors use the non-staining Dermoil formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Sold by leading Drug stores.

Write today **LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 3404**
Box 3925, Strathmoor Station, Detroit 27, Mich.

**SHEETS, TOASTERS,
TOWELS, MIXERS, etc.
GIVEN TO YOU FREE!**



Thousands of famous products to choose from—furniture, fashions, silverware, china, draperies, etc. You get \$50.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today: Popular Club Plan, Dept. L932, Lynbrook, N.Y.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. L932, Lynbrook, N.Y.
Send Big FREE 276-Page FULL-COLOR Catalog

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

"And the drawing rooms, each thirty by sixty, and hung in rich red velvet draperies—"

"You don't want red velvet—"

She went right on. And two powder rooms. A His and a Hers. And both solid marble. "It makes you feel so starlike."

We gave up. A few minutes later Jayne had too, in favor of an all glass house with a heart-shaped swimming pool which Mickey was to build with his own two hands.

"After all," she confided, "I don't want to be just the girl next door." As if anything less than Providence could effect such a miracle.

She interprets every small attention as a step upward and onward to this nebulous world of "stardom."

"They have a Jayne Mansfield salad on the studio menu now," she beamed. "It's two mounds of cottage cheese."

"This is an Anne Baxter salad I'm eating now," she explained. "It's chopped cabbage."

A little later when the call came to return to work, Jayne regarded her uneaten lunch ruefully. "I just can't eat when I talk," she fretted.

Placing a napkin over her plate, she slithered across the studio dining room to her waiting car outside, holding her "Anne Baxter" far afright. In her dressing room while the hairdresser fussed, Jayne consumed her lunch.

Her heart is ever bubbly with gratitude. She couldn't have been more thrilled the day Mickey rushed onto the set of "The Girl Can't Help It" with the news that a new and more luxurious white mink coat was on its way.

He cautioned it would take a little time as the minks were still romping about somewhere up in Minnesota but when there were enough (as if there ever were, for goodness sake), Jayne would have the most lavish coat in the world.

And he was right. The night Jayne wore the new coat—"all male minks—which makes a difference"—she refused to take it off all evening long and gracefully swirled over the dance floor at Romanoff's, enveloped in its elegant folds while the elite of Hollywood stared in wonder at the all-white apparition.

Jayne didn't care. She rhumbas better in something comfortable.

Those who work with Jayne at 20th Century-Fox are torn between chagrin and rousing enthusiasm. Her constant pursuit of a glamour world that no longer exists, both amuses and saddens everybody a little, for make no mistake, the overflowing goodness of her heart has made her the "adored" of one and all.

The studio publicist who shares an office with Jayne's personal publicity contact, claims he fell in love with Jayne just by overhearing his co-worker's telephone conversations. "This girl has heart," he states, which with these well-seasoned lads, is praise from Caesar indeed.

A studio executive, however, doesn't think much of her chances as a candidate for glamourville. Not the Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Marilyn Monroe type of glamour. "For one thing she's too approachable, too eager, too cooperative. She gives no indication of ever putting her studio through wringers of anxiety nor herself through headlines of personal tragedies," he says.

"There's no hint or whispers of 'dark doings' that often attend certain present-day glamour girls. Not with Mansfield. She's too open, too frank about herself. In fact, Jayne is the least snooty, selfish, neurotic and tantrumy dame that ever set foot on this lot."

As an actress they see no end of prom-

ise for Jayne. Good comments on her fine work in "The Wayward Bus" are making the rounds. And with Cary Grant's request for Jayne in his next film for 20th, she's well on her way. Even if it isn't the way chosen by Jayne.

We spoke to a studio publicist about Jayne's craze for publicity. "What will happen to Jayne when, and if, this excessive pursuit is curtailed, I can't imagine," he said. "It's become her whole life—to achieve some sort of nebulous glory that always lies somewhere ahead. I can't make out what the heck Jayne's after. Being an actress in Hollywood is obviously not enough. Certainly she gives little outside time and effort to self-improvement as an actress. Despite this she's a darned good one."

"The truth is Jayne is on such a merry-go-round of publicity, I doubt if she can stop. I really think Jayne would feel headed for oblivion if she weren't in there pitching every moment of every day. Where it will end or how is beyond me."

He hit the nail right on the head. But the problem is, there are so few places left for Jayne to go. She's been everything from Miss Potato Soup to Miss Analgesia, which Jayne explains, is something you rub on your chest when it's cold.

She achieved more notoriety in her year on Broadway in the play "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" than many actresses do in a lifetime. She arrived in New York an unknown quantity and in a matter of months was "big news" from coast to coast. Her appearance on Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" tv show spread the good news of Jayne's happy existence to far-flung hinterlands.

She made every possible appearance whether the event had any importance or not. "Sometimes I competed with myself," she says, "and the newspaper editors would have to choose between as many as four pictures of me at different places."

The American Health Association named Jayne and Mickey "The Two Most Perfectly Built Human Beings On Earth" which even Jayne admits takes in considerable territory, not that she doubts the truth of it for one little minute.

She was thrilled to discover the marquee of a London cinema had spelled out in neon lights. "The Girl Can't Help It," starring 40"; 18"; 35½".

At home the 40; 18; 35½, had become as familiar as the historical "54-40 or fight" and its impact had made itself felt long before Jayne ever hit Hollywood. In an army station in the state of Georgia after the Korean war, one bewildered major found himself suddenly propelled elsewhere for overattention to the shapely wife of Lt. Paul Mansfield, Jayne's husband.

Army platoons under stern drill sergeants took to "marching through Georgia" over again, or that portion of it where Jayne practised her dance steps outdoors clad in a cream-colored leotard. "I guess I had Hollywood ideas," Jayne says, "but I wasn't in Hollywood."

In that statement lies the core and the kernel of the Jayne Mansfield problem now. Hollywood—her fanciful dream world where busy, hard working people dance outdoors in cream-colored leotards and think nothing of it!

And on those terms Jayne is meeting Hollywood head on. Or perhaps chest on. Tilting at windmills in an imaginary world all her own where she must daily compete by out-doing, out-exhibiting, out-striving, or all of a sudden Jayne may find herself back home in Texas all alone.

As one writer says, "Jayne is the biggest, most wonderfully pathetic Alice that ever got lost in Wonderland."

And like a sleepwalker, it's dangerous

at this point to wake her up.

Jayne's first act upon arrival in Hollywood after her Broadway triumph, was a tip-off on what lay ahead. A small truckload of enormous black scrapbooks filled with press clippings garnered during one year in New York was hauled to the studio and dumped on the floor of a publicist's office in a heap, tripping visitors on their way in and occasionally sending them sprawling on their way out.

The boys in the department were bewildered. Familiar with the "too busy" or "hard-to-get-to" stars, or the completely unapproachable numbers such as *la belle* Monroe, they were overwhelmed, overwhelmed and overcome by Jayne's overpowering co-operation.

There was always a supermarket to open, "My Old Kentucky Home Kosher Delicatessen" to launch or it was Bide-a-Wee hour at the Biddy-Bye home for stray terriers and Jayne had promised to attend. And, of course, a publicist and a photographer or two must go along.

In time they came to appreciate the feeling of "I love everybody and I hope they love me" that fairly exudes from her ample being. With wonder they beheld the unprecedented lack of snobbery and the all-out cooperation with the meekest representative of the smallest news sheet. "I have ten minutes between scenes, bring him over to the set," she'd telephone her publicist's office.

They shared her worries over unavoidable events and enthusiasm over small favors. And in contrast they remembered the first day this Miss Paradox of 1957 showed up on the lot and all but prostrated the lunchers in the studio dining room, wrapped in a white mink coat (now relegated to bathrobe) with the temperature outside a torrid 92 degrees. "White hair, white coat, white cottage cheese all blending into one great white way," one actor put it.

Even more auspicious had been her entry into Hollywood only the day before. With small daughter Jayne Marie, huge escort Mickey Hargitay, baggage beyond belief, small dogs in crates and a white rabbit concealed in the folds of her coat, Jayne froze the airport personnel, the plane crews and passengers into a state of inactivity. Everything stayed off-schedule for an hour.

In the home Jayne purchased the previous year the entire coterie, with the exception of Mickey who has his own abode, reside in peaceful turmoil. The peace within Jayne's heart, the turmoil without. The innumerable animals, including dogs, cats, two parakeets and one ocelot (the rabbit eventually took it on the lam) with Jayne, her small daughter and a maid, live in wonderful proximity.

On weekends when the maid retires to her own secret cloisters somewhere over the rainbow, Jayne takes over. With pot roast in the oven, phone ringing, the ocelot yowling, the neighbors fleeing, the dogs gone crazy through the rooms, Jayne remains the calm, cool mistress.

And, incidentally, she makes a wonderful pot roast. She's a four-star mother in every department, too. No matter how strenuous her week's work, Jayne belongs to Jayne Marie on their free days together. Gathering up a group of little school friends, she'll take off for a long day at Disneyland, taking in all the rides and events. Or the next Saturday to Marineland, or the zoo.

Promptly at nine of a Sunday morning she delivers Jayne Marie to her Sunday-school class at the All Saints' Episcopal Church. On her occasional visits to the studio, Jayne Marie impresses one and all with her charm of manner and the pleasant

comradeship that exists between mother and daughter. She's in pix with Mom.

When Paul Mansfield threatened to sue for custody of the child, Jayne sprang into action. And there was something about her agitation, so unusual for Jayne, that warned one and all she meant it when she said, "I'll give up my career before I give up my child." Which with Jayne is tantamount to Gabriel handing over his trumpet. The subject was dropped.

Shut out by her own flamboyancy, her friends among women stars are practically nil. And since the advent of Mickey into her life, there has never been even a rumor of another romance.

If she notices the aloneness of her position, she never mentions it. Her child, her fame, the bigness of her heart and her genuine love of animals—"They are God's creatures, too," she says—fill her time and her life. And, too, there's always Mickey.

SUMMER ROMANCES

(continued from page 75)

the food and the bingo games out on the porch are the main attraction.

"It helps to know the kind of person you are, too. If you're shy and find it hard to talk to strangers, look for a place that's strong on group activities, where there are such things as square dancing and folk singing at night. It might be easier for you to make friends when you're part of a group, rather than being somewhere where you feel uncomfortable if you don't have a date every minute.

"On the other hand, it would take a real courageous-type girl to pair off with another girl and head for Mexico. But a man enjoys the freedom of traveling on his own or with another guy, and if that sounds good to you too—well, I hope you run into each other.

"But no matter where you go," Tab sums up, "remember that it's up to you to make your own fun. You can't get much out of something you don't put much into may be an overworked bit of advice, but it's still true. So put a little bit of yourself into whatever you choose to do."

But not too much, Lori Nelson seems to be saying when she cautions, "I think the important thing is not to try too hard to do everything. When you knock yourself out, people realize you're trying too hard. Play it casual and easy and don't push."

There's a fine line of distinction between trying too hard and taking things as they come—but it's easy to distinguish. It's a matter of self-confidence.

At this point an interesting question is raised from the floor. "I'm going to a beach resort on my vacation. Would it be all right to talk to strangers on the beach, or would that be considered a pick-up?"

And here the stars divide into two opposing schools of thought. "I'd never act any way different on vacation than I normally do at home," chorus Piper Laurie and Ann Blyth, while Nick Adams forthrightly says, "The atmosphere in most resort places is different from what it is at home. Things are much more informal, and everyone is much more friendly, and less likely to follow the rules of etiquette to the letter. If you're lucky enough to go some place and see a guy you'd like to know better, I'm all for it. But just saying 'hello' isn't as important as what you say—and what you do—afterward. Just be yourself."

All right, you say, suppose you meet a man, and you date, and you both like

And her dream. And one day she's positive a great gold-lined tub of glamour will spill over her platinum head, and lo, there she'll be. "Feeling like a star."

In the meantime she's practising the niceties of life. Presenting a friend to an assistant director on the set of "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?", she mused aloud over and over. "Let's see, you introduce the woman to the man, no the—no, I did it right."

Her striving toward chic and the proper thing is dominant in her mind.

For instance, a publicist suggested recently that since her divorce from Paul Mansfield would be due in October, she'd probably be marrying Mickey in November.

Jayne regarded him with absolute horror. "November?" she echoed. "WHO gets married in November?" THE END

each other. What about necking? "I think a girl should act exactly as she would if she were at home or at school while she's on vacation," says Piper Laurie. "Some people are inclined to think of 'fun' and 'immorality' as the same thing. They're definitely not. A girl may be a bit more casual about vacation living—not take things as seriously as she would at home—but aside from that, there is really very little difference."

The mortality rate of summer romances is high, and probably because things happen too quickly to be comfortable. You want your man to remember the time he spent with you as being fun with a girl he'd like to get to know better, and not just a "fling." Keep it gay, keep it light," Lori Nelson's motto might be a good one to follow . . . and saying "no" still has its advantages.

By way of having the last word on the subject, Ann Blyth sums it up this way: "I think a girl should never do anything that she'll be ashamed of herself for—then no one need be ashamed for her."

If one could listen in on the conversations of girls as they're packing to go home after a vacation, the question most often asked would be, "Will I hear from him?"

Time, and your man, will have to answer that one. But there's the question of being able to help Cupid along a bit. Bill Campbell (who never had a summer romance, but who has managed to make lifelong friends on vacation) says his trusty camera is a "friendship-maker." "I usually take my camera along, my wife Judy and I take pictures of the gang, plus their names and addresses. When we get home, I'll mail the pictures back to them, together with a funny note like 'and after I repaired the camera, this came out,' or a sentimental one like 'I look at this, and wish I were back there now.' You have no idea how many friendships have started that way."

If you can manage to take the initiative without seeming to be aggressive (and it's a neat trick!), it's occasionally a good idea. But you'd have to be the judge as to whether your man would like it, or be frightened away by it. "I don't mind a girl getting in touch with me," said Tab Hunter once, "provided she has something simple to say. Like 'Joe Smith is giving a party next week. Would you like to go with me?' That's simple. But 'why don't I hear from you, and why don't you call me sometime?', that's not simple, it's aggressive. And I'd like to do the pursuing."

So if yours is the pursuit of fun and happiness this summer, take your tips from these young and popular stars, and men will be pursuing you. THE END

Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?



HERE'S HELP! Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Beautifies Skin While You Sleep

Just follow the famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan to a whiter, smoother, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week.

You'll begin to see results almost at once . . . lightens dark skin, blotches, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mercolized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years—you'll love it's fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now!

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters



OLD LEG TROUBLE



Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old leg sores due to venous congestion of varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for a **FREE BOOK** and No-Cost-For-Trial-plan. **R. G. VISCOSE COMPANY** 140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago 2, Illinois

Amazing Opportunity To Earn Spare-Time Cash!

Rush name and address today for **FREE** money-making information: Subscription Agents Division

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS

205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

HAVE YOU HEARD

how easy it is to earn extra money in your spare time by taking orders for magazine subscriptions! Write today for **FREE** money-making information.

Photoplay Subscription Sales 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

GENUINE LARGE SIZE STUDIO-TONE

PHOTOGRAPH OF JAMES DEAN

—or YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STARS. 2 pictures for 25¢ (to cover cost of mailing and handling).

FREE STUDIO PHOTO

PLUS large illustrated catalog and bonus **GIFT OFFER.**



ALSO — A **COLLECTOR'S ITEM**—4 photos of JAMES DEAN, plus biography highlights, for 40¢, or 3 sets for \$1.00.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS BOX 1278 DEPT. P-8 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BLONDE Hair Comes to LIFE in 11 Minutes At Home!



Special Shampoo Brings Out the Shining, Radiant Color Men Love!

Want to keep your hair from getting dark and faded? Want to restore its life and lustre — see it shades lighter, brighter, shinier — at once! Then use **BLONDEX**, the new Swedish lotion shampoo made specially for blondes — fresh as you need it! Contains **ANDIUM** — shines and lightens as it shampoos. In just 11 minutes, its creamy, billowy lather rinses away dingy film that makes hair dark and dull, uncovers sparkling highlights and lustre. Safe for children. Get **BLONDEX** today at 10¢, drug or department stores.

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

(continued from page 47)

California. There was the shock of the cablegram telling him that Phyllis needed an operation, and the comfort of that phone call to California with Phyllis assuring him that surgery had been minor, that it had been successful, and that she was going to be all right.

He'd stopped spending his week-ends hunting for a villa for them to share, and had thrown himself into his work, welcoming the almost daily script changes that kept him on the set till 8 o'clock every evening. But the hour or two of silence when he'd return to his hotel rooms in the evening were the worst part of the day. Then his loneliness and his longing for Phyllis became so acute that he could taste it, touch it, feel it.

Slowly, he walked over to his portable typewriter on a desk in a corner of the room and inserted a fresh piece of stationery. "Dear Phyll," he started pecking out on the typewriter keys. And suddenly, he wasn't lonely any more.

In the years before his marriage, Rock had seen a lot of rooms. There were the rooms of the small apartment he'd come home to from school—quiet, empty, lonely, while his mother was at work. There were the rooming house rooms when he'd arrived, friendless, in Hollywood. They should have been a refuge in the strange, new, busy town. But they weren't. There were the hotel rooms on the personal appearance tours, the ones he'd ambled back to when the rest of the gang had said goodnight. Large rooms, small rooms, square rooms, oblong rooms, some with cracks in the ceiling that you could count. But in one respect they were all alike. They were lonely. And so, for a while, was the house he'd finally been able to buy.

He'd always wanted a home of his own. Yet he found that furniture, a stack of books, and a hi fi set didn't make a home. He'd come in from the studio, toss his tie on a doorknob, rummage around in the icebox and have a solitary meal on whatever he found. He'd turn on the hi fi, sprawl in the overstuffed chair, thumb through a script, have a one-sided conversation with his dog. Then, invariably, he'd get up, climb into his car and take off. No place in particular. He never seemed to know where he was going, what he was looking for. After a while and many miles, he'd go home again. Home? Well, back to the dark, empty house.

And then, everything changed.

He'd always shuddered at the way they put it down in books. The light in the window, the little woman at the door, the roast in the oven, dinner by candlelight, the kiss as you stepped through the door. Somehow, writing to Phyllis, it was easier to express it. "Darling . . . this is what happened today." And in those six words, you managed to sum up a marriage pretty neatly. Someone to talk to. Understanding. Someone to share things with, so you might never be lonely again. Only, somehow, letters weren't as good as the real thing. They made you miss a person more.

Very often now he'd disappear early and the click of typewriter keys could be heard coming from his room. Some days, he'd walk away from a take and vanish into his dressing room. Photographer Bob Willoughby found him there one day. Willoughby wanted to get some pictures, wanted Rock to take a walk around the village. "If they don't call me again be-

fore I finish this letter," Rock agreed, and bent his head to the small, portable typewriter he carries.

"Writing to your business manager?" asked Willoughby.

"Nope," said Rock.

Willoughby began to focus his camera and fish for caption material. "To your agent?" he inquired.

"To my wife," said Rock. "And it should have gone yesterday."

The following day was Sunday and more still pictures were scheduled. This time Willoughby met Rock at his apartment. When he walked in, he found a familiar scene. Rock at desk. "Same letter?" said Willoughby.

"Same person," said Rock. "But this is today's letter."

There was a lot to write about . . . from Rome, from the locations, Misurina and Udine. There was the key gag. She'd get a kick out of that one. When he'd arrived in Rome from the states and climbed off the plane, Al Hix and the production manager had been there to meet him. "Somebody told me to give you this key," said the production man.

He gave him the key and he and Hix stood there while Rock began to roar. They were, to put it mildly, puzzled. So he told them about the time he and Jack Diamond, head of Universal-International's publicity department, had gone away on a publicity tour. Rock was continually losing the keys to his hotel rooms. It got to a point that, whenever Rock put his keys down, Diamond would pick them up. He soon had quite a collection of keys, and material for a running gag. Rock would go into a hotel in Milwaukee and

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color Portrait of Anna Magnani from Paramount; Etchika Choureau from Warner Brothers; Dana Wynter from 20th Century-Fox; Anna Kashfi from Paramount; Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont by Melcher; George Nader by Wagner; Joanne Woodward by Hearst; Tony Perkins by Fuchs.

ask for his key, the one he hadn't had a chance to lose. The clerk would hand him a key from the hotel in Chicago.

Months later, in the airliner en route to Italy, the stewardess walked up to passenger Hudson. "Someone asked me to give you this," she said, handing him a key. It was the first of a series, as he soon found out. So he wrote about it to Phyllis.

When she failed to mention it in her next letter, he figured that possibly she hadn't thought it so funny after all. For a while it puzzled him. Then one night, Al Hix walked up and handed him a key. This one looked familiar. Rock looked at Al. "Why this is the key to our front door."

"Brought you a note, too," said Hix, producing same.

Rock tore open the envelope and read the words on the card. "Don't ever lose this key. Phyllis."

Rock was a devoted, though long distance, husband. When the nurses left, and Phyllis was on her own, he sent a cable to Demi, their dog. . . . "Take good care of Mother. Father." Then he sent one to Phyllis and signed it Demi. After that, he called.

"As for our publicity work," publicity man Hix will tell you, "the picture lay-

outs were like none I'd ever been on. The cameraman took pictures of Rock and Rock took movies of the scenery to send home to Phyllis!"

Rock did his job. But as another, less sentimental member of the company put it (After prefacing his remarks with, "Mention my name and I'll track you down and strangle you."): "Rock was worried. Plenty worried. He was itching to fly right back to Los Angeles. If he'd gone, the company would have been in one terrible spot. That Phyllis is all right. Both she and the doctor were on the phone, telling him to stay. But he was ready to go. The guy was dying to go."

The crew member clammed up for a moment, Hudson-style. "The phone calls helped," he finally said. "When we were on location in the villages, it was hard to get calls through, so Rock had one placed all the time. Sometimes he talked to her twice a day. When the call would come, somebody would hustle down to the set in a jeep or on a bicycle and get him."

Members of the crew who had never met Phyllis came to know her. Sometimes because of the things he'd say. Often because of the things he didn't say. In the villages, after work, there was no place to go, nothing to do. So the men in the company would get together and talk. And the conversation would turn, as such conversations do, to their wives. Joe (a very fictitious name) would discuss his wife's tendency to nag. Sam (for obvious reasons, an equally fictitious name) might fondly growl about how *his* wife was a living shrew. They'd turn to Rock. "Hudson, haven't you any complaints about Phyllis? You're thousands of miles away, fellow. Now's the time to get them off your mind," they'd say, faces straight.

Hudson would grin. Once somebody piped, "Rock, the trouble with you is that you haven't been married long enough. Or maybe it's that you haven't been married often enough. No wife is perfect."

The Hudson grin broadened. "Mine comes pretty close."

After a while, you could feel their attitudes change. Some of the members of the crew started coming in to Rock with suggestions. Sam asked, "Say, did you ever stop your car at the top of the hill just off the main road? What a view! I bet Phyllis would like it." Rock thanked the man, drove out there and happily started to snap away.

Another time, Joe came up to him and queried: "Phyllis like sweaters? I found a nice shop in town." Phyllis would indeed like sweaters, and Rock chose three beautiful hand-knits to send home.

And there was the teasing, too. One payday when everyone went off in a hurry to change their checks into lire, one of the cameramen on the picture stopped Rock to say, "Boy, maybe you ought not to *cash* your check. Maybe you ought to just convert it to stamps." Good naturedly, Rock grinned. "What about the phone calls?" he asked. "Would you pay for them?"

The cameraman winced. "Mister, I've already got a mortgage."

As the picture started drawing to its conclusion, Rock started counting the days. Soon, the letters and the conversations and the kidding about his letters would be over.

Soon, if Phyllis completely recovered from her hepatitis, she would join him for a holiday in Majorca and they'd make up for the fun they'd missed. And after that, there'd be Hollywood again, the place where he drove up a winding road every night to a modest little hilltop cottage. Inside it, a girl with dark hair and laughing eyes waited. He could reach her by turning a lock with a golden key. It was a key he'd never lose. THE END

“So much at ease...”

”



... the new **Kotex napkin** with Wondersoft covering gives you such gentle softness. There's no rubbing or chafing. And what a reassuring kind of softness ... for Kotex gives instant absorbency, without fail. Moreover, this napkin fits perfectly.

To complete your comfort you'll want the new Kotex belt. It's made of woven, non-twist elastic and it has a special self-locking clasp that won't "dig in" like metal.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.



Note to Mothers: Over a hundred thousand girls begin to menstruate before they are 11. Save your 10-year-old from needless worry—tell her now. Free booklet "You're a Young Lady Now" gives the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wisconsin.





WINSTON flavor gets a big hand everywhere!

Don't be surprised if you keep bumping into Winston fans wherever you go. For honest-to-goodness flavor is what *everybody* wants in a cigarette! And, Winston has an exclusive filter that lets the full, rich tobacco taste come through. Start enjoying *flavory* filter smoking, today. Get a pack of Winstons!



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.



Smoke **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!